

Gaius's Wife



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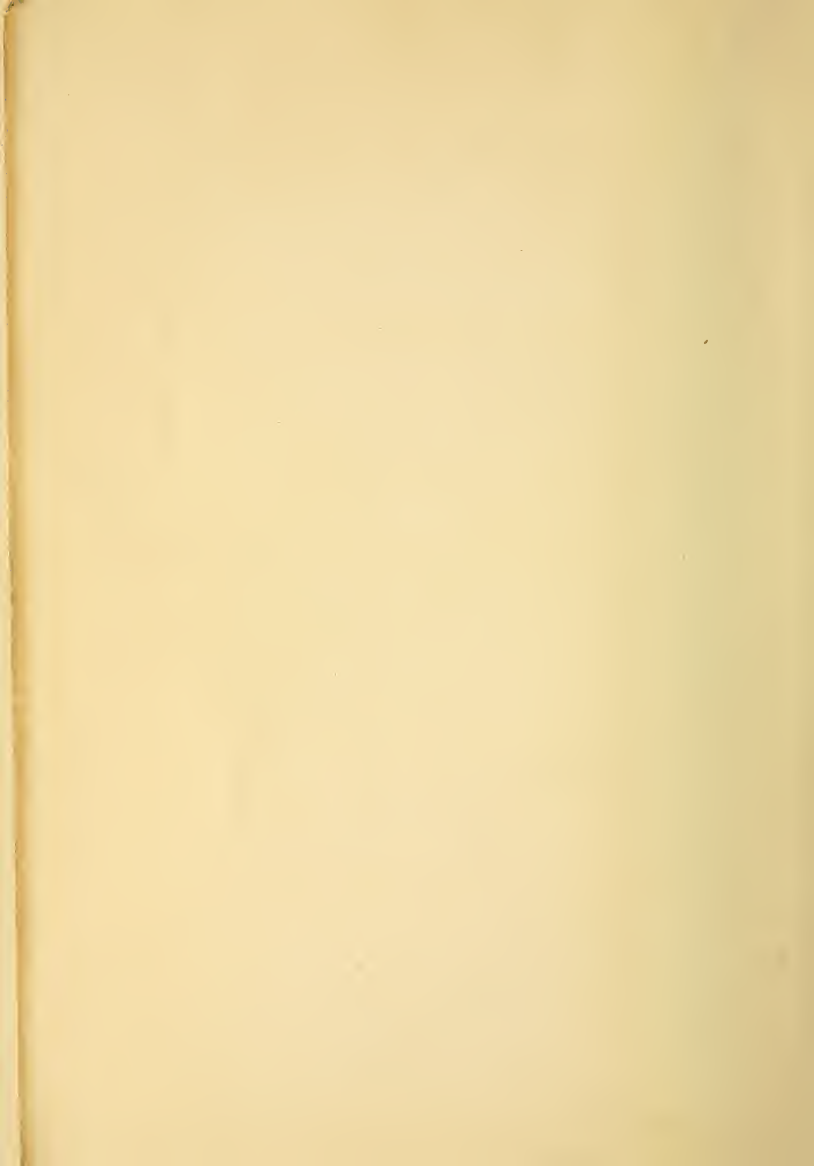


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CAIN'S WIFE

AND

OTHER ADDRESSES

BY

By Rev. French E. Oliver, D.D.

AUTHOR OF

"How Shall We Escape?"

"Excuses Answered."

Oliver's "Songs of Deliverance."

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1909

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CHAPTER I.

CAIN'S WIFE.

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My Scripture lesson to-night, which is Genesis 4:1 to 17, deals with the romance and tragedy of Eden. God created Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, which must have been, from all accounts, a veritable suburb of Heaven. Aurora must have played with all Nature's ineffable beauty in that glorious spot. There the glory of God was full-orbed and transcendent. It seems incredible that man, being placed in such marvelous surroundings, could have become despicable, disobedient, and degraded. Some people tell me that all they need is better environment. That is nonsense! Adam and Eve had the best environment that the world has ever known, and the Devil poisoned the atmosphere with Hell's foul odors, and they fell from the height of purity to the depths of impurity; from God's light to death's darkness.

My friend, Senator Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, painted a picture of the Garden of Eden in my presence some years ago, which I will never forget. He said: "It might have been a dream of God glowing with ineffable beauty, rimmed about with the blue mountains from whose moss-covered peaks a thousand glassy streams spread out in mid air and were like ten thousand bridal veils catching a thousand rainbows from the sun: archipelagos of gorgeous coloring flecked with perennial green, where grape-vines staggered from tree to tree drunk with the nectar of their own clusters; where peach and plum and blood-red cherries, and every kind of berry bending bough and bush, hung like drops

of rubies and pearls—a wilderness of flowers redolent of eternal spring, and pulsing with bird song; where dappled fawns played upon banks of violets; where leopards, peaceful and tame, lounged in the copses of the magnolia; and where lions panted in jungles of roses—a billowy landscape festooned with tangled creepers, and curtained about with sweet-scented groves of oranges and pomegranates. The air was softened by a dreamy haze of perpetual springtime; through the mist there flowed a truculent river, alternately gleaming in the sunlight and darkening in the shadows. Down in some dark vale, fresh from the worship of God, slept Adam. No monarch ever slept on a softer couch and no earthly potentate was ever draped with more costly and beautiful tapestry. And God caused to pass over him a sleep, and forth from a painless wound in his side there sprang a being, blithesome as the air; her hair hung like strands of gold, her teeth were like pearls, her cheeks like the roses. He gazed upon God's capsheaf of creation, His first thought for the happiness of man—Eve. I think Adam must have wooed her in the morning when the dew was on the flowers; I think he wooed her at noontide by the river bank; I think he wooed her when the silvery moon flecked the feathery foam. I think then cattle must have departed in pairs, and I can hear the quail whistling for his mate, and the blue-jay and robin stop quarreling in the top of the cherry tree and they hie away to the green to build their nest and to rear their young. But man was a fool, and man is a fool to-day, for in the exercise of his God-given free will he ate of the forbidden fruit and he fell, and what a fall it was! It was like the fall of Virtue into the arms of Vice; like the fall of purity into corruption; like the fall of a star from Heaven into Hell; like the fall of a wandering albatross from the region of light down into a dark, tempestuous sea. And when man ate of the forbidden fruit, God put the angel with drawn sword

to guard the Tree of Life that man might not reach out and eat thereof and live forever."

The third chapter of Genesis closes with the story of man being driven from the Garden. The fourth chapter opens with the story of the birth of Cain, and presents two descriptions, his crime and, incidentally, his wife.

I presume the question, "Where did Cain get his wife?" has been asked as much as any question in regard to the heroes and characters of the Bible. In almost every town where I conduct evangelistic campaigns the question comes up; somebody seems to be having trouble with Mrs. Cain. I have investigated the class of men who seem to be troubled over this section of Scripture, and I have come to the conclusion that she is not Cain's wife who stands in the way, but usually some other fellow's wife. (Applause.) I want to say at this point, some folks have gotten into serious trouble by being too solicitous about the wife of some other man, and some have received a load of buckshot for their pains. The average infidel undertakes to darken counsel with words by reading into the Scripture something not contained in the text; they wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction by either maliciously or ignorantly making discrepancies out of wrong inferences and mixed quotations. There are three statements in the Scriptures which can easily be conflicting, if the person who reads them hasn't very much sense. One verse says, "Every man shall bear his own burden"; another verse says, "Bear ye one another's burdens"; and still another says, "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." The meaning is so simple in each case that these verses scarcely need any elucidation. The first verse quoted deals with individual responsibility and accountability. The second verse quoted commands us to give our neighbor a lift in the time of his distress. The third verse simply informs us that when humanity discovers the fact that it is

unable to bear the burden of its guilt and stand approved unto God in the day of judgment, Jesus will gladly bear all our burdens; for this cause He came into the world and in His own body on the tree He bore our burdens. The average shallow reader quotes the reference to Cain's matrimonial affairs in the following language: "Does not the Bible say, 'Cain went over into the land of Nod and got his wife'?" The Bible does not say that and there is no use to stumble over an imaginary discrepancy. Some time ago, in a Southern State, a teacher had been talking to the little folks in the school-room about double letters. A little boy got the idea into his head, so when he was asked to read the sentence, "Up, up, Mary, and see the sun rise," he read the sentence in the following language: "Double up, Mary, and see the sun rise." (Laughter.) He was doing the best he had sense enough to do, and I think the average infidel probably can match him in this regard. I heard of another boy who evinced a similar degree of wisdom. He was asked to read the sentence, "This is a worm; do not step on it." He read as follows: "This is a warm doughnut; step on it." (Laughter.) It does not take any great amount of brain-power to mix up an ordinary sentence.

The Bible does not indicate a special journey over into the land of Nod on the part of Cain. The infidel idea suggests another race of people over in the land of Nod who were on the earth at the time Adam and Eve were created. The record is as follows: "And Cain went out from the presence of Jehovah and dwelt in the land of Nod on the east of Eden." The word "Nod" means wandering, vagabond, or the accursed—simply the curse of God upon the earth. Cain was a fugitive, a vagabond, and a wanderer, and as he journeyed on the east of Eden, the 17th verse adds: "And Cain knew his wife, and she conceived and bare Enoch." The word "knew" is generic; it properly veils the meaning of the

original Hebrew, which simply refers to the concurrence of sexes. She became the mother of Enoch. There is no discrepancy in the record nor in the marriage of Cain, but the question, "Where did Cain get his wife?" is still up for consideration. It is not essential to the salvation of any man that he should know where Cain got his wife. If I were sentenced to death to-night if I failed to tell where the men of this audience got their wives, I certainly would have to die. If you have not been told where I got my wife and you were placed under sentence of death if you failed to tell where or when I got my wife, you doubtless would be executed. I have as much right to growl at the Bible because I do not know where you got your wife as you have to growl at the Bible because you do not know where Cain got his wife. In plain English, it is none of your business where I got my wife, nor is it any of my business where you got yours. It is sufficient to say, Cain got his wife from his father-in-law. The Bible does not give the name of that gentleman. It is advisable at this point in my discourse to deal with the age of Cain when he married: According to the consensus of opinion on the part of Bible scholars of integrity, Cain was between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and thirty years of age when he married. The leading statisticians of the world agree that population will double itself twice every twenty-five years under favorable circumstances. In the Orient girls of ten and eleven years are wives and mothers. The race evidently began in the Orient. It is also safe to state that never in the history of the world were conditions so favorable to rapid increase in the human family. There were no characterless women who desired by criminal abortion to paralyze Nature's laws and redden their hands with the blood of their unborn offspring. There were no renegade doctors assisting lustful hags in this nefarious and damnable iniquity. Instead of the title "Doctor of Medicine" be-

ing applied to such a physician, "Despicable Murderer" should be applied, and every rascal of that sort should wear striped garments and short hair and keep regular hours in a penitentiary. (Applause.)

Some time ago an American evangelist was preaching in England, and when he came to the Seventh Commandment, he gave utterance to the pusillanimous statement: "This is a commandment which should not be discussed before a mixed audience." I have often wondered whether cowardice or stupidity was the basis of that statement. A mixed sin needs to be branded before mixed audiences. God never issued a Bible for women only and a Bible for men only. The old Book simply says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Impure old rascals all over this country have charged me with being too plain in my preaching, and not infrequently have little pulpit puppets joined in this harangue.

If we start with Adam and Eve as the original pair in the Garden of Eden, and understand that genealogy does not name the daughters born in the homes of the ancients in the Bible record, as a rule; that the family name was handed down through the sons—we figure, according to the statisticians, that population will double itself twice every twenty-five years. At the time Cain married there were between 11,000 and 12,000 people on the earth, possibly 50 per cent of them were girls and women. That would mean between 5,000 and 6,000 of that sex upon the earth, and it certainly would not be hard for Cain to choose his wife from that multitude. Take the entire population of the earth as it doubtless figured at that time, somewhere between 11,000 and 12,000 people; put them in villages of 50 to 200 inhabitants each and scatter them from ten to thirty miles apart, and you will have a chain of villages as long as from Chicago to New York. The question, "Who was Cain's wife?" is of more importance than "Where did he get her?" Let

me consider the crime of Cain. Abel was a keeper of sheep. Cain was a tiller of the ground. When Cain brought his offering unto Jehovah, it was rejected. The Bible says, "Unto Cain and to his offering God had not respect." Cain's unrighteousness overmatched his formal offering to God. Abel was a righteous man and he therefore followed the plan of sacrifice as an atonement for his sins, for he brought of the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof, and Jehovah had respect unto Abel and to his offering. Cain was very angry. God rebuked him and told him Sin was crouching at his door. Cain murdered his brother in a field. God asked him a little later, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" and he said: "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" The blood was dripping from his hands, the blood of his murdered brother. God pronounced a terrible curse upon him, and Cain replied: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." The Hebrew text will also bear this interpretation: "My transgression is greater than can be forgiven." I am appalled at the audacity of Cain. It makes one shudder to think of the perfidy of the wretch who in cold blood murdered his own brother. Jehovah appointed a sign for Cain, lest any finding him should smite him; in other words, he was branded. He had sown to the wind, he was reaping the whirlwind. He was guilty of double infamy; he not only became a renegade, a red-handed criminal, but he asked some woman to share the stigma of his wicked life, to bear his reproach; and some woman became his wife, some woman became the partner of his vagabondage. Yonder she goes through the jungle, barely escaping the stroke of the deadly serpent, fleeing in her face pale, the expression haunted, her hair disheveled, terror before the savage beast, scantily clad, her eyes furtive, Someone sees her running with the speed of the wind to escape detection; he asks, "Who is that wild-looking woman?" The answer comes: "That is Cain's wife; she married that

murderous wretch, who because of his jealousy slew his noble brother." I have never been able to understand why any man would ask a woman to share the disgrace and infamy pursuing him because of his wickedness.

Who is Cain's wife to-night? Is she in this audience? Can she be found in the world? Yes; there are hundreds of thousands of sad-eyed, pale-faced, broken-hearted, suffering women who can look at the past beauty and happiness of girlhood, whose actions and sorrows voice the language of the prophet, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." Who is Cain's wife? Any woman who has married a murderer, an infidel, a drunkard, a thief, a liar, a manufacturer or distributor of intoxicating liquors. The wife of any man who persists in sinning against his soul, against God, the Savior, the Holy Spirit, the angels, his wife, his children, his friends, his neighbors, his town, his county, his State, his country. I want you to consider Mrs. Cain up to date. In the first place:

1. *The wife of the murderer is Mrs. Cain.* I was in a Southern city some years ago conducting a meeting. A professional gambler got under conviction, and one day he asked a prominent business man to accompany him to my rooms. When they rapped at the door, the business man introduced him to me and retired to the parlor. I closed the door and the man turned to me and said: "Is there anybody here who can hear what I say to you besides yourself?" I said: "We are amply protected from any eavesdropping." He said: "I want to ask you a question: Can God forgive a murderer?" I looked him squarely in the eyes and asked: "Are you a murderer?" He shuddered and said: "I don't like to answer that question." I answered: "There is no need of beating around the bush. Tell me honestly why you ask that question, and I can deal with you in the light of your need

and can do better service than if I am dealing with generalities." He said: "Yes, I am a murderer; I killed one man and helped kill another." He told me how an altercation had come up; how he had taken a small fence-post and had beaten the head of a man almost into a pulp. It was a lucid description of a harrowing crime. His reputation had preceded him into the community in which he lived when I met him and led him to Christ. His wife and children were compelled to carry the stigma of his crime, and that fact illustrates the exceeding sinfulness of sin. A man by crime brings upon his innocent wife and children a blight which time itself cannot eradicate. The murderer publicly confessed Christ before thousands of people and become a personal worker, and after the meeting closed, when the reform campaign had swept the entire county as a result of our meeting and new officials were elected, he was appointed city marshal, and he cleaned out every den and dive in the town. Is there a renegade from justice here to-night, a murderer who has long tried to cover his steps? I warn you, neighbor, God has said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." God pity the wife who has to suffer the shock and shame of her husband's crimes! God pity the helpless children in such a home!

In the second place:

2. *The wife of the adulterer is Cain's wife up to date.*

I was conducting a meeting in a Western State some years ago and I met a man whose past infamy was described by a person who was in possession of definite information. He had gloried in his shame. He had promised at the marriage altar fidelity to his wife, and she had a right to expect that he would pay his vow. She had trusted him, she loved him; she left all for his sake, but he became vile and corrupt. He broke his promises; he drove a dagger worse than steel into the heart of his wife. He gloated to her over his conquest of women and plainly told her that he did not love her, and

when she faltered and fell under the murderous stroke of his infamy with a broken heart and with a broken body, he told her in the last days of her soul anguish and bodily suffering that he would be glad when she died. The wife of Cain, suffering the same grinding grief, ten thousand times worse than the pangs of death, going into her grave, having suffered untold anguish! There are thousands of them in the world to-night, and there are far too many wives who have broken hearts in this community: sweet, modest, faithful women married to licentious old scoundrels who aren't fit to associate with brutes. (Applause.) God pity the wife of Cain in this audience to-night!

Some years ago, in one of the fashionable cities of the South, a prosperous young man courted and won the heart of one of the fairest daughters of that city. Someone has said, "All the world loves a lover." I don't often quote the man who said that, but of all sections of our country where that statement finds sufficient justification, the warm-hearted Southland is the place. Men and women vied with each other in extending congratulations when the young man had led to the marriage altar that beautiful Southern girl. With all her wealth of love, she had entered the new world of love's young dream. She had looked across life's broad fields made beautiful with blooming flowers whose perfume intoxicated her, and on to the summit of life, to those snow-capped mountains of ripe old age—where we start down the western slope toward life's sunset—fully expecting to scatter the garlands of love and hope and happiness and joy broadcast all the way. Children were born into the home. One day the sweet mother stood in the county jail, looking through the bars at her imprisoned husband, who had embezzled thousands of dollars to give to a negro wench, with whom he had been living for years, to keep her from exposing him. His bribes had failed; his crime was known to the entire State and na-

tion. That wife with tear-stained face stood with her sobbing children looking through the bars at that wreck of manhood whom she had loved and trusted so implicitly, so overwhelmingly. Brethren, if she and her children should live ten thousand years in that city, they can never remove from their hearts the sorrow nor can they eradicate from their names the terrible blight of that man's crime. Poor Mrs. Cain! Broken in heart, crushed in young womanhood, a thousand times worse than a widow! Widowhood would have been a blessing compared with her present sorrow and disgrace. Adulterous husbands, hear me; God says, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

In the third place:

3. *The wife of the drunkard is a modern Cain's wife.* Time paints no fairer pictures than the pictures of love. Too often the wedding-bell is the death-knell. Sometimes young women say, "Yes, I know he drinks a little, but he is going to quit after we get married;" or, "I will reform him." And as a result of such nonsense there are so many grass-widows in some towns it is enough to give a man hay fever to ride through the town. Down in New England some time ago a farmer became a drunkard. He left his wife and his sick child in a dingy drunken hovel while he went away to the village to drink. His wife was too frail to carry wood from the distant wood-yard and she had retired early to keep the sick child warm, for it was a stormy night; heavy snows had fallen; it was zero weather. Along toward midnight she heard the pounding on the door accompanied by oaths and curses. She wrapped a heavy shawl about the little child, and holding the child in her arms, trying to quiet it, she rushed to the door clad only in her night garments, saying, "Husband, I am coming; I will open the door in a moment." She had dropped the heavy bar across the door to prevent the frigid blasts from blowing it open. As soon as she lifted the heavy bar the wind

blew the door open and it chilled her to the marrow. When the cursing drunken brute entered, he drove his finger-nails into the flesh on her shoulder as he began to drag her toward the open door. When she realized what the fiends of hell had conceived in his heart, she shrieked in agony, "Oh, husband, for God's sake don't do that! we will freeze to death." But with one cruel oath he shoved her and the sick child out into the bitter embrace of the pitiless Storm King and slammed and barred the door. The next day at about eleven o'clock a neighbor came pounding on the door, and, not being able to arouse the sleeping criminal, he broke the door down with a crow-bar. He shook the sleeping man and said: "Get up from here; you have murdered your wife and baby. I found them dead on the road between here and my house." They dragged the drunken wretch into the court-room, and from there to the jail, and from the jail to the scaffold. His only defense was whisky, and when a man makes whisky his defense he will find that it will become his damnation. And you have low-bred scoundrels in this community who traffic in the stuff, and fools who drink it. Cain's wife! Oh! sad broken-hearted woman, are you here to-night? Do your steps send you back to a drunkard's home? God has not forgotten you. Jesus died to save you. Angels join you in your weeping. Down in New York city some years ago a staggering drunkard looked through the bars in the jail as the jailer came past, and said, "Jailer, what am I here for?" The jailer looked at him a moment and said, "You are here for murder." The man replied, "My God! don't tell my wife; it would kill her." The jailer answered, "Man, it was your wife you killed." Simply another story of Cain's wife for your consideration!

The fourth and concluding proposition is:

4. *The wife of the infidel has accepted the drudgery and disgrace of Cain's wife.* God says in His Word: "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." In spite of

that clear-cut command, there are foolish, flippant, empty-headed professing Christian girls who rush away to the marriage altar with any sort of a wretch who comes along, simply for the sake of getting married. I pity the woman who has no more brains and character than to become the wife of an infidel. There are 18,592 reasons why a woman should not marry an infidel. The first reason is this: The infidel is usually profane. He is a foul-mouthed, cussing scoundrel. He usually swears at his children, swears at his wife; but if you were to catch him down town and hear him swear and some little man should get the idea that he has directed his profanity toward him, he clenches his fist and steps up before him and says, "Did you cuss me?" The big blustering coward replies, "Oh, no, Tom; I didn't cuss you." Tom answers, "You had better not cuss me, or I will crawl over you like an ant crawls over a pumpkin." A man can neither be a gentleman nor a decent citizen when he swears. The infidel is usually impure in his life; he either is, or has been, an adulterer, in the majority of cases. He is often drunken, and as a rule does not have very high regard for the truth. Of course he doesn't believe the Bible, and he makes that his boast. Permit me to open the Book just for a moment and find out why the blatant infidel does not believe the Bible. I read in the twentieth chapter of Exodus a few important statements: "Honor thy father and thy mother." The infidel does not believe that. "Thou shalt not kill." The infidel says he doesn't believe in the Bible. The Bible puts a value on human life. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." The infidel says he does not believe in the Bible. The Bible demands purity, virtue, and honor, the protection of womanhood, the safeguard of the home, the bulwark of civilization. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not steal." The infidel says he does not believe in the Bible. Then I want to find out what the dishonest old hound does believe! (Ap-

plause.) "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor"—in other words, "Thou shalt not lie." I discover in these clear-cut statements from the Bible the reasons why the infidel does not believe in the Book. I notice some of the men of this audience are looking rather pale in the hearing of these thunder-bolts.

I was in a town in Kansas a few years ago, conducting a meeting, when the daughter of a Methodist preacher came to me and complained that she was becoming skeptical. I replied: "Nonsense! don't disgrace your father that way. Who put these thoughts into your head? God didn't do it, and the Devil, in the form of some man or woman, has done it." She said: "I am a nurse in a hospital which is conducted by Dr. H——. He is a skeptic and he has repeatedly flung contempt upon the birth of Jesus Christ and the mother of Jesus." And you have some foul-mouthed old devils in this community who have been doing the same thing, and I want to say plainly at this point that I would not trust an old reprobate of that sort as far as I could throw Pike's Peak. The young woman continued, "He has repeatedly repudiated the integrity of the Bible until these skeptical thoughts are flashing through my mind, and I don't know what to do." I said in reply: "Did he open the conversation, and has he persisted in trying to cause you to lose your confidence in the Scriptures?" She said: "Indeed he began the conversation regarding the Bible and religion, and when I did not want to talk about such matters, especially in the light of his infidelity, he has forced his views upon me." Then I answered: "That old scoundrel wants to ruin you." She turned very pale and said: "That is a terrible charge you are bringing against him." I said: "I know it is, but I know what I am talking about." The next night another nurse from the hospital told me in private conversation that he had tried to ruin her. The third after-

noon following my conversation with the Methodist minister's daughter, a woman came forward, after she had professed conversion, and asked for a few minutes of my time. She said she wanted to live a good life and was so tired of her wickedness. I asked her to be very plain and tell me what kind of wickedness she had been guilty of. She said: "I have been living in adultery." I asked: "With whom?" She replied: "Dr. H——." I turned to one of the ministers who was some distance away and called him. He came at once. I said. "Doctor, are you acquainted with Mrs. So-and-So?" He replied: "Oh, yes; I have known her some time." I said: "I wish you would accompany us down street on an important mission." I led the way to the office of a personal friend of mine who is a notary public. When we entered the office the woman said to me: "What do you want with me in this office?" I said: "I want you to make an affidavit concerning your relations with Dr. H——." She did so. When I returned to the meeting that night I had some ammunition that ran the thermometer up to about 195° in the shade. I said: "You have an infidel doctor in this town, who has been trying to seduce certain young women from the faith, and I also believe he has been trying to ruin their honor, and I find his name on the affidavit in which the woman charges him with adultery." There was only one infidel doctor in the town, and the people of the community knew very well who the scoundrel was.

I presume some people in this audience will feel that these terrific denunciations will reflect very seriously on the reputation of certain prominent citizens of your community. Let me say at this point, I do not care the snap of my finger about the opinion of any prominent citizen of your community or of this nation who is so low down in character that he will stand as the enemy of his Creator, and the Christ who died to save him, and the Holy Spirit who has called

him to repentance; who stands as an enemy to purity, to righteousness, to prayer, to common decency, by advocating that low-flung and contemptible pabulum of perdition—infidelity! I will make this challenge: Whenever you can show me an infidel who does not stand condemned in the light of the moral and spiritual doctrines of the old Bible, I will arrange to have him examined by the county commissioners at my expense.

Some time ago, in one of the cities, an infidel was taken with appendicitis; it was located just a little southwest of his spotted vest. They hauled him off to the hospital, the doctors arrayed themselves in their long aprons, they dragged out their squills, antiseptics, and surgical instruments. The infidel said: "Doc, hold on; I want you to send for a preacher." "Preacher? nonsense!" said the doctor; "we are just about ready to begin the operation. What do you want with a preacher?" The old rascal replied: "Doc, I want to be opened with prayer." (Laughter and applause.) Some of you infidels will find yourselves mighty anxious for the prayers of a godly mother or a minister of the gospel when you begin to face a coffin or the undertaker.

Some years ago the daughter of an infidel lay on her death-bed. Her mother was a Christian and had often tried to lead the girl into the Kingdom of God. When she got her to the point of decision, the bugbear of her father's infidelity invariably came against her with a crash, and the mother had wept and prayed alone. The consultation of physicians had cancelled all hope for the girl. The attending physician told her plainly that she perhaps could only live about a week; it was to him a personal sorrow, but he felt that it was his duty to inform her. The young woman called her father and her mother to the bedside. She said: "Father, mother has often tried to get me to become a Christian, and you know how your influence has kept me out of

the Kingdom. On my death-bed I now ask you, Am I to follow your infidelity, or am I to take my mother's God and mother's religion and trust her Saviour?" The old infidel stood looking at his daughter, whom he certainly loved. Her question had almost paralyzed him. Finally he said, with broken voice, between sobs: "Daughter, my infidelity holds out no hope to you in this dark hour. In God's name turn from it and take your mother's God, your mother's Christ, your mother's Bible." A few days later the dying girl, with her arms about her father's neck, plead with him to promise her that he would meet her in heaven. He gave the promise and was soon afterward converted to God. God pity the wife of Cain who to-night is in this audience facing an eternal separation from her husband. Man, is there any heart left within you? Is there any honor or manhood to which I may appeal? If so, in the name of God and in the name of your wife and your children, take your stand for God and the right and enter the Kingdom.

Some years ago, in Iowa, a young woman came forward to give her heart to Christ. She stood weeping, and said: "Something was said to-night which took me in memory to the bedside of my dying father, whom I promised a year ago to meet in heaven. He lay dying and asked me to make the promise, but since that promise was made I have wandered from God. But to-night I yield; I can hold out no more." A young woman who could not be touched with an appeal to her father's piety or her mother's religion, would certainly be a characterless ingrate. The main difficulty is not in reaching the young woman under such conditions, but it is in finding men who set the godly example before their children. There are too many Cains in the world to-day whose wives and children are left to suffer the opprobrium and disgrace of sin's blight in the dark hours of the death of the father and husband. God pity Cain's wife to-night! God pity Cain's children!

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

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My text to-night is found in the Gospel of John, the third chapter and the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

My text points unerringly to a river without bank or bottom, wider than space and deeper than the Universe, flowing with eternal tranquillity and continuity from the heart of God. Angelic hosts have reveled in its pristine purity and have plunged into its profoundest depths. Time has grown gray in soulful contemplation of this awe-inspiring stream, ineffable and indefinable. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Invisible artists have invaded Heaven's domain and, impoverishing other worlds, have returned to earth to spread the fleecy white or faintly tinted and burning lustrous clouds, crimson and glorious, upon the canopy of yonder sky, lifting the far-flung battle-cry of the text to Heaven's gates: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Yon diaphanous comet—the prince of Heaven's alchemy, the silver lining on God's side of the cloud, the serried swelling mountain peaks involving God's artillery of thunder and musketry of forked lightning, announce, with Heaven's megaphone, the love of God to lost and ruined

man; while oceans rise to fall in dew and rain upon the earth, and while the master artist paints the neck-scarf of the Storm King and wraps it gently and gracefully about the receding precursor of eternal calm.

The text rings clear and calls you once again to consider the inextinguishable love of God. The rainbow—that glorious exuberance of prismatic prodigality, has baffled all man's art, and swept before the gaze of enraptured angels the bow of promise which causes holy choirs to almost break their hearts in songs of praise to Him who was, and is, and ever shall be, King of kings and Lord of lords. And while we sleep these royal artists from the glory world slip into our yards, orchards, and meadows, and paint the violets a lovelier blue than e'er man mixed; they paint the roses, whose soft sweet petals blush at the approach of their Creator; and while honeysuckles, daisies, forget-me-nots, amaranthine bowers, and ten thousand billowy tendrils of tangled loveliness fresh from the hand of God, intoxicate us with their perfume and charm us with their colors rare, they voice the message of the clouds: "Our God, our God is love."

My text is sweeter than a poem; it is grander than the tramp of all earth's armies, and is more overwhelming than the concerted charge of ten million cavalrymen upon a field of blood; more majestic than the march of all the solar and stellar systems throughout the trackless fields of ether.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut its glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin."

Gigantic volcanoes have shaken islands and continents, but earth, and sea, and sky—yea, all the visible and invisible handiwork of God, shook when Jesus Christ announced on

Calvary's cross, in His dying shout of triumph, "It is finished!" the patent evidence of my text: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Where, oh where is the befouled wretch from whose heart the arch-fiend of Hell hath torn the cords of love and sympathy and hope? Is the carcass of purity in our presence to-night? Have the imps of Diabolis injected Hell's deadly venom into the moral fabric and struck the death-blow to faith and hope? Where sin abounds grace much more abounds.

"O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee,
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

"My brother, the Master is calling for thee,
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave,
And He is abundantly able to save."

My text holds within its narrow confines the story of subtle pathos of how humanity broke God's heart, and how tears of anguish rolled down the cheeks of Jesus, my Lord, when He stood contemplating the stony rebellion of His people, saying: "Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" His soul agony increased, and in Gethsemane His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground; and on the cross of Calvary His arteries were opened by cruel spikes and a jagged spear. When man's character

was shattered and black and his soul stained with guilt, and death had passed upon one and all because of universal sin, while the voice of prayer was stilled and human vocabularies were bankrupt and there was none to deliver, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, staggering, faltering sinner, Jesus is the chief delight of Heaven, He is the apple of God's eye, and since He spared not His own Son in order that you might be saved, for you to honor Jesus by repentance and obedience means to touch the heart of God as nothing else on earth can do; for Jesus' sake He will break the iron bands of sin and set the captive free; He will destroy the works of the Devil in your soul; He will regenerate and renovate you, opening the matrix of Heaven and giving you an eternal birthright into the realms of spiritual life. God's love cost Him the highest possible sacrifice—"He so loved that HE GAVE!" Love without sacrifice is impossible: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," said Jesus. The mother gives magnanimously and unselfishly—disdaining the indescribable pangs of childbirth—her daughters as a contribution of sweet, modest angels, for our hearts and homes, and stalwart sons to grace and bless the world. The sweetest blossom that ever bloomed in the human flower garden is the precious, modest, loving girl. She gladly sweeps into the royal line of sacrifice and gives the love of her throbbing heart! Because she loves, she becomes a wife, the queen of some heart and home; she sacrifices her rounds of pleasure, and walks at last with delicate, careful step because she loves the unborn child which she conceals and carries near her wonderful heart. Human love! Oh, its ocean depths! How cheerless would be our firesides, how cold and dead would be our homes, and how hard and inflexible would be our hearts if love were dead! Earth would consume by spon-

taneous combustion, and Heaven fall to dust and ashes at our feet!

“There 's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,
There 's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty;
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.”

The gift of Jesus Christ opens Heaven's mansions for the sinner saved by grace! During the Civil War two soldiers from the Southland became warm friends. One was a Georgia boy, the other was a Texas ranger. The ranger was taken dangerously ill and finally was honorably discharged. He said to his friend from Georgia: “Charlie, I don't dare start for Texas; the Yankees hold the Mississippi, and I have no place to go.” His friend said: “I will give you a letter to my father; you go to my home and wait there until the war is over.” The soldier-boys separated, and some days later the Texas ranger rang the bell and called for the owner of that elegant colonial Georgia home. The aged gentleman came to the parlor and was handed this letter:

“*Dear Father*,—Let me introduce to you my noble friend and comrade, Samuel Thomas, whom I have frequently mentioned during my previous correspondence, as he has been my constant companion in arms during these four years of bloodshed and suffering. He is a physical wreck, his health has failed, but he carries an honorable discharge from service. Being unable to get to his Texas home, I have sent him to mine. Please receive him and love him and give him every comfort, for the sake of,

“Your son,

CHARLIE.”

The old gentleman, moved with profoundest sympathy, embraced the soldier-boy and took him up the stairway and opened a door and led him into an elegantly furnished room; then, going to a wardrobe, he said: "This is Charlie's room and Charlie's wardrobe. Charlie's valet will prepare the bath-room for you. Take off your rags and let him burn them. Take your bath and dress yourself in Charlie's clothes. This is to be your room and my boy's clothing will be yours; and when you hear the dinner-bell ring, I want you to take Charlie's place at the table, which has been vacant four years. This black boy is at your service; he will bring you Charlie's saddle-horse, and whenever you want to ride you can have the best of this plantation. Everything is yours for Charlie's sake."

There are multitudes who have fallen wounded on life's battlefield in the rags and tatterdom of sinful debauchery, clad with filthy rags. If you will come to Jesus, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, He will write a letter to the Father in Heaven; He will put it in your heart and on your face and in your soul, and Heaven's wardrobe will be opened and Christ's robe of righteousness will be yours, and it will perfectly fit you, for we shall be like Him and we shall see Him as He is. God the Father, for Jesus' sake, offers to open Heaven's banquet-hall and give you a seat at the table of the King. Jesus has given to us His guarantee of comradeship and eternal love; He said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you: for I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also;" and furthermore He adds, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

History tells us of one of the kings of Europe who borrowed vast sums from a wealthy merchant and banker who

was a subject; in fact, he was so heavily involved that he was unable to pay his indebtedness; whereupon the wealthy banker gave a banquet to which he invited the king and many royal guests. While they sat at the banquet-table, the king's friend brought forth the bonds indicating the indebtedness of the king, and, reading the contracts to the startled guests, he held them to the flame, which consumed them. The king wept aloud, so great was his appreciation of that magnanimous gift. Nineteen hundred years ago the human race was involved in eternal indebtedness so overwhelming that it stood in the midst of disgraceful bankruptcy, but God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, and Jesus Christ expiated man's entire indebtedness in the fires of caustic agony on the cross!

When I was traveling in France, I was mightily impressed with the significant "Ns" on the great buildings; they mean Napoleon. History tells us that one night "the Little Corporal," while emperor, as was his custom, while walking through the midnight hours, came upon a sentinel sleeping at his post, a crime punishable with death. Napoleon reached the spot just a moment before the sentinel's password was being called down the line; when it came time for the sleeping sentinel to answer, the emperor spoke the word. The aged sentinel sprang to his feet. The moonlight broke through a cloud and lighted up the face of Napoleon. The frightened, weary old soldier, who had fought bravely and lovingly for the emperor, looked appealingly into the eyes of Napoleon; whereupon the emperor said, "It is well that it were I that found thee, else it had cost thee thy life." The sentinel kissed the hand that bestowed his gun once more into his own, and Napoleon silently walked back to his tent. God looked upon the battlefields of time and found man a deserter, a traitor, and worse than a sleeping sentinel. The sword of justice and judgment would have sent him into eternal despair,

but "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God stood guard while humanity slept, and when justice inflexible and eternal demanded the password of honor and purity and fidelity to God, Jesus, the boldest warrior that ever stood upon eternal battlefields clad in human armament, spoke the word for sleeping, quailing, wretched humanity. Humanity awoke and looking into the face of the King of kings, was swept into a gulf of fears, when Jesus Christ said: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. It is well that it were I that found thee, else it had cost thee thy life eternally." And so Jesus stands beside the guilty sinner to-night with outstretched nail-pierced hands, inviting sinners one and all to accept eternal deliverance from the stain and doom of guilt.

In the South, many years ago, a couple of sweethearts quarreled. The judge who was engaged to marry that beautiful Southern girl became reckless, and when yellow fever swept the community, he went to the Sand Hills and devoted his time to helping the sick and suffering, and at last he succumbed to the dread disease. His altruistic spirit had touched the entire city, for he was well known, and not a few knew the cause of the judge's great sadness. Some days passed, and at last the physician who had in charge the work at the Sand Hills, guiding it through loyal subordinates, was down in the heart of the city, and he met the beautiful sweetheart of the judge. He had known her for many years. He said to her: "Do you know your friend, the judge, is very sick at the Sand Hills?" She replied with apparent indifference: "I have heard that he is sick. How is he, doctor?" The doctor said: "He has passed the critical point in the disease, but he is dying." She said: "I do not understand you, doctor; how could he be dying when he has passed the critical point in the disease?" The old physician replied: "You fool-

ish, heartless girl, don't you know why?" Then the doctor plainly said: "He is dying of a broken heart." Her eyes filled with tears, and she said: "Doctor, will you come with me?" And she led the way to a leading florist's establishment. She placed her order, and with her own hand she wrote upon a blank card just above the pet name the judge loved to call her, "With the love of all my heart," and she said to the doctor: "Will you please see that the judge gets this box of flowers?" He said: "I certainly will." When he returned to the judge's side, he was lying in a fitful slumber, and the doctor opened the box of flowers and placed them by the bedside on a table. Soon the room was flooded with their fragrance. The judge, at last opening his eyes, looked languidly at the flowers, then smiled faintly, and said: "Doctor, I presume I am, as usual, under obligations to you again." The doctor said: "No, sir; you are not under obligations to me, judge; some other person sent these flowers." The judge said: "Doctor, who sent them?" "Well," said the physician, in a jocular vein, "you guess." The judge, peevish from his illness, said: "Please don't taunt me; tell me who sent the flowers." The doctor said: "Judge, you will find a card in the box; I reckon you haven't forgotten how to read." The judge reached his trembling hand into the box and drew out the card, and when he looked upon the card, his heart hoping against hope until his eyes had seen the name that was to him the sweetest name on all the earth, he said: "Doctor, did she really send those flowers?" The physician said: "Most assuredly she sent those flowers, and it was an act worthy the little princess who sent them." The judge was just weak enough physically to be overwhelmed with his good fortune; for the evident tide of the love of that sweet girl for him just broke his heart, and I think he was justified in entering woman's realm of expressing supreme pleasure—that is, he wept. The physician left the room, and the next day,

when he returned, he found the judge sitting in an invalid's chair; the next day the judge sat on the veranda and enjoyed the sunshine; the third day the judge had a ride with the physician; the fourth day the judge left the Sand Hills a well man; the fifth day there was a quiet wedding in that Florida city. Oh, love is a tonic!

This old world seems to me to be the habitat of every foul malaria and miasmata, breeding moral turpitude. It must have seemed to God the spawning-place of foul disorders, drunkards, liars, gamblers, libertines, infidels, atheists, agnostics, nihilists, communists, all classes and kinds of criminals in the category of crookedness, perishing certainly and eternally. At last God, turning to His gardens of love, plucked the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, and He wrapped around them the smilax of His eternal love, and nineteen hundred years ago in Bethlehem's manger the shepherds and wise men read the message of hope which is the message of my text: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Ten years ago, in a great Western city, I related the incident which I have just described in your hearing. The next day the nearest approach to the flowers mentioned which could be secured in that great city were sent to me with a card attached: "The bouquet broke my heart last night. I have yielded to God. I expect to unite with the Church next Sunday morning. These flowers are a token of my love and appreciation to you for the picture painted." I pray God to touch scores of souls in this building to-night with the sweet story of God's love.

CHAPTER III.

NOAH'S ARK.

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My text to-night is found in the seventh chapter, the first verse, of Genesis: "And Jehovah said unto Noah, Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark."

The announcement of a text from the Bible will engender anything from a verbose contest to a battle royal. Infidelity, self-righteousness, and the combinations of unregenerate defense have failed to present any convincing argument justifying the race in its contempt of God, and its wickedness. The logomachy—that is, the wordy contest without deeds, has interested the superficial, but it has failed utterly to justify man in his wickedness. It takes no manhood, no brains, and certainly no character, for a contemptible clapperclaw to stand as the enemy of the Bible, the enemy of the Church, the opponent of Jesus Christ, possessed with a fiendish pugnacity which is the result of a vain attempt on his part to cover his contumacy.

The Bible is true to human nature; it proves its divine origin in the fact that it defines sin and describes the vicissitudes, the vagaries, and doom of the sinner, and opens the portals of eternal night at the end of the sinner's journey, showing him God's eternal penitentiary, which he has definitely chosen as his eternal heritage. The same book describes the magnificent manhood and matchless womanhood resultant upon a life of noble service to God. When a man writes the story of a life, he usually photographs the mountain peaks and does not descend into the valleys or canyons or commonplace

prairies; this is particularly true as it applies to the virtues of the individual described. The biographers do not include in their descriptions of the senators the record of their infamy. Some of the great "statesmen" have become drunken bums, but you never would know it by reading the official story of their life as man presents it. The mopus may sit in his library philosophizing on the record of the success of the man in spite of his iniquity, and think, since his luctation was a struggle for success which won, that, after all, clean character, common decency, and amity with God may or may not be an asset. The tonicity of manhood, the thews and sinews of character, the virility, vitality, and dynamics of success in the eternal sense of the term, mean the presentation of brawny and constant warfare against all moral discrepancies, rottenness, and creachy citizenship. The flaccid gimcrack may boast that he is as "sound as a roach," but God never called a man to be a cockroach! The Bible tells us of the curiosity of Mother Eve; the Devil told her that if she ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, she would be like God. The microbes of imitation seemed to gnaw powerfully in her soul; I don't know but that they grew so vicious that they barked at her; at any rate, the desire to be like somebody else wrecked the race. Her fatal blunder was in taking the Devil's prescription for an eye-opener; he said: "Your eyes will be opened." Men and women, ever since sin's first and fatal inning in the Garden of Eden, have been taking the Devil's prescription for an eye-opener. The Bible tells us that although Adam had sense enough to name all the animals, he didn't exercise stamina enough to resist temptation. The Garden was lost, purity and fellowship with God were sacrificed, and God drove them like common criminals from His presence. Cain's jealousy made him a murderer, but the story of Enoch begins to throw a gleam of righteousness over the struggling race, for the record tells us that he "walked with

God three hundred years, and was not, for God took him." Let me tell you the story of Enoch and his translation. Enoch and God use to take walks together; God would come over to Enoch's house and talk with him, and they would walk out through the fields which held a wealth of flowers, and through the woods where tangled mosses and smilax held billows of glorious honeysuckles in their tender tentacles; daffodils, clematis, sweet-scented laurel, and sky-blue violets, roses, lilies, and all the fragrant thoughts of God, bloomed and blushed or paled in phenomenal profusion in the presence of the Creator. On they walked, and at last Enoch said: "I must go home." God pinned a forget-me-not on the lapel of his coat, and Enoch wandered through the mystic maze of pristine beauty, while the earth was young, back to his wilderness of flowers, and slept the sleep of the righteous. God came for another visit, and Enoch said: "Father, I want to go a piece with you." They continued their peregrinations on through the mountain fastnesses where birds were singing their sweetest anthems and all Nature responded in loving tribute to the presence of the Creator. The fellowship was so sweet, so overwhelming, that at last Enoch saw that he was a very great distance from home; God turned to him and said, "Come on, Enoch; go home with Me to-night," and he was no longer found upon the earth, for God took him! Enoch without a doubt was a sinless man after God had touched his soul with His mighty power. Elijah was translated; many leading Bible scholars consider the Apostle John another who was carried away by the chariot of the Lord. We here drop back into the faithful record of character in regard to righteousness as well as sin. Abraham's wonderful faith is described in God's record, and also his lying; Sarah's unbelief is also mentioned, Lot's covetousness, Jacob's swindling and rascality, the gluttony of Esau; and Moses, the marvelous law-giver and leader, the man who was more than a prophet, was

a murderer in Egypt, but he was striking a blow for God and righteousness when he slew the Egyptian. David, the marvelous poet, singer, warrior, statesman, and king, was an adulterer. God puts the record before us for a purpose! The Apostle Paul consented to the death of Stephen and was a party to the crime; Peter denied his Lord with oaths and curses; Judas sold Him for thirty pieces of silver, and all forsook him and fled. I think the record of Holy Writ which describes the lapses of virtue or other forms of iniquity on the part of men and women who became Bible heroes is presented because God wants to convince us of the fact that His grace is sufficient for fallen humanity. If he can forgive and cleanse the murderous Moses, lying Abraham, swindling Jacob, doubting Sarah, adulterous David, cursing Peter, there is hope for the vilest sinner in this world to-night.

The Scripture lesson which I read to you from the seventh chapter of Genesis tells us of the call of Noah. God investigated humanity and found that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, and it repented Jehovah that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart, and Jehovah said: "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the ground, both man and beast, and creeping thing and birds of the heavens, for it repenteth me that I have made them." Students of demonology believe that the antediluvian giants were a race absolutely related to the Devil and so positively possessed by the Devil that it practically amounted to devils becoming members of the human family with flesh and blood, and that in the pandemonium of unrighteousness and impurity which caused polygamy to prosper and purity to cease in the earth, God destroyed the entire race, only sparing Noah and his immediate family, for Noah found favor in the eyes of Jehovah. He evidently had kept himself and his home clean. The basis

of the destruction of the antediluvian character was foul imagination. Imagination is the birth-chamber of thought; the action of the subconscious mind in day or night dreams I believe to be the active imagination in its work-shop. Sometimes a young man has a day dream about his future matrimonial ventures. He goes to bed and finally is lost in the enjoyment of his dream. He is just about to become the husband of some wealthy princess, to have the management of a great estate, to have liveried lackeys to do his bidding while he sits in an easy chair drinking red lemonade out of a hose; suddenly his dream is ended, there is a heavy knock at the door, and a rough voice calls out: "Get up, John; it is time for you to go out and feed the horses and milk the cows and slop the hogs!" (Laughter.) He is brought from his dreamy empire into the frigid consciousness of his daily routine as a common Hillbilly on a farm. Many a young woman in her imagination is to marry a count or a no-count, a duke or a fluke, a prince or some other kind of an European hobo who has an empty title, an empty pocketbook, and a dirty character. Sometimes, in her dreaming, her maids have just arrayed her for the wedding and she stands before the mirrored door admiring her beauty of face and form; she is soon to board the train for New York, where she will take ship for some court of Europe to outshine the stellar system; when, much to her chagrin, she hears a rap and a rasping voice saying: "Mary, get up; it is time for you to build the fire and get breakfast." And so she drops from her cloud-level dreams to the cold farm-house bedroom, which is as black as Egyptian darkness, and from there into the narrow confines of the farmer's kitchen, where the hired hands are tallowing their boots preparatory for the day's work. (Laughter and applause.)

Dr. J. G. Holland has given a picture in one of his books which deals with imagination substantially as follows:

A young wife rows away to an isle, where she spends an hour, but she would not allow her husband to know where she spent the hour; a young woman plies her tiny craft to that secret isle and there partakes of forbidden fruit; the young man likewise disappears in the heavy foliage of that seductive isle; the old and young likewise squander many hours in that interesting isle. And then he asks, "What is that isle?" and answers his own question: "It is the isle of the imagination, where unseen we ply our tiny craft." Character is made or marred within the narrow limits of that isle. Imagination first, thought next, desire next, action next. The unseen thief within the soul stole the watch or money before the hand reached out and took it. The impure act stained the soul before the overt act branded the wretch as guilty of divine and human law-breaking. The murder was committed within the precincts of the soul before the shot was fired or the dagger driven to the hilt. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Your actions during this great evangelistic campaign toward the Gospel of Jesus Christ will be largely determined by the kind of impressions you have stowed away in the plastic brain-cells during the past years of your life, leading up to this important event.

Foul imagination will ultimately blacken the whitest fabric or redden the cleanest hands with human blood, or degrade and debauch the purest soul. Holy imagination, the parent of pure thought, may lead you to scale the heavens, to go speeding through the caravansaries of the Storm-king with lightning speed, dashing through the fields of Orion, sweeping on through the Milky Way, until you scale the bow of the heavens which has been worn smooth by ascending and descending angels! Sweep on gloriously until with the Apostle Paul you have reached the Third Heaven and hear things unlawful for a man to utter, press indefatigably on until you see the King in His beauty and hear Heaven's

arches ringing with the high hallelujahs of angelic hosts, while the four and twenty elders pile their crowns at Jesus' feet and eternal melody shakes the universe!

Now and then it is my good fortune to look upon the face of the pure, sweet, modest, ideal woman—God's cap-sheaf of creation. Here and there I can see the rugged, bronzed features of the stalwart soldier of the cross, upon whose face the ineffable glory of holy thought is painted indelibly with Heaven's colors.

The blood-hounds of lust, with fiendish savagery, had slain purity in sight of the leaders of the generation of Noah, and the vultures of licentiousness had picked the skeleton bare, while the flotsam and jetsam, the detritus and débris of social corruption had buried the skeleton in a seething maelstrom of universal wickedness. God spoke the imperishable word: "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth." Noah was a righteous man and perfect in his generation, and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, were evidently blameless before the Lord. One day, while Noah was walking with God, He said unto him: "The end of all flesh is come before Me, for the earth is filled with violence through them, and behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood." I can hear Noah say: "Lord, I don't know a thing about making an ark." God replied: "I will give you the specifications." God never calls upon any man to do the impossible. We have in this country a breed of anarchists who say it is impossible in the present régime, political, commercial, and social, of the nations, for a man to be a Christian; they therefore substantially assert in the name of an "ism" which pretends friendliness and helpfulness to the laboring element, that red-handed anarchy must churn the nations into a reign of political chirurgery until the bleeding republic or the dying empire turns pale in the face of this overmastering campaign of infidelity,

atheism, agnosticism, materialism, and consummate criminality which passes current under a flattering pseudonym!

God said: "Build the ark, and I will give you the specifications and the materials for building." I admire the faith of the old negro woman who said: "Brudren, ef /de Lawd says fur me to jump froo a stone wall, hit 's ma bizness to jump an' hit 's de Lawd's bizness to make de hole." God said to Noah: "Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this is how thou shalt make it: the length of the ark three hundred cubits, and the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits." The ark was to be a three-story affair, with only one door in the side thereof. God continued: "Noah, I will establish my covenant with thee, and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy son's wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort, shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female, birds and creeping things. And don't forget to take plenty of food into the ark, for you are going to have a long journey." Thus did Noah, according to all that God commanded him. Noah set about to obey the command of his Creator. I can see him as he leads the way to the forest in search of gigantic gopher wood trees; he and his three sons, with axes finely tempered, begin work. One after another of those stalwart giants of the forest fell before the woodsman's ax. While two are felling trees, perhaps two are trimming them and cutting them into proper dimension lengths. Perhaps the prehistoric adze and broadax were brought into play to square the timbers; and finally, when the timbers were cut sufficient to complete the work, Noah called his three boys together and ordered them into action. I can hear Noah saying, at about 4:30 a. m.: "Shem, I want you to go out and hitch up that team of megatheriums, and drag

in those heavy timbers for the keel of the ark. Ham, you yoke up that span of mastodons and get ready to bring in the smaller timbers. Japheth, yonder goes a zeuglodon through the garden; I want you to set the phocodon on him and run him clear off the place. You want to shut the gate in good shape, because your mother is afraid of those plesiosauruses, and I want you to put the pack-saddles on the manatuses and bring out about fifteen of them for special work. Ham, you tell your wife I expect her to get dinner to-day. Tell her I put a brace of myliobates holmesei in the woodshed." The hired hands were probably sent out with elephants and mammoths to take care of the crops while the special work on the ark was being done by the elect family. When the timbers at last were being placed systematically and the work of erecting the ark began in earnest, I can see the curious throng gathering about, asking all kinds of questions, making all kinds of adverse remarks, trying to discourage by disparagement and ridicule the work of that grand old servant of the Lord. I imagine them saying: "Noah, what do you think you are going to do?" He replies: "I am going to build an ark. God is going to destroy the earth and the wicked people of the earth. I warn you to repent." Doubtless they were indignant, and they probably replied: "Nonsense! you are crazy. We don't object to you building a big building like this, so we will not molest you; but if your insanity shows any form of violence, we will have you locked up." I can hear Noah reply: "I advise you knockers to move on; if you don't, I will set this cetacean on you."

The work was prosecuted with indefatigable energy. Noah and his intrepid sons labored from daylight until dark, until at last the gigantic ark stood as a monument of their perseverance and faithful endeavor, and I can see in my imagination thousands of long-whiskered antediluvians coming to look upon that marvelous piece of handiwork, and beauti-

ful antediluvian girls accompanied by sturdy Adonises, carrying bows and many arrows to protect them in their journeyings through the wilderness. All roads led to the ark in those days. Every road to Hell crosses the way to Heaven! At last the ark was finished, and God gave seven days of grace. During this time the people began to feel the thrill of genuine fear. The ark was there before them as a monument to the fidelity and faith of Noah and his sons. At last a convention of the scientists was called to quiet the fears of the populace, for they began to clamor. The common people have the most sense, after all. The leaders got together; the patriarchs, ranging in age from two hundred to seven hundred and ninety-eight years, gathered by hundreds. Prof. Ichabod Sackarappa, the great astronomer, was the chief speaker of the evening. He arose amid tumultuous applause, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I appreciate very highly the honor conferred upon me at this time. I have been asked by your leading citizens to come and state from centuries of experience my candid opinion of the superb folly of Noah in his prediction that there is to be an universal flood and a total annihilation of mankind, save all who have passage in his crude but gigantic ship. Permit me here to pay tribute to the phenomenal energy of my friend, Captain Noah. He has built a monument of wood which will doubtless stand for centuries on this dry land to evidence his zeal and faith in his supposed vision. He has been the direct cause of bringing thousands of tourists to this city, and I urge upon you that you honor him for his faithful work. But it is a well-known fact that Noah is not an astronomer; his prognostications concerning the weather are not at all in harmony with the weather experts. I would not advise Captain Noah to issue an almanac. As I am a gentleman seven hundred and ninety-two years of age, having engaged in the edifying study of astronomy for more than seven hundred years, I stand be-

fore you to-night as an acknowledged authority. I have searched the elliptical journey around the sun, commonly called the zodiac. I am personally conversant with all of the constellations thereof—twelve of them, as most of you know: Aries, the ram; Taurus, the bull; Gemini, the twins; Cancer, the crab; Leo, the lion; Virgo, the maiden; Libra, the scales; Scorpio, the scorpion; Sagittarius, the archer or the hunter; Capricornus, the goat; Aquarius, the water-bearer; and Pisces, or the fishes. Let me assure you that throughout the entire universe, so far as constellations indicate, from the Great Bear, the Little Bear, Cassiopeia, Cepheus, and the Dragon on the circumpolar constellations to the Southern Cross, there is nothing which would indicate that we are in any wise to fear any unusual weather conditions. Dismiss the thought, accept the supremacy of Noah as a ship-builder, but do not take his weather forecasts seriously." The people cheered to the echo. Then the theologians were called upon to deal with the situation, and they unanimously decided that God was too good to destroy the people by a flood or punish them hereafter in a lake of fire. It matters not how much of reprobacy, adultery, and licentiousness stain and mar your family circle; according to these fireless theologians, God is too good to enforce His demand for common decency. So the people, one and all, were lulled to sleep; but the seven days passed and they gathered by thousands to ridicule Noah. They came from all directions to view the ark. I don't know how far the ark was from water. It may have been on the bank of a river, it may have been near the Mediterranean, it may have been five hundred miles from any stream of any size; it may have been located upon an arid plain many miles from a forest; it matters not where it was located. It is enough to say that when the flood came, Noah had a religion that would float and stem the breakers. The people stood about in groups, discussing the peculiar confidence of Noah, his firm

expectation, and his plain statement that God that day would destroy the earth. God spoke to him the day he finished the ark, and said: "Seven days from to-day I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights, and every living thing that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the ground." I can see the officials standing together strangely convicted by the oppressive silence which usually precedes the approaching tempest. As they comment upon the folly of Noah, one man turns and with keen vision pierces the heavens. As he gazes, he seems to see a whirling mass not exactly like a cloud, and yet so much like it that it fills his soul with surging tides of fear. He points his finger, he speaks with bated breath, his eyes are starting from their sockets, he shrieks: "Great heavens! what is that approaching?" And as the multitudes turn, looking skyward, they see that whirling cloud moving through space with the rapidity of a cyclone. As it approaches, the individuality of the cloud has changed and they look upon thousands of flying fowls sweeping on toward the ark. God's handiwork had heard His call, and gigantic flying creatures and birds upon whistling wing, with variegated plumage, the masterpieces of color, fresh from God's workshop, those wonderful birds of the tropics, the Orient, the Southland and the Northland, from the largest to the smallest daintily feathered humming-birds, two by two, dropped with matchless grace toward the open door of the ark, and soon the last tiny pair had disappeared. Consternation overwhelmed the multitudes; men began to shriek in distress, women fainted, children screamed in terror. Men approached and cursed the scientists and threatened the theologians, shouting: "Noah has no magic wand to call the birds from far and near, thousands of which we have never seen and never heard before. This ark is God's ark." Then began the attempt to quell the riotous throng, to quiet the fearful spirits. When order had been

restored, a man turned toward the forest, and as he looked it seemed that the whole earth was instinct with life. for there came in pairs all of the spared specimens of quadruped mammalia, from the lordly elephant and the fiendish hippopotamus to the smallest creatures, involving the creative thought of God. On they came straight toward the ark; the multitudes fled precipitately, but gigantic beasts, savage and blood-thirsty under ordinary circumstances, moved with the perfect order of domesticated animals, utterly indifferent to the presence of man or other morsels of meat which followed close at hand. At last there climbed up the gang-plank a pair of the daintiest little creatures God ever made, and a voice from the heavens rent the air and threw shivering terror into every nerve-cell and corpuscle of blood and fiber of brain. God spoke; He said: "Noah, come thou, and all thy house, into the ark." And instantly Noah and his family rushed up the gang-plank; the last man in turned and threw the gang-plank out upon dry ground and God shut the door of the ark. Then ten thousand shrieks of human horror rose to the vaulted skies; suddenly the earth rocked, the heavens roared, the thunders like unchained blood-hounds baying shook the vaulted sky, the pitiless Storm-king broke through the caravansaries of primeval tempest, and the deadly electrical artillery of the heavens struck with unerring aim the gigantic policemen of the forest, whose lordly tops reached incredible heights. Shattering breaking timbers, fleeing screaming humanity, quaking groaning earth, and the angry heavens, forming an unbreakable chain from the metal of God's vengeance, fastened ten thousand whirling cyclones together, drawn by the steeds of lightning. On came the overwhelming tempest; the rippling mountain brook became an angry avalanche, the majestic river became a thousand maelstroms rushing with mad horror from its banks and leaping across the plains until the fresh water struck with strange savagery the bounds

of ocean's salt. What rafts were made by rebellious wretches were dashed to atoms against the precipitous mountains, which soon began to hide beneath the surging floods. The waters rose until the dead and drowning of all forms of animate life mixed and mingled in the whirlpools of divine wrath. "Away to the mountain peaks!" was the thought and cry of every sturdy giant; but in their mad effort to reach the summit, oftentimes gigantic boulders rolling ahead of horrific landslides dashed to atoms the cherished hopes of many. I see one sturdy Nephilim, his beautiful wife and their child in his arms, with eager eyes fixed on yonder summit, climbing the mountain peak like a hind. At last he stands upon the coveted summit, a target for the lightning's bolt and the certain prey of the rising torrent. At his feet there crouches and cowers like a belabored hound the gigantic monarch of the jungles, a lion which has made its way to the same point of vantage; he looks into the eyes of man, the masterpiece of God's creative genius, and his lordly roar of distress shakes the mountains. The man places his lips to his wife's sweet cheek; she has suffered all but the pangs of Hell in her fright, and while he turns and pats the head of the crouching lion and looks down the mountain side to the green and angry waves piling mountain high, he speaks the words of antediluvian despair: "Would God that I were pure again!" The wind rages until gigantic tempests sweep surging billows on toward the mountain peaks, and at last, holding to that brittle thread of hope, a wave reaching a hundred feet above them grips them in its mad embrace, and the lion, the man, the woman, and the shrieking infant in its mother's arms are dashed upon that worldwide sea which knew no mercy and the terrible greed of which knew no cessation until the last vestige of animate life had given up the ghost. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That grand old ark floated until at last it

landed safe upon Mount Ararat. The bow of promise glorified the skies, for God wrapped it about the shoulders of the dying Storm-king, and its every appearance gives us hope and assurance that never again will a flood destroy the earth or man from the earth, but God declares that a scourge more terrible will sweep upon the earth; for at last, after the frightful career of wicked humanity engaging the human intellect as the vehicle of the utterances of millions of terrible blasphemies and vile obscenities and contemptible ribaldry, which have impregnated space with arpeggios for screaming, dancing demons, while the very moral atmosphere has been the incubator of every debasing and poisonous immorality combining and concocting soul-destroying narcotics, while deadly miasmata and scorching siroccos have flung their frightful banners far upon the wings of destructive soul epidemics, God has grown weary of the wickedness of man! Humanity stood in its present unregeneracy debauched by devils, disgraced, degraded, polluted, impoverished, lacerated and scarred and frightfully disfigured as a result of its soul bondage. The judgment fires of God after the millennial reign of Jesus Christ upon the earth will sweep the last vestige of man's infamy and the Devil's chicanery from the face of this terrestrial globe, for space will become one gigantic crematory, and God gives us this picture of the impending doom: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief, in which the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the rocks thereof will be dissolved." The mode of protection on the plains in the time of the prairie fire was fire—that is, they burned a space immediately around the camp large enough to give protection. Our God is a consuming fire, and if we allow the fire of Jehovah to purge us from all stain of guilt, we will be able to pass through the judgment fires and enjoy the phenomenal spectacle of eternity's greatest bonfire.

I wonder to-night if you and all your house are in the ark? Perhaps some of Noah's relatives ran screaming toward the ark, and cried out: "Noah, I am your cousin," or "I am your nephew," or "I am your uncle or aunt, your wife's brother." It mattered not; God had shut the door of the ark and none could enter. God is not going to consider the human relationships of any man at the Day of Judgment and spare him because his father was great or small. I want to close my message to-night, urging the fathers and mothers to enter the ark and to see to it that their children have entered with them.

Some years ago a man was called to his home from his counting-house and informed by his broken-hearted wife that their son Charles was dying. The mother added: "I cannot bear to tell him; perhaps you should break the news to him." Finally the father stood by the bedside of his dying boy, and while his heart was sad and broken, he told the boy that the physician had given up all hope and that he was doomed to die. The boy began weeping, and said: "Father, I don't want to die; I must not die, I am not ready." The horror of the boy, the plaintive appeal to be spared by death's keen sickle, brought dismay and terror to the father's heart, and finally he said: "My boy, is there anything I can do for you?" He said: "Yes, father; please pray for me, for I don't want to die." The man turned toward the open window and drove the nails into the palms of his hands and bit his lip until it bled, trying to master the surging tides of parental emotion and terrific conviction. Finally he turned to the bedside and said: "My boy, I am not a praying man, I cannot pray for you." Then the dying boy plead that when he died they would not bury him away in the city cemetery, but would put him in a grave underneath the big tree on their own estate and put a fence around it, for, he said, "It won't seem so awful if you and mother will come out and sit under the

tree by my grave in the summertime." The man gave his promise and the poor boy died. A year later the father was converted and he stood before a gathering in that Eastern city, and they tell me he was a man of wealth, and he said, when he had told the story of his inability to pray for his dying boy, "I would gladly give all I possess if I could call that boy back and grant his dying request." Neighbor, suppose your boy calls upon you to-night or to-morrow to pray for him, can you present the prayer? If you cannot, you are a heartless wretch, and I think angels must weep because of your infamy. Mother, can you pray for your perishing boy or your dying daughter in the sad hour of physical dissolution? If not, you are not worthy to be the mother of children bound for eternity, sailing life's sea of incertitude without chart and compass or pilot. God pity the prayerless parents and the Godless children of the community. "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark." That ark of Noah's typified the eternal security and salvation of Jesus Christ. Are you safe in salvation's ark to-night?

Some years ago, in the East, a friend of mine related an incident regarding the death of a boy. The father had been called from his place of business and the mother had told him that the physicians in council had given up hope for the boy. She urged her husband to tell the boy that he could not live, in order that they might grant any request he felt disposed to make. When the father knelt at the bedside of the boy and told him that it was impossible for him to recover, the boy put his hand upon his father's head and said: "Father, don't you cry, don't take it so hard, for when I see Jesus, I will tell Him that ever since I can remember you taught me to love Him and to serve Him, and it will be all right; mother has done all she could do to get me ready to meet my Savior, and you all will come and see me sometime in Heaven." My friend thought he had finished the story,

but he had not, for at the close of the meeting a man came to him and said: "Let me tell you the rest of the story. My boy turned to me and said, 'Father, please take me in your arms,' and I took him in my arms; and he said, 'Lift me higher,' and I lifted him higher; and then he said, 'Lift me higher, please,' and I lifted him higher; and I heard him whisper, 'Higher,' and I lifted him above my head and held him there until my arms ached; and when I lowered him, his spirit had returned unto God who gave it." "But," he said, "long before that I had lifted him into the arms of Jesus Christ." Neighbor, can your boys and girls say that of your faithful Christian interest in them? If not, "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark."

CHAPTER IV.

THE INCARNATION.

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I am going to take the liberty of making a change in the usual translation of some verses from the first chapter of the Gospel of John, using "Revelation" where "Word" usually appears: "In the beginning was the Revelation, and the Revelation was with God, and the Revelation was God. This Person was in the beginning with God, and through this Person all things came into being; through Him life was, and His life was the light of men. And the Revelation became flesh and dwelt among us." (John 1:1-5, 14.)

The song of the prophets and the dream of the sages was realized when God became a man and dwelt among us. The supreme manifestation of Infinite love is described by the inspired Apostle as the Revelation of God; He became flesh and dwelt among us. The greatest objection raised by the enemies of Christ is that too much mystery is connected with the story of His birth, and too much of the miracle is connected with His life. Henry Drummond once said: "Life without mystery is impossible; religion without mystery is nonsense." It is honest to say that I have no right to brand a thing a miracle or a mystery and doubt it if I have not sense enough to understand it or power enough to match it. We do not need to enter into a discussion of the Bible or the life of Jesus Christ to engage ourselves in the study of things hard to understand—in fact, inexplicable. The scientist's knowledge of pan-genesis leads him into the mystic maze of complex and reflex forces. The fact that the germ of physical life measures about

the one hundred and twenty-fifth of an inch in length in no wise prevents the Creator from dictating to each germ the niche it shall occupy in animate life. There is no mistake in this regard. The inflexible law of heredity guards jealously the individuality of the species; while there may be progress or degeneracy evidenced in the blood or the breed, there is no such thing as one species breaking down the walls which narrowly confine it and entering into another and a higher kingdom.

The "*Nahash*" (Hebrew word, translated "serpent," Gen. 3:1), which received the curse of God in the Garden of Eden and became a serpent, evidently disappeared from the face of the earth under the withering blight of God's curse. Degeneracy, and not evolution, is the eternal dictum when rebellion against God characterizes the action of any creation of His handiwork. Whatever that creature was, it evidently was able to talk. It may have approximated the so-called missing link which man in his blind atheism has sought to discover in his inglorious attempt to relate man to the creatures of the jungle. That "*Nahash*" evidently became the spokesman of the Devil; at any rate, the result of man's sin and the wickedness of the "*Nahash*" brought death upon the human race and snakes into existence.

I know of no scientist who claims to have a complete understanding of pan-genesis, heredity, or atavism. God established the law of heredity when He said He would visit the sins of the parents unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Him. This has been amply demonstrated and hardly needs elucidation, yet when we consider the multitudinous progeny of the Jukes family of Pennsylvania—which followed the unholy union of a male and female criminal—twelve hundred relatives have been traced in their records of life; eight hundred out of twelve hundred were criminals. Many of them were executed, and practically all served time in the jails

and penitentiaries of the State. No man can understand why such a line of crime can run like a maelstrom through a family. We can discuss the power of pre-natal thought in shaping character, and we can discuss the predisposition to crime as a result of environment, suggestion and auto-suggestion, but we are simply talking of vehicles, and connecting links, and bridges, and highways, and omnibuses, and automobiles, and airships, in regard to the fulfillment of the blight of hereditary debauchery. There are certain hereditary psycho-neuroses, nervous disorders—which are handed down from one generation to another, apparently of psychic origin. There has never, as yet, been presented a satisfactory explanation for that peculiar nervous disorder superinducing somnambulism. Some of you people act like you don't know what a somnambulist is. I will tell you. Some years ago a young man was engaged to a certain young woman, and one night he said in great confidence: "There is only one thing that stands in the way of our getting married." She replied, with great earnestness: "Well, good gracious! what is that?" He said: "I am a somnambulist." "Well," she replied, "don't let that bother you, for I am a Methodist, and we can attend the Methodist church in the morning and the Somnambulist at night."

It is certainly a mystery when you consider the helplessness of the babe in its mother's arms. I have seen young quails running with pieces of egg-shell hanging to them; the young duck is perfectly at home on the water; but your baby will freeze or starve unless love directs and controls your relationship to it. I wonder if Napoleon's mother thought that she held in her arms the emperor of France, the military genius of his century, when he was a sleeping infant. I wonder if Lincoln's mother ever thought she held in her arms the future president of the United States, in the little log cabin down in Kentucky. Consider the development of the mind, the mastery of languages, the ramification of the student in scientific

lore, the tints and deeper shades of color in the intellectual spectrum, the result of the mastery of diction. How vast and marvelous are the possibilities of human genius!

Until the scientists brought forth the spectroscope, a ray of light was a mystery. For unknown centuries men have worshiped the sun, and we still have stupid sun-worshippers, who in moral darkness exceedingly quake and tremble in the presence of their erratic modes of worship. The spectroscope reveals to man the component parts of a ray of light. The chemical composition tells its own story. As we glance at the table of spectra, we discover, for instance, by the broad yellow lines, sodium; by the blue lines, thallium; and by the green lines, rubidium; and the burning hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, give clear-cut evidence of their presence with invariable regularity. Swan declares he discovered the two-millionth of a gram of sodium in a ray of light, while Lang declares he was able to detect the fifty-millionth of a gram of sodium in the burning ray of light.

Chemistry teaches us the philosophy of color, and we discover that certain bodies reflect or transmit some colors, while they absorb others. When a body appears yellow, it is because it has absorbed all other colors and cannot absorb the yellow. The leaves of the trees and flowers are not in reality green, but the chlorophyl cells reflect the green rays. This is a self-evident fact, because when the frosts follow the burning heat of summer, the leaves change color—that is, they reflect other rays. There are three chief types of spectra, the continuous spectrum—those furnished by ignited solids and liquids; the band or line spectrum, consisting of a number of bright lines, and produced by ignited gases or vapors; and absorption spectrum, those furnished by the sun or fixed stars.

If by aid of the spectroscope or micro-spectroscope we are able to analyze the rays of the sun and understand that it is a mass of burning gases, let us apply our God-given spec-

troscope, the faith faculty, to the Sun of Righteousness, and we will discover that He hath arisen with healing in His wings, and as we stand lost in wonder, love, and praise, adoring Him, we

“See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Could e'er such grace and sorrow meet,
Or love compose so rich a crown?”

The scientists have invented the radiometer, which they declare capable of measuring the heat of a candle a mile away. That may be easily called scientific perfection. I believe the human soul in its first estate was a radiometer which could measure the love and blessing of God to the highest degree; but the Devil broke in upon the sacred domains of man's purity and despoiled his faith faculty, that spectroscope of the soul, and poisoned his love to God, which is the radiometer of the soul; and by making him a slave to passion, greed, avarice, and crime, he despoiled the micro-spectroscope of service to God, and man has been roaming the barren wastes of life's sandy deserts, and oftentimes caravans, brigades, and regiments of the race have been completely annihilated by the deadly simoons of the Devil's wrath which have blackened man's moral universe.

The Incarnation of Christ is a divine as well as a human necessity. God created man and man became a vagabond and an outcast; he could not keep the law of God in his fallen condition; he therefore became a moral bankrupt, and my text to-night says: “The Revelation became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory.” The Offering for humanity's sin must of necessity be human, and the Intercessor or Mediator between God and man must of necessity be not only divine, but the very God. Deity can only experimentally understand Deity; humanity can only experimentally understand

humanity. In order that God's side of the case may be thoroughly appreciated, the purity of eternal law completely understood, God himself must intervene; and in order that the power of temptation and the weakness of fallen humanity may be fully realized, the Revelation became flesh and dwelt among us, and He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Man's offering for sin which could hope to satisfy the demands of broken law—God's holy law—must be without spot or blemish. No man upon earth could render such an offering to God Almighty. God could have spoken with the voice of many waters, or He could have sent crashing upon the sin-burdened race a million chariots of fire, rolling and burning as they rolled, accompanied by the tempestuous voice of ten thousand thunder-bolts; the mountains and the seas could have become a rolling, seething mass of flame, had God unchained his royal steeds of fire. The Word of God declares no man can see God and live. Because of man's impurity of heart and decrepitude of character resulting in a damnable record, there is within him a soul-shuddering fear of God. Man in a physical sense is composed of mutable substances; change and decay characterize the human organisms. Science says when we begin to live we begin to die. All the cells and tissues of your body are different to-night from what they were seven years ago. God is eternal, indestructible, immutable, excarnate, and intangible. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Suppose I hold in my hand a carnation; it is called by the scientists a sun plant; in other words, it can neither be produced nor live without the sunlight; but if I charter a ray of light and dash away through space to the chambers of grand old Helios, chief of the solar system, I discover my carnation wilting, and at last parched and burned to dust and ashes. It cannot live in the immediate presence of the sun. Man can no more live without God in a spiritual, moral, and physical sense than the

carnation can live without the sun. Man is a God plant. If God should suddenly withdraw Himself from the universe, it would become the scene of indescribable destruction; shattered remnants of worlds and diaphanous tails of comets accompanied by siroccos of star dust and burning fragments of suns in wild confusion would impregnate this veritable deperdition with wild disorder. I am not saying, nor do I believe, that the earth or the planets or space is God; but I am absolutely sure all visible and invisible, celestial, terrestrial, and terraqueous existences depend upon God's personal presence for existent continuity.

When Jesus Christ, the Revelation of God, spoke with human voice, and touched with human hand, and saw with human eyes, and stepped with human feet, and felt your limitations and mine, and met your enemies and mine, and said to one and all, "Get thee hence, for it is written, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve," He won a victory over sin and Satan for every struggling, defeated sinner on the earth; and at last, when He shed His blood on the cross of Calvary, He opened the fountain in the House of David for sin and for uncleanness, in which the record of the past will lose its scarlet or crimson or black stain, thank God! in which we can wash our robes and make them white, for His blood is the blood of the Lamb slain before the foundations of the world.

Men complain to me about the miracle. According to law, the law of gravitation, there is weight enough above our heads in the roof of this building to kill any man or woman it falls upon, and yet it does not fall. Has a miracle been performed? Stupid skeptics say Nature's laws cannot be abrogated. How is it that bells weighing hundreds of thousands of pounds can swing in the belfry one hundred or two hundred feet above the earth's surface? Has a miracle been performed? Certainly not. Another law intervenes and suspends

temporarily the action of the law of gravitation, and establishes temporary security and stability to the belfry, the bell, and the people below the bell. Man has the power to abrogate, modify, and even control or set aside some of Nature's laws. If man has this power, the Creator of man is not overreaching His bounds when He exercises this prerogative. The *substratum* of all science worthy of the respect of intelligent humanity is the law of cause and effect.

Unitarians, atheists, and vile profane infidels unite in speaking in foul and vulgar suggestiveness regarding the birth of Jesus Christ. People have been speaking regarding the miracle of His birth; the miracle of His healing the blind, the sick, the maimed, and the halt; the miracle of His having raised the dead; the miracle of His resurrection and the miracle of His ascension. I propose to advocate a different doctrine, and in the name of religion and common sense—according to the law of cause and effect—I will say there was nothing miraculous about His birth and nothing miraculous about His marvelous works, which overwhelmed humanity with the riches of divine love and mercy. I admit that He gave many signs of His mission, many specific credentials proving His Deity and the fact that He fulfilled Messianic prophecy. In regard to His birth, I want to say: God created man and He created woman and gave her the power to conceive and become the mother of children. The God who created woman and gave her this phenomenal power spoke the command and ordered woman's physiological functions into action without the intervention of any human help; the result was the birth of the only begotten Son of God. That was not a miracle. It would have been a miracle had the Virgin conceived and given birth to the child without human or divine interposition; but for the Creator to speak the word and give the command as the eternal First Cause of all life, the fact logically follows in physiological and philosophical order that childbirth must

occur. Instead of calling the birth of Jesus Christ a miracle, I simply describe it as Deity in action, God's power evidenced.

I hold in my hand a watch. Can inanimate gold, steel, glass, brass, and other metals tell the time of day? You answer, "No." But I take the raw materials and place them in the hands of the inventor, who with his furnace and his forge at last presents to the world a timepiece which is the monumental evidence of his superior intellectual and inventive genius. Has a miracle been performed? Again you answer, "No." That watch simply indicates humanity's genius in action. Suppose it has never in its mechanical parts ticked off a single hour, and the maker of the watch winds it and starts it running. Has he performed a miracle? I say, "No." It would be a miracle if the gold and silver and brass and steel and glass could assemble their parts together by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, and suddenly become a watch ticking the seconds as they rush us on to eternity. But when man assembles the parts and makes the watch, the miraculous in no wise appears. According to science, a sufficient cause has produced a definite effect.

Men and women whine because the Bible tells us that Jesus walked upon the water. Some carpenter built this platform. If he should walk across it, no miracle would be performed. It would be a miracle if inanimate wood and steel nails should make a carpenter and suddenly walk across him. But when man's intellect and muscle presents the cause, and the platform is here, the mute effect, we have no right to talk miracles. Jesus Christ was God revealed in human flesh. He created the water, He mixed the elements which compose it; therefore when He spread it out upon the face of the earth as a sea or a river and walked upon it, He did not perform a miracle. It would be a miracle if water created a God and should walk upon Him. But when Jesus, the Revelation of God, walked upon the water which He had created, He dem-

onstrated the fact that God's laws which act reversely for man are conversable and convergent with God.

The record tells us that Jesus, the Revelation of God, raised Lazarus and the son of the widow of Nain, and the daughter of Jairus from the dead. Again the illogical and stupid adverse critic and the contemptible infidel raise their hands, pretending terrible shocks because of this miraculous power. I want to say to you, it was no miracle when Jesus displayed his God-given credentials in raising Lazarus from the dead. It would have been a miracle had Lazarus and the others raised themselves from the dead, and I think I can make this very clear to you. We will therefore convert mystery into mathematics, and from this time forth our hearts will burn within us as we walk and talk with Jesus by the way. The laws of disintegration and decomposition over which the King of Terrors (Death) has so long borne sway, dictate to every greedy germ and microbe that they set to work to satiate their horrible appetites the moment the spirit returns to God who gave it, and leaves the body cold and lifeless. Lazarus, for instance, had been dead four days, and his sister declared, "Master, by this time the smell must be offensive, for this is the fourth day since his death." Jesus replied: "Did I not tell you that if you would believe in me, you should see the glory of God?" He then prayed this short but significant prayer: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my prayer. I know that Thou always hearest me, but I say this for the sake of the people standing near, so that they may believe that Thou hast sent me as Thy messenger." Immediately after the prayer Jesus said in a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth." The words were instantly obeyed, and Lazarus sprang from the charnel-house into the presence of his astonished and delighted loved ones.

Suppose we consider an engine for a moment. The old engineer sits at his post with his hand upon the throttle; the

engine dashes down the track at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour. Finally a man swings a red lantern before him, and he throws the reverse lever to the last notch and opens the throttle until the wheels of that gigantic steed of steel throw streaks of fire by friction from the rails; the train comes to a standstill, and at last, in order to avoid a wreck, he rushes that train back in the very direction from whence it came and enters a side-track. Has he performed a miracle? No; he has simply evidenced the phenomenal powers of man's mechanical ingenuity. It would be a miracle if an engine could grip a man with some strange hand of intelligence and reverse the actions, experiences, intentions, and purposes of the same, and make him do what he does not wish to do.

When Jesus Christ stood at the grave of Lazarus, Nature's laws were dashing down the well-ballasted track, carrying the funeral train of Lazarus at the rate of possibly sixty or eighty miles an hour. Jesus, the Revelation of God, manifest in the flesh, with the hand of the engineer reached out and gripped the reverse lever and said to the laws of disintegration and decomposition, "Halt!" And when He stopped them, He spoke to the spirit of Lazarus, and from the Glory World that spirit came and entered once more the tenement of flesh. Jesus commanded the red corpuscles, the nerve-cells and tissues, and every ounce of protoplasm to spring instantly into life and health, and Lazarus shot out of that tomb more rapidly than he ever went into it. Glory to God! the Incarnate Christ can touch the reverse lever when a man is on his way to Hell, and stop him and shoot him up the track to Glory at lightning speed. Neighbor, let Him grip the reverse lever of your soul to-night.

“He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.”

The power of God's Revelation is at its best in reversing the engines of human destruction, saving man from eternal wreckage. Jesus Christ makes the drunkard a sober man. He makes the gambler an honest man; He makes the libertine a decent man; He has made people who were the foul ones of earth the leaders of social purity because they have become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Some years ago a friend of mine walked down one of the streets of a large city, and he saw a dejected-looking specimen of manhood leaning against a stairway which led up to a restaurant. He said to him: “My friend, may I be of any help to you?” He replied: “No, partner; I don't think anybody can help me.” My friend said: “Come up to lunch with me.” The man looked surprised, and asked: “Do you mean that?” He said: “Of course I mean it; come along.” They sat together at the table and dined. At the close of the meal my friend handed him an address and said: “Come and see me at two o'clock; I am very busy now, but I can talk to you at that time.” At two o'clock the men entered the side door of that great city mission property which was for years a low-grade opera-house. When he entered and was shown a seat, he glanced toward the front windows and saw a sign which reads: “Jesus Saves.” When my friend got around to him, the man was weeping. The superintendent of the mission told me the man said: “I have been wondering ever since you asked me up to lunch what caused you to do it. I might have known it was Jesus Christ. I have been rejecting Him for years, but I will reject Him no longer. In

fact, I had reached my limit, I was down and out; I was considering suicide when you asked me into that restaurant." The man was wonderfully converted.

I might have known it was Jesus
Who called in the busy mart;
Who sent you with words of comfort
To cheer my broken heart.

I might have known it was Jesus
Who, seeking to save my soul,
Came pleading in love and mercy
To cleanse and make me whole.

I might have known it was Jesus
Who lifted me from the mire;
Who filled me with songs of glory,
To grant my soul's desire.

I might have known it was Jesus
Who came from His home above;
Who suffered and died on Calvary,
Sent not, but brought His love.

Oh! I might have known it was Jesus,
Altho' my sight was dim.
Who would have died to save me?
Who could it be but Him?

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW LIFE.

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I will read from the fifth chapter of Acts, the 14th and 15th verses: "And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women. Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow them."

Everything combining solid substances casts a shadow when its relation to the sun is right. At a glimpse you can determine the substance by the shadow. You instantly recognize a horse, a house, a man, a tree, a mountain, by the shadow cast. This is a physical truth. In the moral sense and in the spiritual sense, there is such a thing as the shadow life, and a man is known—yea, his value to society is determined by his shadow life. I mean, in simple phraseology, his influence. Write your name on a card and drop it on any street in your town and the man who picks it up, if he knows you, knows what that name stands for. I am in this address urging upon you the importance of concentrating all the faculties of your ransomed powers into strong, stalwart manhood and womanhood which can stand for God and the right with the stability of Gibraltar, defying every wave or tempest!

The godless of your community spend very little time in the study of God's Word; they do not spend much more time in the study of the Bible than you church members, but they do spend considerable time in studying your shadow life. There are men in this audience who can present a shadow-

graph of most every church member in town. I am anxious to impress upon the Christian people of this community the power of the shadow life, that life which engenders confidence in the integrity of the religion of Jesus Christ which you profess. The philosophy of the shadow life is the science of psychology. Men and women unconsciously set up mental machinery. The powerful machine of thought involves many years of careful building, and I say to you, when a man has erected the machinery out of foul and contemptible material and it has been accustomed to running diametrically opposed to God's law, the purity and honor of the soul, the integrity and stability of morality, it is a hard thing to get a man to tear down that machinery and set up a decent workshop and begin to build anew. Dishonesty is the dynamics of much of the moral machinery of the business world. Impurity is the dynamics of the mental machinery of tens of thousands. The fire of perdition generates the steam of degradation to run the machinery of the soul into eternal wreckage. God says: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." In other words, you are just what you think. We have been running through the Bible at breakneck speed, and have hit a few high spots here and there, and sometimes we have bounced clear over or crawled under some of the mountain peaks. One of the greatest statements in Scripture, I think, is the least understood, and that verse is Philippians 2:5, which I will translate from the Greek as follows: "Be of the same mind with Christ Jesus." I propose to show you how telepathy impresses our thoughts upon others, and the thoughts of others upon us. Doubtless many a time you have been thinking of a certain song, when your wife, your husband, or child, or friend, began singing the song; or perhaps you both began singing the song in the same moment in the same key, or you both said the same thing at the same moment. Then you looked surprised and used that well-worn sentence which does not explain: "Great minds

run in the same channel." The fact is, the power of the mind not only governs the individual, but as thought flashes out into and upon the minds of others, the greatest activities born of inspiration are the result.

Some years ago, in one of the large cities, I saw an interesting demonstration of telepathy. A pair of cultured people from the Orient were giving an interesting demonstration of the science of telepathy. The man took a large book, after having blindfolded his wife. He stepped down to where I sat, perhaps thirty feet from his wife, and he said: "If you will select any paragraph in this book, my wife will read the paragraph through my mind." I took the book and turned carelessly through it and indicated a certain paragraph. The book was between the man and myself. The woman slowly but accurately read the paragraph. I thought, "Possibly, not probably, she has memorized the contents of the entire book and by some secret sign he indicates the page and paragraph," when he said to me: "If you have something in your pocket, kindly hand it to me and my wife will read it." I had in my pocket a clergyman's annual permit. I was positive the man had never seen my permit before, and was equally positive that his wife was a total stranger to my annual permit. He asked: "What have I?" His wife answered: "You have a clergyman's annual permit." He said: "Whose permit is this?" She spelled my name, letter at a time, until it was accurately presented. The man turned toward me again and I took a \$20 gold-piece from my pocket; it was one of the last I have ever seen (laughter), but I did not part with it on that occasion. He said to his wife: "What have I?" She said: "You have a gold coin." "Please tell me what the coin is, of what denomination and government." She said: "A \$20 gold-piece, United States of America," and gave the date on the coin. The man turned to the people assembled and said: "My wife can read my mind." And I thought: "Old fellow, you had better walk mighty straight, for your wife certainly has the drop

on you." (Laughter.) And then I thought of the thousands of women in the world who would be glad to pay considerable money to be able to read their husbands' mind. Then he said: "I can read my wife's mind." Then I thought of the thousands of hen-pecked husbands who moan and chatter like pelicans because they are unable to read their wives' mind. A friend of mine, in the presence of the same people, handed the man a match-box. The man asked his wife to tell him what he had in his hand. She said: "You have a box." "What kind of a box?" he asked. "A match-box," was the answer. "What material is the box made of?" asked the man. His wife replied, "Brass." My friend thought sure he had them cornered, for his boys had bought the box for sterling silver; but he said when he looked at the box, all of the silver on one side had worn off and it was plain brass. And there stood a blindfolded woman, who had never really seen the box, who knew more about the box than the man knew, although he had carried it five years in his pocket. If there is such a thing in the universe as thought-transference, I believe, since *Jesus ever lives for me to intercede*, that His thoughts can by His matchless grace flash from Heaven into my soul and become my thoughts, His ways can become my ways. The philosophy of moving your city for God is when the thoughts of Jesus Christ burn in the soul of some man who flashes them out into the minds of others until repentance, sorrow for sin, prayer, faith, love to God and to man, absolutely engage the minds of a whole community until thousands turn to God in repentance. The Holy Spirit of God uses every human instrumentality in reaching the human heart, and since the mind, next to the eternal spirit of man, is the greatest part of man, I assure you the Spirit of the Lord uses the thought life in effecting the radical changes for God and righteousness in every life and every community. The philosophy of the salvation of a community is herein presented. On the other hand when

the Devil runs the mental machinery and every thought that flashes from the mind is only evil continually, the shadow life of such a person becomes inimical to the building up of purity, sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, in all the radius of its influence. The method of the damnation of a community is in the thought life of the community.

In the light of this simple but plain explanation, I urge again that you allow the mind of Jesus Christ to permeate your entire being, surcharging you, protecting you, thus making you a live wire for the kingdom of God.

They are talking considerably now about the *color of thought*. They have been able to discover the *color of tone*; now they have discovered the *color of thought*. Various methods are being tried. The thought seems to make radical changes in the physiological organisms. This is essentially true, and demonstrations are proving accurately this contention. My friends, if the ether can register a disturbance because I think, or you think, and can instantly register that disturbance in another mind, generating in that mind a similar thought, we have a right, therefore, to discuss *the power of thought!* (Amen.) Therefore, logically following, we have led to the power of the shadow life.

Some years ago Munkacsy's famous painting, "Christ Before Pilate," was on exhibition in Detroit. I believe John Wanamaker paid \$115,000 for that masterpiece. A rough sailor from the Great Lakes came into Detroit, and, going to the opera-house where the painting was being exhibited, he asked the question: "Is Jesus Christ in here?" The woman at the ticket window said: "No, but His picture is." He paid the price of admission, bought a little booklet explaining the great painting, and was shown to a seat near the platform where the picture was splendidly lighted, and he asked the woman who showed him his seat several questions. She said when she finally left him she began wondering what kind of an im-

pression a great picture like that could make on an uncultured, rough, profane sailor. Ten or fifteen minutes later she returned to see the sailor and to find out his opinion of the painting. When she reached him, he sat with his face buried in his hands, sobbing like a child. She touched him on the shoulder and said: "What do you think about it?" He replied: "Madam, I never thought anything about Jesus Christ before. My mother made me promise to come and see this picture. A man who can paint a picture like that must have believed in Jesus, and Jesus must have lived and died to save the world, and I want Him to become my Savior too." There is so much power in the soul of a great artist that he can dip a brush in cold inanimate paint and create such a marvelous picture that the Spirit of God can use it to break the heart of a hardened sailor. If God can get the intelligence of this audience definitely organized into a "Shadow Club," we can take the city for God and the right. (Applause.)

Let us look at the life of Peter a moment, taken as he was, from the seine and net, a common profane fisherman, called to be a disciple, who, with his enthusiastic nature and his unwarranted pride, became a bigot and a backslider, a traitor and a blasphemer; then a weeping penitent, then a flaming Pentecostal preacher, presenting a simple message which burned with eternal fire until Jerusalem shook. The text of this address is a memorial to the integrity of Peter. There is an interesting statement in the Gospel of John regarding the call of this man. His brother Andrew had a talk with Jesus and found Him to be the Messiah, and he went immediately and found his brother Simon and brought him to Jesus. When Jesus saw him, He analyzed his character at a glance, and said: "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas." There is a wonderful meaning in the phenomenal statement of Jesus. Jesus read the character of this man and summed it up in the word which was his name, Simon. The

Hebrew name invariably meant some character indication; Jacob means *rascal* or *swindler*; Saul means *destroyer*; Paul means *worker*; Jabez means *sorrowful*; Israel means *Prince of God*; Simon means *snub nose*, and the *snub nose* as a character indication means a *vacillating man or woman*. Jesus analyzed him and saw his sandy foundation, his changeableness of spirit, yet withal, his extraordinary enthusiasm, and He said: "I am going to solidify your character; I will call you Cephaz or Peter, which means *a rock*." Oh, that the galvanic power of Heaven might be coupled to every vacillating man or woman in this audience until the solidified godliness of soul presents a character solid as the granite hills for God and integrity! Vacillating Simon said: "Though all men forsake you, yet I will never forsake you." Spirit-filled, flint-faced Peter said: "Put away, therefore, all wickedness, and all guile and hypocrisy and envies, and all evil speakings; and I beseech you, as sojourners and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. Finally, be compassionate, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humble-minded, not rendering evil for evil, or reviling for reviling, but contrariwise, blessing." It was not hero-worship which led the people to carry their sick ones out on beds and pallets into the street. It simply was a tribute of confidence in a man who was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Yonder comes a mother down the street with her sick child. Yonder comes a father carrying his invalid son. Yonder comes a wife by the side of her ailing husband, who is being carried by a friend.

"What means this eager, anxious throng?"

The answer comes:

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But He comes in the form of Peter, the mighty preacher of righteousness. I hear the multitudes talking saying: "I hope the shadow of Peter in passing by may fall upon my loved

one." It is a wonderful thing that Peter, by his intrepid courage, his deep piety, his noble spirit, left his mark upon the people of his generation. Tradition tells us that at last, when the foul authorities led him off to crucify him, he said: "I am not worthy to be crucified as was my Lord. Crucify me with my head down." Neighbor, you are certain to leave your mark in this community and in this world.

Some years ago I sat in a parlor in a Western home, and a man handed me a geological formation which had upon its surface a fossilized fish. The fish had become its own tombstone. It evidenced its peculiar species; in fact, according to geological calculation, it gave the date of its fossilization. It matters not how many centuries have intervened, it matters not how deep the dust of antiquity had piled upon the fish, thrown perhaps by some volcanic action from the sea upon the shore of some unknown ocean, before the morning stars sang together or the sons of God shouted for joy. It has left its mark. If a fish can thus leave its mark, is it unreasonable to say that you will leave yours? Some years ago, when I was in France, in one of the great palaces, I saw the table upon which Napoleon Bonaparte signed his abdication; compelled by the Powers to release the reins of government, the proud and haughty emperor, in a storm of rage, drove an instrument into the surface of the table. It was not much more than a scratch, but somebody came along and put his finger on that scratch and went back to his home and said: "I put my finger on the spot made by Napoleon when he signed his abdication." Then ten thousand others followed and put their fingers on the same spot, then hundreds of thousands of others followed the same inquisitive procession and put their fingers upon that spot. To-day the table is placed back beyond the reach of the curious throng, and the sign reads: "Do not touch the table." The spot originally made by Napoleon has been enlarged by the finger-touch until I could bury the end of my index finger in that hole.

I am illustrating a great fact: there are any amount of people in the world who would be glad to help you perpetuate your mark. If you make a bad move, a bad mark, a bad record, the world will know it, generations following you will know it. If you make a mark for God and righteousness, the people likewise will know it. If I should engage in a lengthy presentation of shadowgraphs of the great men of the world, I think you would be inspired to emulate the noble examples: the patience and prayerfulness of Abraham Lincoln; the purity and unselfishness of Frances E. Willard; the fidelity and zeal of D. L. Moody; the theological purity and courage of Charles C. Finney; the loyalty of Abraham, the father of the faithful; the purity of Joseph, who was misrepresented by old Mrs. Potiphar, and finally jailed for his integrity, but at last, when God liberated him and made him prime minister of Egypt, riding in the second chariot of the kingdom next to Pharaoh, while Colonel Potiphar was at the head of an insignificant company of soldiers four miles in the rear, I wonder how old Mrs. Potiphar felt? (Laughter and applause.)

Judas left a shadow, but it is the shadow of a skeleton, eyeless, heartless, brainless, conscienceless, eternally corrupt, the monument of infernal traitordom. And there are some of his kind in the world to-day. Some of you people who delight to heap epithets upon the wretch who sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver have joined his class, for when you sold Jesus Christ for a deck of cards or a game of bridge whist, or a dance or a theater ticket, you became as low down and reprehensible as Judas; and I want that to soak in. (Applause.)

Some years ago, in London, a great building was the scene of an important event. Members of the aristocracy crowded to the side of a coffin which contained the body of one of God's noblest women. Finally the great doors were opened and the multitudes crowded in by thousands. Amongst the number there came a poor woman carrying her babe and leading a

larger child. She finally reached the coffin and, bending over, she put the little child on the floor and told the larger one to take care of her; when she bent over the coffin to look upon the cold face, the little shawl fell back around her shoulders and the tears fell upon the glass which was above the face. A guard, noticing that she was stopping the multitude, sprang forward, touched her on the shoulder, and said: "Madam, you will have to move on; you are stopping the multitude." She replied: "Please, sir, don't make me move on; she saved my two boys from a drunkard's hell, and I have a right to look and to weep." The guard stepped back and held the multitude while the woman wept.

"When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And I gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, 'He is dead,'
And fold my pale hands on my breast,"

I would rather have someone step by the coffin-side and say, "He led me to Jesus," or, "He led my husband or my child to the Savior," and pay honest tribute to my faithfulness as a Christian man, than to have a monument of gold studded with diamonds that would pierce the sky.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JESUS TRAIL.

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The pioneer of the great West knows the value of a trail. The Indian was never the maker of a broad-gauged thoroughfare paved with brick, stone, or gravel; he invariably gave permission to the earth to furnish its own paving for the narrow trails which he made in the mountain fastness or upon the vast expanse of the deserts. A Christian Indian spoke to a missionary some time ago about the "Jesus trail." I like the thought, and in Matthew 9:9 we have the evidence that Jesus expects us to follow His trail.

Matthew sat at the receipt of custom; Jesus saw him and said, "Follow Me." Matthew got up and followed Him. There isn't much to the story of Matthew's discipleship, but there is a beauty in his instant obedience to the command of the Lord Jesus. Since "all we like sheep have gone astray," and the characteristic of the sheep's straying is to make greater distance to the fold the daily result of its wanderings, we should begin to consider the need of the trail leading surely to the fold of eternal security. Adam repudiated the security of Eden; the Devil, with splendid cunning, palmed off a lie for the truth, and death, murder, fraud, deceit, lust, superficiality, hypocrisy, bigotry, and distemper have marked his trail. The drunkard with his red nose, his bloated face, bleared eyes, fevered imagination, burning stomach, and psychic serpents, has found amid the squalor and sorrow of his ill-clad, sad-eyed wife and half-starving children, his desolate home, the trail of the Devil to be full of remorse, soul anguish, and bitter

fears. The subtle infamy of modern cults and "isms" arrayed in the finest fleece, which has been purchased or stolen from the blooded lambs, offers to lead gullible humanity across the deserts and through the mountains to the City of Refuge, and while we are startled repeatedly by the willingness of some to follow, whom we discover to be *pseudo-delphians*—false brethren—we can but marvel at the combined stupidity and rascality of sinful humanity. Christian Science has its marble monuments as well as its brass ones, wherein natural gas flows with uninterrupted pressure, which is certainly not generated in the region of brains, ideal manhood or womanhood. Apostles of free love, contemptible renegades—advocating open adultery under the soothing pseudonym of "affinities," are plying their trade, aided materially by reprobate legislators, while the divorce devil sits with his wand in hand, while the rich of the nation grovel before this monster in the mire of their degradation and duplicity. The assassin lurks, the nihilist applies his torch or throws his bomb, the anarchist waves his red flag, the socialist moans and chatters with his cloudburst of words in the midst of his drought of ideas; the pulpit puppet palavers and pats his high-browed social leaders on the back while he feeds them with a weak solution of peppermint in homeopathic doses. False doctrines prosper; worse than open infidelity is elected to the presidency of the nation, and Jesus Christ is crucified at the polls. In the midst of the din and clatter and noise of the maudlin throng, while men and devils bid for your soul, a calm sweet voice is heard, and in quiet persuasive dignity Jesus speaks: "Follow Me."

Matthew was a business man; he was accustomed to decisive action; he viewed the command from a business standpoint; he thought of the great interests connected with the tax office; he thought of the money involved, but, thank God! he had sense enough to consider the greater interests—the eternal

security of himself. Jesus did not offer him the rulership of Mars, Jupiter, or the constellation of Orion; He simply said, "Follow Me." Jesus did not inform him that his record would be placed as the first book in the New Testament in the twentieth century, and he would be called "Saint" Matthew. Jesus said, "Follow Me." Jesus did not tell him that master sculptors would chisel him in the finest Italian marble, while people would bow before the splendid art and pay tribute to his record of the Sermon on the Mount; He simply said, "Follow Me." Matthew must have philosophized as follows: "If the Revelation of God has become flesh and dwells among us and speaks this Heaven-born command, 'Follow Me,' I count the cost; I will follow." Neighbor, have you counted the cost?

There are thousands in America to-night on their way to damnation because they are following the wrong leader. It is my purpose to mention a few specific evidences of defeat. First, in business.

Business Methods.

The curse of frenzied finance and the attendant panics, the spectacular stock exchange gambling, the watered stock, the fraudulent "get rich quick" schemes, emptying the purses and banks of hard-earned money, evidence corrupt leadership and avaricious following. Jesus is not being followed in the methods of the average business man, and right here I declare the man to be a rascal and not a Christian, whose business is not being conducted on the basis of New Testament philosophy. In one of the Eastern cities, some time ago, a little skillet-headed Dauber of Divinity read a simpering paper before a ministerial union, asking the question, "Is the Gospel of Jesus Christ applicable to the world in the twentieth century?" strongly inferring that the Gospel has outlived its usefulness and man is educated far beyond its scope. Brethren, I don't

believe preachers of that sort will bring over twenty cents a dozen in perdition on the auction-block. (Applause.) Men justify themselves in disreputable business methods with the statements, "There are tricks in all trades," "A man must live," and so on. I presume the road agent in the pioneer days of the West had tricks in *his trade*; doubtless the pickpocket has tricks; the gambler is known to have many tricks. The only trick Jesus Christ has ever presented for a business man to utilize in his relationship with his customers is the Golden Rule.

Educational Institutions.

In the second place, Jesus Christ is not followed in the educational institutions of our country. In any amount of denominational universities and colleges God is denied, Christ is a myth or a religious fanatic from the peasantry of Nazareth; the Bible is a mess of inaccurate Jewish history, a philosophical blur, a prophetic menagerie, a poetical waste-basket, and a gospel museum. Charles Darwin is placed above God Almighty; God did not create man in His own image; the atheistic evolutionist has manufactured another method which relates man, via a missing link, to the anthropoid ape. I suppose if Darwin had said the immediate ancestors of men were of the family of the ass or the wild boar, or the hyena, or the hippopotamus, these same intellectual parrots would be paid denominational money to get up and chatter out their contemptible infamy. According to natural philosophy, Jesus could not walk on the water—so the educators would have you believe. Some time ago, in riding through the country in the early spring in a Southern State, I heard the robin redbreast make his dismal failure in trying to sing, but I was unable to see the bird; then I heard the peculiar call of the oriole, but I could not find the oriole; then I heard the quaint note of the bluebird, but he was nowhere in sight; then the redbird seemed to be breaking his heart with melodies; and when I had possibly heard

a half-dozen other birds while I was vainly searching for them, I saw a fine mocking-bird sitting on the top bough of a beautiful magnolia tree, making a lot of noise with the songs of other bird folk, and I thought to myself: "The *Mimus polyglottis* can be found in the human family the same as in the bird family. There are too many memory bumps and not enough rugged thinkers in the world. Sometimes I see a little professor chirping the atheist's song or the evolutionist's song while religious parents are paying good money to have their children brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." I believe it is time for the Church of God to place real Christian teachers in the denominational schools of our country or burn the schools to the ground. The Bible is an anchor. I care not how seaworthy the vessel is, if it carries no anchor, it will come to grief.

American Politics.

In the third place, Jesus is not being followed in politics. All over our country a bunch of imported Americans who have dozens of zs and ys and xs in their names are growling about the American Sabbath and the "blue laws," when Sabbath-desecration is deprecated and saloons are closed on the Sabbath day. The attempt to introduce the Continental Sabbath into America is simply an effort to debauch the foundation of American citizenship. The Continental Sabbath is a holiday, and not a holy day. It is a day for games, beer-guzzling, hunting, fishing, and pleasure-seeking. I believe it is time to say to such reprobates: "If you don't like American institutions and laws and methods of worship, pack your bandana handkerchiefs, crate your dogs, call your lice, and cross the Atlantic." (Tremendous applause.) Our worst trouble is not in handling the foreign element, but it seems to be in getting thoroughly good men into office. Statesmen are scarce. The country is full of politicians. I heard a story of an old German who many years ago wanted to discover the bent of his boy, pro-

fessionally. He soliloquized as follows: "I will take a silver dollar, a bottle of liquor, and a Bible, and place them on the table in his room. If he takes the dollar, he will be a business man; if he takes the Bible, he will be a preacher; if he takes the liquor, he will be a drunkard." So the old father hid himself behind the door to await developments. The boy came bounding up stairs, surveyed the table, and exclaimed "Oh!" as he saw the three commodities on his table. He picked up the dollar, put it in his pocket, placed the Bible under his arm, took up the bottle of liquor, and the old man heard the contents of the bottle "gurgle, gurgle" down the boy's throat. The old man, overwhelmed with dismay, sprang from behind the door and exclaimed: "Mein Gott, he is going to be a bolitician!" (Laughter and applause.)

Modern Society.

In the fourth place Jesus Christ is not being followed by modern society. The fashion leaders seem utterly depraved and debauched in their ideals. Health is given no place in their consideration of modes of dress. The modern society woman looks like a half-sister to the wasp. Hiram Powers, the great sculptor, was in our country some years ago and attended a fashionable party. He was detected manifesting especial interest in a beautifully dressed society woman, when a friend stepped up to him and said: "Hasn't she an elegant figure?" Powers replied: "I was just wondering where she put her liver." The post-mortem examination has revealed in our day and generation repeatedly that the liver in the woman addicted to tight lacing has been almost entirely cut in two, only a small band of tissue holding the pieces together, enabling life to remain in the parts so nearly severed. The *decolleté* attire is neither conducive to good health nor to the best of morals. Of course, the society men of the cities become more or less accustomed to the great display of the nude in

their social intercourse in the fashionable functions, but if you were to turn a common Hill-billy from the prairies of Kansas or the mountains of Tennessee into the midst of such a bunch, he would probably break a brace of plate-glass windows making his escape. It is not becoming womanly modesty to see these social polliwogs come dancing under the wire at the judge's stand with a ninth or tenth knob of their backbones in evidence. As a minister of the gospel, I think a woman appearing in public should at least wear enough clothing to flag a hand-car. I would rather my daughter should appear as old-fashioned as a hoop-skirt and have a real sense of modesty, than to become the most noted genius of the social world and lose that delicate charm so beautiful in sweet, modest girlhood. There is not enough premium placed on manhood and good character in the social realm; social prestige has degenerated too largely into the passport being a bank account. When society demands of womanhood that she shall expect as much of purity in blood and character as she gives at the marriage altar, the basis of the prevention of a great percentage of possible marital infelicity shall have been placed before American womanhood. The lowering standard of personal purity on the part of men, and the lowering demand for purity in men on the part of marriageable young women, has become an incubator wherein eggs of marital discontent hatch the annual crop of alfalfa widows in little towns as well as the cities. I use the term "alfalfa" advisedly, for in the West it grows from three to nine crops per season. The word of God is clear in its teaching: "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The Jesus trail leads unerringly to happiness in married life—where God is first in the home. I have been asked to state a rule for happy marriages; I gladly do so: Do as they did at Cana of Galilee; they asked Jesus to attend the wedding. Go thou and do likewise. If Jesus were invited by the bride and bridegroom and the parents on both sides of the

house, the divorce devil would bale his supply of snitch lawyers and leave America inside of twelve months. (Applause.) There is a lot of boasted independence in the twentieth century girl. I admire it when it exists in every sense of the word. God give us girls in America whose independence will lead them to say "No" to the man of tainted blood and no character, no matter how much money he brings in courting her. I heard some time ago of a young man whose wife had doubtless come to her grave because of his venereal diseases, who some months after the funeral told a young woman that since the terrible breach in his heart had occurred, his wife being dead, there was only one in all the world who could mend the breach, and informed the young lady that she was the one whom he desired to mend the breach. She looked him squarely in the eyes and gave this splendid answer: "Mend your own breaches." (Applause.)

Environment.

In conclusion, the Jesus trail means that you are blessed with good environment. There are lessons deep and grand to be learned from one's environment; the granitic stability of the mountains, the superb calm of the prairie, the dashing brilliancy of the mountain stream, the great deep of the boundless ocean. Abraham Lincoln, with his ax in hand, imbibed the splendid solidity and durability of the oak, hickory, elm, and walnut trees, his forest companions. The sterling worth of these hard woods make up the sum total of the heroic timber in the character of the great emancipator. Lincoln was a great man; he was great in kindness, great in love, great in perspective, great in prospective, great in thought, great in heart, great in deed. He was once visited by a farmer from southern Illinois while in the White House. The President insisted that the ill-clad farmer dine with him. The farmer tried to refuse kindly but was prevailed upon by the good-natured

President to stay. When the waiter changed the table for dessert and placed ice-cream before the farmer—a dainty which he had never seen before—he dipped his spoon into it and put it hurriedly in his mouth; his eyes dilated, and finally, when he was able to swallow it, he exclaimed: “Good gracious, Abe, this pudding is froze!” Lincoln tasted his ice-cream and said: “Sure enough; waiter, take this out; bring us pumpkin pie.” Nobody but a great man could meet the ignorance of the farmer with such splendid tact. The office does not make the man. There is a fable which tells us of a mouse who requested the fairy to turn it into a tiger; finally, when a common cat came running up, the mouse’s heart had not been changed and it fled precipitately. The fairy said: “Oh! you have simply a mouse’s heart; I will have to turn you back into a mouse.” A man must have hero timber within him before he can be unveiled as a hero. Dewey was a hero before he sunk the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and silenced the guns at Cavité. Hobson was a hero before he sunk the *Merrimac* in the harbor at Santiago; he was a hero when he supported his widowed mother in the South and gave her the love he could have spent upon the wanton and degraded, had he been less than a hero. William J. Bryan may never be president of the United States, and he may never follow my advice and become a preacher of the Gospel, but I have seen him evidence the heroic timber when others had their glasses filled at the banquet table, as an example of Christian manhood worthy the emulation of the youth of America—the eloquent Nebraskan repudiated the sparkling liquor! I wish I could say as much concerning the “*strenuous*” gentleman who has carried the “*big stick*” for several years in America. Savonarola followed the Jesus trail, and he was able to stand without hitching when the test came; when ordered to walk in the procession which was inimical to all he stood for, he replied to the ruler: “I will not walk in the procession.” “Strait is the gate and narrow is the way,

that leads to life eternal, and few there be that find it." You are not going to be crowded in the Jesus trail. The inspiration of fellowship with the unselfish Savior, the thrill of ennobling impulse which comes to you in following Him, gives you strength to look the dark future in the face and say:

"Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him through the Garden,
I will follow on to Calvary."

By the time you have lost some drops of blood, some pounds of flesh, or given some tracts of land and some thousands of dollars to rescue the perishing, you will begin to understand the joy of the life of surrender. The glitter and glare of worldly allurements look as cheap as tin toys compared with solid gold jewelry, when you have learned the secret of His love for others.

There is in the State of Missouri a lonely grave; a man stood beside it one day weeping. A man in passing saw the bowed form of a man of middle years; the rider dismounted and approached the weeping stranger and said: "Is the one buried here a friend?" He replied: "Yes, better than a friend. I was sentenced to die when that boy stepped out to the leader of that guerrilla band and said: 'I am an orphan; my name is Willie Lear; let me die for that man standing there at the end; I know his folks; they need him; let him go home; I will take his place.' He took my place. I got away to my home. I have come back to put this piece of stone at the head of this boy's grave." The man looked on the gravestone and read these words: "Willie Lear; he died for me."

If you follow the Jesus trail from Gethsemane to Calvary, and then to Joseph's tomb, the shadows are long and dark.

“Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.”

For three days we wait and then we find that the grave could not hold Him, nor death's cold iron bands. For forty days He waits, and, with an occasional visit to His overjoyed disciples, He instructs them in the way of winning the world; then He mounts a cloud and sweeps away to Glory. The Jesus trail leads all the way to Heaven. Jesus calls you: “Follow Me!”

CHAPTER VII.

FISHERS OF MEN.

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TEXT: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."—*Matthew 4:19.*

The Christian people of America have been awakened to the importance of aggressive personal work, by sermon, song, and exhortation, by representatives of practically all the evangelical denominations. They have discovered that sitting demurely in a church pew on Sunday morning—if the weather is pleasant—and hearing the minister deliver his regular message, is not following Jesus Christ. The real Christian has also discovered that membership in the sewing circle is not an evidence of membership in the inner circle; that social power does not represent power with God; that Jesus is not followed to the charity ball, the card table, or the theater; that philanthropy, when the gifts have not been bestowed in the name of Jesus Christ, is rather selfish and bigoted misanthropy. The settlement work, professional slumming, studies in sociology, "New Thought," so called, and ten thousand other nickel-plated perversions of pure and undefiled religion, lead to the brush and not to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. It logically follows that to follow Jesus we must discover the trail of Jesus and what He did at the end of the journey. Luke tells us, in the 19th chapter and 10th verse, all we need to know in this regard for his message: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The spirit of Christ therefore was, and is, seeking to save the sinner. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." The

sick most certainly need the physician. I want to be clearly understood: You are not a follower of Jesus Christ unless you are a fisher of men. Divine authority urges this statement upon me. In Romans 8:9 the inspired apostle presents this immutable truth: "But if any man hath not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." The compassion of Christ for the multitudes cannot long dwell in the soul without making you a soul-winner.

The love of God is vital; it is not for our adornment or personal decoration. "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans 5:8.) The difference between the love of God and cold self-centered, surface-giving is explained by the apostle in the following language: "And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Corinthians 13:3.)

We have read much and heard much of modern methods of soul-winning, twentieth century evangelism, and some other high-sounding propositions. The method of Jesus is a divinely authorized method. Jesus was a diagnostician: He discovered the disease of the individual in its pathogenic and pathological significance; He likewise diagnosed the conditions of a city, a nation, the world. The wise physician has learned the value of the classification of symptoms, with the consequent result, the classification of disease; for instance, in the treatment of nervous disorders, conditions which have separately been described as "neuroses," "irritable weakness," "general neuralgia," "nervous spinal irritation," "nervous weakness," "cerebro-cardiac neuropathy," and "neurasthenia," are considered psycho-neurotic. All such diseases, according to the great European specialists, are explained and are treated with greater success in our day upon this hypothesis: "Nervousness is a disease pre-eminently psychic, and a psychic disease needs psychic treatment." A

few intelligent questions propounded by the personal worker will easily develop the peculiar symptoms of moral or spiritual degeneracy which blight the person with whom the work is being done; you will thereby be able to find the key to the life. This is just what Jesus did at Jacob's well when the woman from the little Samaritan village called Sychar came to draw water. Jesus said to her: "Give me a drink." The woman replied: "How is it, since you are a Jew, you ask a drink of me, who am a Samaritan woman?" It is an historical fact that the Samaritans were renegade Jews and were utterly despised by the orthodox Jews. Jesus said to her: "If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that has asked of you a drink, you doubtless would have asked of Him, and He would have given you living water." The woman wanted to know where the living water should come from; Jesus informed her that He was speaking of the water of life, which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst again. The woman immediately desired a draught of that eternal water. Jesus said to her: "Go, call thy husband, and come here." The woman modestly replied: "I have no husband." Jesus answered: "You have spoken well, for you have had five husbands, and the man with whom you are now living is not your husband." The woman answered: "I perceive that you are a prophet." The woman immediately gave diligent attention to a brief elucidation of spiritual worship, and finally mentioned the coming Messiah. Jesus said: "I that speak unto thee am He." The woman left her water-pot and rushed back to the city and said to the people: "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" Almost the entire population of Sychar immediately followed the woman to Jesus, and He addressed them and His message brought life into their darkened souls. The key to that city was a characterless woman. The key to many a life and many

a city is the sin branded by the Savior in His conversation with the woman at the well.

While it is advisable to discover the specific habit or sin which holds captive the individual, and treat it with special prescriptions from God's laboratory, you must remember Jesus never lowered the standard in dealing with rich or poor. A rich young ruler became interested in Jesus, and hearing that He was in town, he came running to Jesus. Wasn't he in a hurry? Jesus, beholding him, loved him, and because He loved him, He told him the way of personal victory. The young man was selfish, avaricious, a lover of money, doubtless a social favorite in Jerusalem. Had Jesus been like some modern preachers who misrepresent Him in our time, He would have patted him on the back and said: "You are a capital chap; get Me some invitations into high society, and I will see that you are fixed all right." Jesus spoke four words to the young man which paralyzed him; the words follow in logical succession: "Sell, give, follow Me." The young man went away sorrowful, for he had great riches. He was moral, popular, prominent, rich. His name may be high in the social list of perdition to-day, but I would rather have in this life the poverty of Lazarus and be sure of eternal riches in the life that is to come. Colonel Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, made a fashionable call one evening; he waited until it was dark; he evidently was afraid some of his associates would see him on his way to the abode of Jesus. He evidently wanted Jesus to pay homage to his social and political position, also his knowledge of the law. But Jesus considered his morality, his legal training, his knowledge of prophecy, and his intellectual genius, and said: "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." He could have lowered the standard and made a bid for social supremacy through friendship with Nico-

demus. Colonel Nicodemus, you may head the social lists of Jerusalem, you may have the finest wines in your cellar, you may have the finest Arabian chargers elegantly caparisoned, you may have high standing with the government at Rome, but if you want your name on the book of life, you must be born into God's kingdom. In other words, brethren of the ministry, the message of the ministry of this day and generation must be the message of Jesus Christ; not "Join my Church," but "Join Jesus Christ by repentance and regeneration." I have been in towns where the preachers who really wanted to hold the standard high found themselves facing a contemptible condition on account of some policy puppet having a pulpit wherein he sought continually to lower the standard. Ministers have told me with trembling voices and tear-stained faces: "I have prayed and preached for deep consecration amongst the membership of my Church; and when I have denounced the popular amusements, some of my members have said: 'If we can't go to the dance, the theater, the card parties, and belong to your Church, we can join such and such a Church; the minister over there says there is no harm in it.'" I will describe that kind of a preacher in the light of the words of the Apostle Paul in 2 Timothy, the fourth chapter, where we find these words: "I charge thee in the sight of God and of Christ Jesus, who shall judge the living and the dead, and by His appearing and His kingdom, preach the word, be urgent in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and teaching. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but, having itching ears, will heap to themselves teachers after their own lusts." The inference is this: since they have "*itching ears*," they want some backboneless little masseur to *scratch their ears*. Sometimes, when I open an evangelistic campaign in some communities, these nickel-plated hypocrites poke their "*itching ears*" up in front

of me and expect to have them scratched. I haul off and box fire out of their itching ears! (Laughter and applause.)

In closing, I want to refer once more to the text. It is a command and a promise. "Follow Me" is the command, and "I will make you fishers of men" is the promise. If you are a follower of Jesus Christ, He has given His eternal word as the pledge that He will make you a fisher of men. I will not accept the misrepresentation on your part that you are a follower of Jesus Christ, since you are not a fisher of men. I will question your veracity, rather than the veracity of Jesus Christ.

Several years ago, when Mark Guy Pearse, of England, was in our country, he related an experience of his which presents a splendid suggestion to the soul-winner who seeks the successful method. He said he was out fishing for trout; he had toiled wearily, but had caught none. His paraphernalia was excellent, but he was unable to catch the wary trout. Finally he came upon an old, rough-looking fisherman, whose sack was well-filled with trout. He asked the old gentleman to tell him how he happened to be so successful. The old man answered: "There be three rules to follow in fishing for trout: first, Keep yourself out of sight; second, Keep yourself further out of sight; third, Keep yourself still further out of sight." The preacher walked away musing upon this thought: "*That is the best advice I have ever heard for becoming a successful fisher of men. I must keep myself out of sight and put Jesus Christ in full view.*" The words of Jesus clinch this idea: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Sometimes the hooks of sympathy, love, tenderness, kindness, gentleness, patience, self-control, persistence, are tempered in the furnace of affliction and hammered out on the anvil of sad experience. Some of the best workers in the world are people whose broken hearts were mended by the Savior. I have a friend in Chicago

who had the day set for her wedding, but that day she attended the funeral of her husband-to-be. Her heart was broken; her plans were shattered, but finally the Spirit of God called her and she has won multitudes of the poor of that city to Jesus Christ. A woman from a family of high social standing in England sat upon a platform one night while a friend of mine addressed a great congregation of drunken men and women. During the message she felt impressed to pray for the salvation of a dissolute-looking woman who sat not far from the front. When the sermon was concluded, she stepped down and urged the woman to give her heart to Jesus. She told her of God's love. The woman heard the incredible news and said: "Maybe God loves me, but you don't." Thereupon the woman said: "Yes, I love you, and I want you to become a Christian." The wretched woman replied: "If you love me, kiss me." It isn't an easy thing for a woman of wealth and social position in England to be seen talking to a person of that sort, and so she hesitated long enough to ask God for His leading. The Spirit seemed to say: "Kiss her for Jesus' sake." She immediately kissed the cheek of the drunken woman. The act seemed to break her heart; she was immediately led to Christ. That kiss became a hook of sympathy and love which caught the drifting woman.

When I was a boy, it was my good fortune to read a story which I have never forgotten. A Scotch shepherd in the Highlands had counted his sheep as he had placed them in the fold, and discovered that three were missing. He went to the cabin, where the collie lay in a corner with her puppies; he held three fingers before her and said: "There are three sheep missing; go out at once and find them." There was a bitter storm blowing, but the dog bounded out into the storm and was gone for hours, and finally, when he heard her scratching at the cabin door, he opened it and

saw two sheep which had been missing. The dog bounded into the cabin; he closed the door and carried the sheep tenderly to the fold. He counted them again, thinking possibly he had made a mistake, but he discovered that one sheep was still missing. He ran into the cabin; holding one finger before the dog, he said: "There is one sheep missing; go out and find it." The dog whined as she faced the blizzard, but sprang bravely into the face of the storm and was away. Four hours later he heard her scratching feebly at the cabin door; he sprang to the cabin door, the dog slowly entered; she had found the sheep that was lost. He carried the sheep into the cabin. The poor dog, beaten by the storm, torn by the thorns, made an unsuccessful attempt to reach her puppies as they cried in the corner, and she fell dead at his feet. She had served well her master for her meat. God pity the heartless disobedient church member who sees the good Shepherd pointing toward the mountains of sin whereon thousands of lost ones are wandering down the trails of Satan to eternal night, while they sit with self-complacency in the church pew or in the comfortable home unmoved as they witness the spectacle of impending destruction. Church member, heed the command of the Head of the Church: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

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I am going to read from the Twentieth Century New Testament a warning found in the twentieth chapter of Revelation: "Then I saw a great white throne, and Him who was seated on it; the earth and the heavens fled from His presence, and no place was left for them. And I saw the dead, high and low, standing before the throne, and books were opened; then another book was opened, the Book of Life, and the dead were judged according to their actions, by what was written in the books. The sea gave up its dead, and Death and the Lord of the Place of Death gave up their dead, and they were judged one by one, each according to his actions. Then Death and the Lord of the Place of Death were hurled into the lake of fire. This is the second death—the lake of fire. And all whose names were not found written in the Book of Life were hurled into the lake of fire."

My text in the old version reads: "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

I am accustomed to speaking to thousands of strangers every day. I do not show a lack of interest in your welfare when I say I do not care whether I know your name or not. I am evidencing my greater interest in your welfare when as a stranger I urge upon strangers the necessity of having your names in a sure place—the Book of Life. The lesson I read gives you a glimpse of certitude, destiny, eter-

nity! It is one of the most significant warnings of all the Scriptures. The tragedy of the picture is overwhelming! Are you to be hurled into the lake of fire from the judgment bar of God? Is your boy to be hurled into the lake of fire? You love him with all the tenderness of a mother's love and with all the indulgence of a father's love; I ask you the question, "Is he safe, is his name written there?" Is that sweet daughter of yours to be hurled from the judgment bar of God into the lake of fire?

When I was a boy I remember standing one day, near the close of the afternoon, by my father's side, out in the wood-yard, some distance from the house. I looked into the hog-lot still farther away, and I saw the hogs scampering in all directions across the lot, carrying hay and leaves and placing them in a corner. My question was: "What are those hogs doing?" My father replied: "They are getting ready for a storm; that is a sure sign of bad weather." I have thought of it many a time since in the light of the indifference, the criminal indifference, of mothers and fathers, who, knowing the terrors of the Lord, the impending disaster, the overwhelming storm of God's wrath, the inexorable cyclone of divine justice, which will absolutely overturn the self-righteous, the infidel, the agnostic, the profane, the impure, the false, the untrue, the despicable, the debauched, and all who know not our Lord—all whose names are not written in the Book of Life. The solemn charge I bring is this: these parents who are concerned about the physical comfort of their children are utterly unconcerned about their eternal comfort; they let them drift heedlessly on toward the lake of fire without the warning, and allow them to make their bed in Hell. In God's name, is the dumb brute capable of manifesting more concern for its offspring than man, the masterpiece of God's hand?

Some years ago an Eastern trunk line wanted to change the wording of its warnings for the use of the crossings. They offered a prize of \$2,500 for the most suitable warning. Three words won the prize. We hear of men being paid a dollar a word for magazine articles about hunting trips in Africa; this man received \$833 1-3 per word for his contribution to the saving of human life. The words follow: "STOP, LOOK, LISTEN." My text is just such a warning. I believe, my friends, we have come to the crossing of the ways to-night, the trunk line over which millions of "double-headers" bound for Glory have thundered throughout the ages. Accepted mercy will save your soul; rejected mercy will damn you eternally. The Word of God is the savor of life unto life or of death unto death; life if you accept Jesus Christ, death if you reject Jesus Christ. Is your name written in the Book of Life? May God Almighty search your hearts as I ask the question. (Many "Amens.")

Science is dealing considerably in our day with the great theme, the conservation of energy. Power enough has been wasted, as it has rushed over Niagara Falls during the centuries past, to have made thousands of men inexpressibly rich. Enough of electrical power has wasted, during the centuries of man's ignorance, to have made the deserts blossom as the rose. When we learn how to utilize the heat and light of the sun for mechanical purposes, we will discover another triumph for the conservation of energy.

There is in man a tendency toward prodigality in spending that which is most precious, consuming the forces of his nature upon the lusts of his flesh; energy and anxiety are misdirected. The prodigal son was not only a financial but a moral bankrupt. He was a bankrupt morally and spiritually before he ever became a bankrupt financially. There are men of splendid ability in your city, whose talent is all directed toward establishing a large bank account, or fat-

tening hogs for market, or shipping cattle, or buying lands, or building houses. All these things are advisable, and in a measure are essential to the physical and temporal comfort of humanity; but God pity the man who looks no farther than the present moment. What kind of a home do you expect to have throughout eternity?

Some years ago a woman carried her little babe into the office of one of the leading oculists of America. She said: "Doctor, do not withhold from me the true condition. Please tell me if the worst must come." The physician took the little child into the dark room and examined her eyes very critically. When he carried the child back to her mother there was something in his face which indicated his personal sorrow, and, fearing the result, he held the child while he told the mother the sad news. He said: "I am very sorry to tell you, madam, but in less than sixty days your baby will be totally blind. It is impossible to save her eyes." The woman screamed, "My God, my baby blind, my baby blind!" and fell in a faint. They carried her to a lounge; restoratives were applied, and when she was revived she sat sobbing, "My baby blind!"

I want you to heed the warning of the Incarnate Son of God. He has said substantially that you would better be maimed and halt and blind than to be lost. I believe a man could better afford to suffer the worst that earth's heartlessness and Hell's criminality could bring upon him than to be lost. I stood in the State hospital for the insane in a Western city some time ago and I talked to a Scotchman who thought he was in Hell. The attendant said to him: "Charlie, where is your soul?" He replied: "I have no soul; I lost my soul in Ward Eight." Then, with splendid logical connection, he related the story of how his mother had failed to sign a contract for him when he was a boy, which would have meant steady employment, and he said

he cursed his mother and lost his soul because he cursed her. He has the idea that Hell is getting larger all the time, and that if he had committed suicide, he could have averted the calamity of Hell's enlargement. There he sits, a blank mentally, bemoaning the loss of his soul. Realizing that his mother was a true Christian and died in the faith, the only intelligent things he seems capable of saying are those which relate to the beautiful life of his mother and his own wickedness in cursing her. Mental bankruptcy is preferable to eternal banishment from God. In an insane asylum in the State of Tennessee a woman is kept whose constant wail is: "Don't you see them cutting up my children? Oh, please stop them! don't let them cut up my children!" That poor woman thinks continually that she sees someone with heartless cruelty cutting her children into pieces. Better suffer that, my friend, as a state of mental torture here, than to suffer in Hell eternally.

There are people in this community who seem to think it would be a great accommodation to the Lord Jesus Christ if they were to join some Church. You may be rich here, but if your name is not in the Book of Life, you will be a pauper throughout eternity. Some years ago a prominent Sunday-school worker visited an old school-mate of his who was very wealthy. The man showed him his vast estate, and it is located in the heart of the corn belt of one of the Central States; the land is worth from \$150 to \$400 an acre. He said to the Sunday-school worker: "William, I have 3,600 acres here, and there is not one cent of indebtedness upon this land." The worker said in reply: "My friend, you are certainly a rich man." Touching him on the shoulder, he pointed toward the skies and said: "How much have you up yonder?" He looked disturbed, vexed, grieved; then, with a peculiar pallor of face, he said: "I have not given any consideration to that matter; I have nothing up yonder."

Two or three months later he died, and the estate has been in the courts for years; relatives are fussing over the lion's share. Rich here, a pauper for eternity. I believe the intelligent man or woman must get to the place where they can not only sing but live the words:

“Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of Heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the Book of Thy Kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?”

Let me read the scene described by the Word of God again: "Again I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their WORKS. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and Death and Hell delivered up the dead which were in them. And they were judged every man according to their WORKS. And Death and Hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." I have read this account the second time in order that I may impress upon you the fact that God keeps books. We have Federal books, State books, county books, city books; the business man keeps books, the banker keeps books, the insurance companies keep books. If your check is worth anything, your name, with proper credits, must be found on the books of the banker. If you expect to receive an endowment

from a life insurance company or if your family or heirs are to receive any benefit at the time of your death, your name must appear on the policy and on the books of the insurance company. This leads me to say, while I am not working for any insurance company, that thousands of men are drinking up, or chewing up, or smoking up, the price of a \$5,000 or a \$10,000 insurance policy every year. They are giving the contemptible excuse that they can't afford to pay the premiums for the protection of wife and children. Many a widow is in distress to-day, washing to support her half-clad, hungry children, or led into a life of shame to support them, because of the selfishness and stupidity of her husband before his death. If your property burns, you are not apt to receive any benefit from the insurance company unless your property has been insured in the same. You reply, "I have sense enough to know that," and I am sure that you have not overestimated your common sense in matters of property or life insurance. Have you had sense enough to get your name on an eternal insurance policy? Is your name written there?

Some years ago a friend of mine was conducting a meeting in a Northern State, and he had repeatedly urged a prominent business man to get right with God. The man claimed that there was no need of immediate action; that he had plenty of time. When during the course of the meeting my friend met him on the street as he was apparently in a great hurry, and stopped him, he asked the business man why he was in such a hurry. He said: "I have just discovered that the insurance on my house and my business expired yesterday at noon, and a piece of carelessness on my part has endangered all the property I own." The minister said: "I don't see that you need to be in any special hurry about it; you have plenty of time." "Plenty of time?" said the man in an incredulous tone; "why, man, if my property should burn to-day, I would

be a bankrupt." The minister replied: "You are a spiritual bankrupt, and if you were to die to-day, you would be lost forever. You have no eternal insurance, but you have been telling me repeatedly that you have plenty of time in which to get right with God." The business man said: "I have never looked at it in that light before." He passed on and took care of his property insurance, and in the meeting that night he took care of his eternal insurance. Go thou and do likewise.

It is a wonderful thought to me that God loves the sinner; a marvelous thing that Jesus left His home in Glory and came to the wicked world to save it from eternal disaster.

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven,
Tells of His love in the Book He has given.
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, ~~that~~ Jesus loves me."

Not only is God interested, but the angels likewise are interested. The Word of God says there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

"When a sinner comes, as a sinner may,
There is joy, there is joy.
When he comes to God in the gospel way,
There is joy, there is joy.
There is joy among the angels,
And their hearts with music ring,
When a sinner comes repenting,
Bending low before the King."

When your name is written in the Book of Life, God knows it; the Saviour knows it; the Holy Spirit knows it; the angels know it; and you know it! "Is your name written there?"

"Ring the bells of Heaven, there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See, the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child."

One day the disciples returned to Jesus after a missionary trip, and they were full of joy. They said: "The very devils are subject unto us." Jesus admonished them not to rejoice because evil spirits were cast out at their command, and that they were able to heal the sick; He said: "Rejoice rather because your name is written in the Book of Life." My soul rejoices to-night, my name is written there!

God does not keep books as they are kept on the earth. Suppose I go to the chief of police in any great city of our country, and ask him to give me a list of the pure women and the noble men in his city. He would express great astonishment, no doubt, and would say: "I do not keep such a list." Then I ask: "What kind of a list do you keep?" He points me to the criminal records, and he says: "I have a list of criminals; we have here a rogues' gallery. I can show you photographs of the worst criminals of two continents." Down here the city officials omit the righteous from their records; up yonder the heavenly officials omit the unrighteous from the Book of Life. Neighbor, if your name is not in the Book of Life, you can never enter Heaven. Is your name written there? The gospel invitation grows sweeter to me year by year. It has been to me a source of great joy to take tens of thousands by the hand and hear them confess Jesus Christ before men. God invites the entire family when He sends the invitation to a man. God does not want the mother to forget the child. He does not want the father to forget the mother. God's invitation reads: "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark." That means a united home here and a reunited home in Heaven.

Some years ago, when I was conducting the first union meetings ever held in the district of Alaska, I was asked to the home of a prominent jobber in one of the cities, to take dinner. While I was there a woman called and asked for a conference. She told me a sad story. She was a very

refined and cultured-looking woman; she spoke with the reserve indicative of good breeding. She said her husband's death had been followed by so much legal conflict in regard to the estate that she had left her home in Oregon hoping to make money enough in Alaska conducting a boarding-house to enable her to go back and fight for her property. She said: "The change of climate was severe and I became very ill after reaching Alaska. The money I brought with me has practically been exhausted; in fact, I have had to wash dishes in a hotel kitchen, the first time I ever did such work in my life, as I was raised in a home of luxury and never had to work. My health is failing; I am unsaved. I want you to lead me to Christ. My son is back in Oregon, doing all that he can do to take care of our interests, but I feel that I must have special help." We prayed with the broken-hearted mother, and she was soon enjoying the peace that passeth all understanding. Three days later I was called to the Catholic hospital by a special messenger. When I was shown into the room, the Sisters brought me a crucifix and candles. I thanked them kindly, but refused the offer. I stepped to the bedside; there lay the woman whom I had led to Christ three days before. The pallor of death was upon her face, but the peace of God was in evidence. She said: "How long will it be before I can get my boy to my bedside?" I figured it up; they had no cable line to Alaska in those days; it would be ten days, at least, before a message could reach the boy and bring him to the mother's side, and as I looked upon her it seemed to me impossible for her to live more than two hours. I think it was one of the saddest scenes I have ever witnessed. The frail little mother thousands of miles from her loved ones, bravely fighting a hard battle for the interests of her children, dying but not defeated. I have thought of the sadness that must have swept over the hearts of her children when the sad news reached them. I

wondered how I would feel under similar circumstances. Think how you would feel. I have thought since that it makes very little difference how far apart our graves shall be; if our names are all written in God's book, the Book of Life, there will be an eternal reunion. Most families have scattered loved ones throughout the world's busy marts. Let us be more concerned about the eternal reunion than we have ever been before. "For all whose names were not found written in the Book of Life were hurled into the lake of fire." Is your name written there?

CHAPTER IX.

GOD'S MOUNTAINS.

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"And He carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." — *Revelation* 21:10.

Man's vision measures his usefulness. The wise man spoke truly when he said: "When there is no vision the people perish." The mountain peak offers, according to its altitude, the rarest visual point of the earth. There are several mountains of God which are irrevocably interwoven with human progress, for they evidence God's special interest in man. Without any lengthy discussion of these mountains, I want to present some peaks for your consideration, and as I change from history, in the beginning of my message, to experience, in the close of the message, I urge upon one and all the importance of reaching the summit of God's glorious mountains. The first historical mount I will mention is:

1. MOUNT ARARAT. "And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountain of Ararat." God planned the journey of the ark before the morning stars sang together, or the sons of God shouted for joy. When gigantic geological disturbances rocked the massive earth, and shook the firmament, the mountains of Ararat leaped skyward, and, thank God! they got high enough to reach the bottom of Noah's ark. There is never a sea of sorrow or incertitude so boisterous 'mid the tempest but that the frail bark which carries its cargo of sorrowing humanity can strike bottom on the summit of God's

promise and rest calmly while the waters of distress and soul-anguish decrease continually until the tops of the mountains are seen. God values the soul far above all worlds, and when man's soul was drifting, God raised the mountain peaks of promise high enough to furnish eternal security for tempest-tossed humanity.

The second mount I want to mention is:

2. MOUNT SINAI. God's law was given there. God in person met Moses, and while the mountain quaked and smoked, and the earth trembled, and the people shuddered, God commanded that they should not touch the mountain, lest they die. If the mount upon which God gave His law became so sacred because of His presence, what think ye of the law? Dare you become a law unto yourselves? Will you break with impunity God's immutable law? The wilderness experience must cease. Humanity must not leave its bones to bleach in the wilderness of sin where degradation and sorrow, the harbingers of death, hover about to entrap the unwary or the rebellious, unregenerate man.

"And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God, and they stood at the nether part of the mountain. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish." The official record here indicates the terror of the presence of the Lord. God is omnipresent. May He pity the wretch who thinks himself immune because judgment is not executed speedily against the workers of iniquity!

I believe the preachers of this generation should take Mount Sinai more frequently as their pulpit and cry mightily unto God, and spare not the people until earthquakes of divine law bring land-slides of salvation into the camp as a result of definite conviction of sin. Too many preachers in this century are carrying around nothing but a small bottle of the balm of Gilead, which they unceasingly pour on the pachyderms of their congregations.

The law is the school-master to bring sinners to Christ. If a man does not feel the conviction of sin, the realization of his guilt in God's sight, he will with impunity scorn the agonies of Jesus and the shed blood, and he will rejoice while he is doing despite to the spirit of grace. There never was a Mount Calvary until there had been a Mount Sinai.

The third mount to which I direct your attention is:

3. THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION. You remember Jesus led the disciples to the Father, and there He spoke; Elijah and Moses also talked with Jesus, and Peter cried out, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." In another discourse I have described the possibilities of your personal transfiguration, the experience which means a new nature. There must be a radical regeneration. If you are a "new creature," then you are in Christ Jesus; if you are an old creature, the Devil owns you from top-knot to shoe-sole.

The fourth mount for your consideration is:

4. MOUNT OF OLIVES. The Garden of Gethsemane, there upon the side of that historic mount, holds in its embrace the prelude of history's greatest drama. Jesus wrestled there with the burden of man's guilt until His soul anguish broke His heart, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Mother, if you want your boy saved, walk down the silent thoroughfare to the Mount of Olives in Gethsemane's garden, and wrestle there as Jesus wrestled, until angels bring God's answer to your

struggling soul. Father, would you have your daughter become a sweet Christian? Join your wife in Gethsemane's garden and plead with God until the answer brings the dawn of peace and ushers in her eternal security. Wife, is your husband a godless, careless, prayerless wretch? How much time have you spent in Gethsemane pleading, "Father, if it is possible, if it is possible, save my wicked husband"? Pastor, have you a dead church, a wicked, formal, card-playing, dancing, theater-going bunch of hypocrites who expect to occupy mansions among the aristocracy of Heaven? Go to Gethsemane and stay there until Jesus gives you the touch of His own agony of spirit for the lost. If we would reign with Jesus, we must suffer with Him.

Abraham Lincoln said some time before his death: "I have read on my knees the story of Gethsemane where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup might pass from Him. I am in the Garden of Gethsemane now and my cup of bitterness is full to overflowing." Drunken politicians have tried to make out that Lincoln did not believe in the Deity of Jesus Christ. The above statement is a complete refutation of their contemptible pretenses. Speaking to General Sickles, the great President said: "I will tell you why I felt confident we would win at Gettysburg; before the battle I retired to my room and got down on my knees and prayed Almighty God to give us victory. I said to Him that this was His cause, and that if He would stand by the Nation now, I would stand by Him the rest of my life. He gave us the victory and I purpose to keep my promise." Not only did Lincoln go through Gethsemane's anguish, but he was assassinated by a characterless reprobate who considered him a malefactor. And this leads me to point you to the fifth mount, which is:

5. MOUNT CALVARY. Had the aide who accompanied Lincoln to the theater done his duty and stood at his post at the entrance of the box, the great crime would not

have been committed that fatal night. Had humanity kept the watch, had man retained his Edenic honor, Jesus would never have been crucified. Crucifixion preceded the resurrection and ascension. God has never reversed the order. Here it is: Gethsemane, Calvary, Burial, Resurrection, Ascension. The self life must be nailed to the cross. The Apostle Paul has given us a message of victory in Galatians 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"Oh, Jesus Lord, how can it be
That Thou didst give Thy life for me,
To bear the shame and agony
In that dread hour on Calvary?"

Mount Calvary is the summit of God's love. Without the love and the blood of Calvary the world would be in the midst of eternal hopelessness.

The sixth mount is:

6. MOUNT OLIVET. The ascension evidenced the power of Jesus over death and the elements. The Negroes of the South sing with great spirit:

"The cold grave could not hold Him,
Nor Death's cold iron band."

Jesus stood on Mount Olivet talking to His disciples about their need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He finally said: "But ye shall receive power, the Holy Spirit having come upon you; ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." This promise followed His command that they should not depart from Jerusalem until the promise of the Father—that is, the baptism of the Holy Spirit,

had been reduced to history. When these gracious words had been uttered, a white cloud swept into view, and Jesus mounted it and rode away to Glory. His feet shall stand again on Mount Olivet, for He is coming back to this world to remain a thousand years while the Devil will be chained in Hell, and the mightiest revivals of all earth's history will be recorded.

The seventh mount is:

7. THE MOUNT OF REVELATION. John stood in wonderment upon that mount, having been carried thither by the Spirit, and he saw the glory of Heaven, the Holy Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God. These historical mountains suggest to me the necessity of mountain-climbing in our personal experience. It is not easy to climb mountains; the intelligent mountain-climber will leave his baggage at the base, he will lay aside every weight. If you would climb God's mountains, you must dump your baggage and become a free man in Christ. Leave your compromises, your base indulgences, your secret sins, in the canyons, and struggle on until you reach the summit.

There are three mountains of experience which are absolutely necessary for you to climb if you would have power with God and with man.

(A) THE MOUNT OF HUMILITY. "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Humility is an elevator, figuratively speaking. The Apostle Paul indicated the fact that he had reached the summit of the Mount of Humility. He said: "I am unworthy to be an apostle." Again he said: "I am less than the least of the saints." And in another place he said: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Did he mean that he had grown more corrupt and debauched since he had become a child of God? Certainly

not. His experience developed humility. The higher up that mountain he climbed, the more odious sin became to him. The nearer you get to God, the more you will love purity, righteousness, and all that tends toward character-development. The closer to Christ you walk, the less interest you will have in the temptations with which the Devil seeks to overthrow you. There are members of churches in this audience whose reputation would be spoiled spiritually if they engaged in the wicked pursuits of compromise; if they danced or played cards or became impure or drunken, it would shock the whole community. There are other church members in the community whose deflections from the path of rectitude have been so frequent that nobody is surprised when they evidence Satanic bondage. Take a piece of marble, rough cast by the roadside, whack it with your sledge-hammer, and you have not marred its beauty, because it has none. Place that piece of marble in the hands of the master sculptor and let him chisel it into an image until a Venus de Medici stands before you. I looked upon that marvelous masterpiece in a European art gallery, and I say to you a pencil-mark on the face or form would mar its beauty. No wonder Christ wants His people to walk with Him in white. How truly spoke the poet: "The nearer Heaven the whiter is the dress."

Humility is a grace, an evidence of the Spirit of Jesus in the life. He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Go to the wheat-field and look upon the wheat which stands straight as a stick, never bending, and you will see a light-headed, cheap quality of wheat. Go to the field where you find the stalk bent, the head bowed, and I will show you a heavy yield of golden grain. The more fruit you bear for Jesus' sake, the more you will evidence the true spirit of humility. Saint Augustine said there are three vital articles in Christianity: first, *Humility*; second, *Humility*; third, *Humility*. Reach the summit of that

mount and you are in fellowship with Jesus Christ. In Munich they have an eleemosynary institution which cares for the beggar child life. When they enter they are painted by an artist in their rags and squalor. They are educated in the institution, and started out to meet the battles of life. When they leave the institution they are handed the picture, and urged to keep it as a reminder of their poverty, also as a warning. It seems to me that if every professing Christian should look back to the pit from which he was digged, the shame of his past sin would cause healthful humility to characterize his daily walk.

Another mount of experience is:

(B) THE MOUNT OF SELF-DENIAL. Man is a microcosm—that is, he is a little world; he is a reflector of good or evil; of the good only as he is controlled by the Spirit of God; of the vile as a direct result of the Devil's dominion over him. He is therefore opaque like the moon, which shines with a borrowed light. When Adam was in the Garden of Eden in purity and innocence, he walked with God; Michael the archangel was his friend, the cherubim and seraphim his companions, the angels his playmates. He reflected Heaven's glory; in fact, he was a microtheism. Bishop Fowler used to say: "Big words are the sepulchers in which men bury their little ideas." That is a good statement. The word "microtheism" means *a little god*. Oh, if man had only continued being a little god! I sadly state the truth: man became a good-sized devil when he yielded to the power of the fathers of liars. If you follow self, you will land in perdition. If you follow Christ, you will land upon the sunny banks of God's perennial fields, where flowers ever bloom and sorrow never enters. Selfishness says: "I like this," "I love that." "I want liquor." The Devil makes his appeal at your vulnerable point. Don't congratulate me because I have not been drunk in your city during this evan-

gelistic campaign. There is not liquor enough on earth to tempt me to drink. Don't congratulate me that I have not been gambling while in your city. All of the paraphernalia of the gambling hells on earth cannot tempt me to gamble. The Devil will not tempt you ladies to steal horses, but he will tempt the horse-thief to do so. He will not tempt you to get drunk, but he may tempt your husband to do so. He will tempt you to fuss at your children and nag at your husband, if you have been accustomed to volcanic displays of temper. He may tempt you to be impure if your character is weak. Self-denial means to curb the desires of your fallen nature. Self-denial, therefore, becomes logically self-control. Jesus said: "If you want to follow Me, deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Me." Self-denial, therefore, means fellowship with Jesus Christ, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

There is in ancient literature the story of Narcissus, who had resisted the gods. It seems that he had never seen a reflection of his own face; finally, when he came to the water and looked into it and saw his image reflected, he was enraptured, and he said: "That must be a water spirit; I will embrace it." And he took a leap to his death. Young people and old people look into the waters of self-aggrandizement, self-satisfaction, self-indulgence, and when they see the flush of pleasure on the cheeks of excited, sensual humanity, they say: "That must be the spirit of life, of happiness, of contentment; I will embrace it." And they take a leap into the waters of eternal damnation. In the name of God Almighty, reach the summit of self-denial.

One more mount of experience, and I will close:

(C) THE MOUNT OF ALTRUISM. That means love for others, labor for others, the spirit of helpfulness. More joy comes to the soul in helping others than in all life's labor. Many years ago, in England, a missionary

spoke to a minister and said: "If you want to see the vilest specimen of humanity in London, I will show you a dying young man upon a pile of straw in a dingy back room in the slum districts." The minister made his way to the room. There, upon a bundle of rags and straw, lay the dying youth. His father was an aristocrat; he had disowned his prodigal son. William Dorset, the minister, preached Christ to the dying young man and the joy of salvation came into his soul. He said: "If my earthly father would only forgive me, I could die happy." Mr. Dorset asked him the name of his earthly father, and was amazed when the young man said: "Lord ——— is my father." Dorset said: "I will bring him here and he will forgive you." He made his way quickly to the home of the aristocrat and was shown into the library. Finally, when the distinguished old gentleman came in, the minister said: "I have come to talk to you about your son." He replied: "I have no son; if you have come to talk to me about the wretch I disowned and disinherited, I have no time to spend with you, sir. Good day." He turned upon his heel and started to leave the room, whereupon the minister said: "He is your son just the same, but he will not be very long." The man stopped; looking toward the minister, he exclaimed: "Is my boy suffering?" "He is dying," answered the minister; "I have come to you to ask you to accompany me to his side that you may forgive him." The carriage was ordered and the two men drove rapidly to the dingy tenement-house where lay the dying boy. The father took him in his arms and wept out his words of sorrow and forgiveness. He would have carried the boy to his home—in fact, I think he started with him in his arms when death ended the struggle; but not until the boy had said: "Oh! I can die happy now; I have my father's forgiveness here and God's forgiveness yonder." It is a wonderful thing to spend and be spent in helping others.

CHAPTER X.

SEVEN PILLARS.

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TEXT: "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."—*Proverbs 9:1.*

The book of Proverbs is truly the book of wisdom. We find in this remarkable book the statement: "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord." If that is true, the continuation of wisdom is summed up in the statement: "He that winneth souls is wise." The text speaks of a house, which evidently indicates permanency of abode. It is my intention to let the word "house" represent the temple of Christian service which God expects every believer to erect. It is befitting, therefore, that pillars of faultless symmetry should support and adorn this master building of the soul. I do not pose as an architect or a contractor, nor would I do good work as a carpenter, for that is far from my trend of mind. I know enough about building, however, to brand as splendid folly the erection of a building on the accumulated *débris* of years. When Nehemiah and his stalwart contemporaries rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, they first cleared away the rubbish. That is exactly what you must do in your religious experience if you want to be a monument of the grace of God. You can't build a spiritual church upon the flotsam, jetsam, and detritus of the theater, the card-table, and the dance. You can't have a spiritual life and support these things. We cannot build a revival upon such rubbish. Brethren, look well to the foundation of your life. I have long loved that sublime old hymn,

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

There is a sentence in the text which indicates stability of character, continuity of thought, prosecution of design, determination to win—"She hath hewn out her seven pillars." That means the deliberate choice of hard work. The pillars could have been made of putty, wood, or some material which would have required very little labor in their preparation and erection. When you look upon the Cathedral of Cologne, you will remember that it took six hundred years of labor to construct that marvelous building. We do not know who built the pyramids of Egypt, but had they been built of papyrus, parchment, cloth, or any specially mutable material, they would be unknown to the people of this age. I have spent some enjoyable hours in the British Museum in London. I think one of the most profitable visits to that wonderful institution was the time I spent looking at and reading about the Rosetta Stone. The French found it in Egypt. The English victory meant the possession of the Rosetta Stone. That stone is the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt; without it the world would probably know very little about Egyptology and the bigotry and braggadocio of the Pharaohs of that historical land. Suppose the Rosetta Stone had been made of shoddy material by a thoughtless workman. The world would be the loser. Suppose you play the hypocrite as a professing Christian, or live in the shallow pretenses of self-righteousness as a sinner, and fail to *build your house* and *hew your seven pillars*; the friends depending upon you for inspiration, encouragement, and divine impetus, will have a great deal to charge to the debit side of your account and nothing to the credit of

11-1-11

It is my purpose in this discourse to name the pillars which beautify and strengthen Wisdom's home. First, I invite your attention to:

1. ABSOLUTE SURRENDER.

It is an amazing thing to discover the number of people who profess to be Christians who will openly admit that they have never made a consecration to Christ or a complete surrender of themselves to the Lord. They just have religion enough to make them miserable. Their relation to God is about the same as the relation of a wife to a husband should she say to him: "I will take your name, but I won't give you my heart's love." Homes of that sort are stunted and blighted in point of happiness and moral or spiritual development. There is no pure and undefiled religion separate and apart from absolute surrender. Let me read the command of Almighty God in this regard: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. 6:17-18.) If these words mean anything, they mean there is no such a thing as sonship in the sight of God except through absolute surrender. Do not deceive yourselves. If you live the cold, unspiritual life of the unregenerate church member, verily you shall have your reward, but it will be a little added respectability, a little soothing of the conscience, a lullaby into the sleep of death, while the Devil rocks the cradle and sings, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

The men and women of the past whose lives inspire us to Christian fortitude and service have been people who have lived a surrendered life. I meet people throughout the country who say: "I am partly a Christian." Then I suppose they would use the term Christian "twentitude" instead of

"fortitude"; but I will make it plain; it is either "fortitude" or "zerotude." You will not get any more out of religion than you put in it. Perhaps I should say, the basis of God's dealing with you is that of your honesty, humility, and purity of purpose.

Moody decided many years ago that he would speak personally to some sinner every day. I have been told that he retired one stormy Saturday night, after having spent the day in the shoe-store, and when he realized that he had failed to speak to a soul, he arose and dressed, although it was storming and after eleven o'clock. He went out on the street, in the rain, and approached a man at the corner. When he asked the man if he was a Christian, the man pretended to be insulted, and said: "If you were not a sort of a preacher, I would knock you down." One of Moody's friends told him the next day that he thought he was too zealous; he was doing, perhaps, more harm than good. Two or three days later a rap was heard at the door. Moody stepped to the door, and there stood the man to whom he had spoken the midnight warning. The man was very penitent and said: "I want you to pray for me. I want your forgiveness." That kind of service was the basis of Moody's great career.

When Dr. Torrey was a young pastor in Ohio, sitting in his study urging the microbes of sermonizing into action, the Spirit of the Lord called him to go down to a saloon and pray for the wretches who were in the place. Finally he went, and the next day the owner of the opposition saloon said to him: "Didn't you run a prayer-meeting in the saloon across the street yesterday?" Dr. Torrey replied: "I certainly did." The saloonkeeper asked: "Isn't my saloon as good as his?" Whereupon the minister replied: "Doubtless." And he proceeded to run a prayer-meeting in the last-named saloon.

When God wanted a man to go to the hot-beds of higher criticism, evolution, materialism, and dogmatism—which is pup-

pyism grown old—He called R. A. Torrey and he went around the world in a record-breaking campaign. Unconditional surrender was the basis of his world-wide mission.

Nearly twenty years ago Billy Sunday felt the call, after his conversion, to enter Christian work. He was at that time being paid \$500 a month as a professional base-ball player. His friends advised him to play ball rather than to enter Christian work, but the advice of the Lord was: "I want you in My service." Billy took the Lord's advice. He accepted a position with the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association at \$80 a month, and during the hard times he would go for months without his regular salary because the association was hard up, and had he not saved some money from his ball-playing, he doubtless would have suffered. When God wanted to raise up a scourge to the dead church and the lazy minister, He called Billy Sunday, and his phenomenal success in leading over seven thousand people to Christ in Spokane, Wash., is an indication of the power God will give to the man who will pay the price.

In the second place, if you want to become an effective worker, you must hew out the pillar—

2. LOVE FOR THE LOST.

In Romans 5:8 we discover this beautiful truth: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Some years ago it was my good fortune to meet Madame Tsilka in a large American city. I heard her address a company of Christian people who were studying for the ministry and the mission field. You will remember, doubtless, her harrowing experience in the mountains of Bulgaria, held for ransom by heartless brigands; she, being in a delicate condition when captured, gave birth to a child in the mountains, far away from her loved ones and her home. Fortunately, Miss Ellen Stone, an American missionary, was with her as a captive during her hours of suffering and

trial. This woman, whose soul was tried, whose patience was taxed, her life endangered, who with tender hands ministered as a Christian to the chief of the bandit band when he had been injured accidentally in the mountain fastnesses, said the bandits assured her that they would never again capture a Christian. The brave souls made strong in their sorrow by the Spirit of Jesus had brought mighty conviction to the hearts of their captors. She paused after describing some of the conditions of her surroundings, and tears were in her eyes, pathos and power in her voice, when she said: "Young people, do not go as a missionary, as an evangelist, as a minister of the gospel, unless your heart is overflowing with love for the lost." There is not enough vital concern for the lost in the hearts of the church members of to-day. Multiply the love for the lost and you will double any church membership in America in twelve months.

In the third place, hew out the pillar—

3. PRAYER FOR THE LOST.

In James 5:16 we read: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I think one of the best methods of reaching a community, separate and apart from a regular union evangelistic campaign, is for the church members to make out prayer lists and daily pray for the unsaved of their homes and their neighborhoods. A revival will begin in any church and in any community when the people truly begin to pray for the lost. A friend of mine was in England some years ago and was asked by an old gentleman to join him in prayer for the conversion of his son, who was just closing twenty-one years of service in the English Navy. The father expected him home the following day. The son boarded the train at Liverpool and started for his home either at Manchester or Birmingham, and he was placed in a compartment with an old Christian gentleman, who talked kindly to him; he finally discovered that the young man had spent twenty-one years in the Navy, and

he said: "My young friend, are you not willing to begin a life of service for the King of kings and Lord of lords?" Before he reached his home town he was converted. When his father met him at the train, he heard this glad message: "Father, yesterday I ended twenty-one years of service in the Navy. To-day I began a life service as a soldier of the King of kings." Mother, you can pray your boy or your girl into the Kingdom. Wife, you can pray your husband into the Kingdom. Husband, you can pray your wife into the Kingdom.

In the fourth place, hew out the pillar—

4. LABOR FOR THE LOST.

I think the message of Luke 14:23 is overlooked by too many in the church-life of our nation: "Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

" 'Lord, thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer,

'This of mine has wandered away from Me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.' "

I was conducting a meeting in a small town in southern Kansas several years ago, and I saw an aged woman embrace an aged man at the altar, and then she publicly praised God; I stepped over to her and asked her the cause of her great joy. She replied: "This is my husband, for whom I have prayed and worked forty-five years, and at last he has come to Christ."

Was forty-five years of labor worth while? Was forty-five years of praying worth while? The one who had labored and prayed felt that it was time well spent.

The fifth pillar I will call—

5. HOPE FOR THE LOST.

There are many despondent, discouraged debauchees in the world who need a ray of hope, who possibly have never heard the message of forgiveness and love. God holds out hope to the vilest. In Isaiah 1:18, we read: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Years ago, in a drunken hovel in Chicago, a pale woman sat with a dying babe in her arms. Her husband staggered in, and was called by the sad wife to her side. She said: "Mel, I only have a little money left; I am afraid the baby is dying. For God's sake, take this money [it was a fifty-cent piece] and go to the drug-store as quick as you can and bring this bottle full of medicine. Now hurry!" He took the money—rushed on toward the drug-store. Every devil in Hell seemed to turn loose upon the frail structure of manhood that had survived the years of debauchery. He thought within himself: "I must not enter that saloon; the baby is dying; I must get that medicine." But of course the fiery imps seemed to shriek in the chambers of his soul: "What do we care about your baby? what do we care about an ocean of tears from the sorrowing wives and broken-hearted mothers of this world? Drink, drink, till you are filled!" His eyes were blazing, his brain whirling, his heart pounding; he had reached the saloon, he entered it. He put the fifty-cent piece on the bar and said: "Give me liquor." He drank the liquor and fell asleep. Hours later he was ushered, or shoved, into the street. He made his way home; there sat his wife, and the baby was dead in her arms.

I have heard him say: "When I saw the dead baby, it broke my heart." It has truly been said by Mel Trotter that he was so low down he had to reach up to touch bottom; but I want to add my testimony, after eleven years of personal and intimate acquaintance: he is to-day the greatest rescue mission worker in the world, and I believe in that regard is so high up he has to reach down to touch the top. Do you know what won Mel Trotter? It was the text John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The love of God gives hope to the sinner.

That leads me to say the sixth pillar is—

6. CHRIST FOR THE LOST.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Multitudes have tried reformation, they have sworn off, they have taken gold cures, and have failed. The blood cure will save the sinner. Many years ago a brilliant lawyer of Louisville reformed. He had been a drunkard for years. Being a brilliant speaker, he was asked to lecture on temperance. He gave an address in New York city. He deprecated the attempt to make a religious issue out of the temperance question. He said: "Keep religion where it belongs, and temperance where it belongs; let a man determine within himself that he will give up the cup." Coming to the peroration of his address, he gave utterance to these words: "If the world were one grand chrysolite and I were offered the whole to drink one drop of liquor, I should say, 'No!'" The thunderous applause that greeted that outburst indicated the high esteem and perfect confidence in which he was held by the vast audience. Some months later the same man was a staggering drunkard in the streets of Louisville; his clothing was shabby; his friends had forsaken him. He entered a blacksmith shop, where the man at the anvil was pounding a piece of metal white

with heat. He said to the blacksmith: "If I knew it would take this horrible appetite for liquor out of me, I would take that piece of metal and hold it in my right hand until it cooled." Poor drunken wretch, he died in his drunkenness, a disgrace to his family name, bringing chagrin and sorrow to his friends and his loved ones. He was buried by the hands of charity. No man can win the battle in his own strength; he needs Jesus Christ. Said Jesus: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

The seventh pillar is—

7. ASSURANCE FOR THE LOST.

The Spirit witnesses with our spirits that we are the children of God. When you find a person who has a definite experience, an absolute assurance, he has a red-hot testimony. The soul-winner is the Christian of assurance. I can say with the Apostle Paul: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Point the sinner unerringly to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, have him fix his eyes on the promise. His feeling will keep pace with his faith. *Assurance is the result of faith.* Some years ago, when I proposed to a sweet young lady and she promised to be my wife, I did not request her to send out for some witnesses to substantiate her word. The fact is, I didn't want any witnesses around at that important epoch in our lives. I believed her word, and my faith in her promise made me very happy. When people *believe* the Word of God, after having fulfilled the conditions named in the promise, the assurance is bound to come. We must not make an emotional debauch of religion. The religion of Jesus Christ is deeper than our feelings; if it were not, we would build upon a sandy foundation. A private sprang from the ranks and stopped Napoleon's horse when it had become unmanageable. Napoleon, appreciating the cour-

age and quickness of the private, said: "Thank you, captain." The private, being keen of wit, responded: "Captain of what, your majesty?" Napoleon responded: "Captain of my Guards, sir." The young man immediately stepped to where the officers of the Guards were in consultation. A subordinate ordered him back into the ranks. The private responded: "I am captain of the Guards." He didn't use his feelings as the basis of his official position. When asked for his authority, he pointed full into the face of Napoleon, who came riding up, and said: "I am captain of the Guards, because the Emperor said it." I am a child of God, because Jesus has given me the witness of the Spirit.

Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars." God help you to become a master builder for eternity.

CHAPTER XI.

MORAL ARCHEOLOGY.

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My text is found in the book of Genesis, the first four words of the first verse of the book: "In the beginning God." In this wonderful book we are told the story of man's creation. God made man and gave him a character, but he lost it, according to the official record, and God has impoverished Heaven to restore man to his first estate.

In traveling in Europe and America, I have noticed the globe-trotters, with their little guide-books, studying them intently, determined to follow the directions of the traveled experts. Man needs a guide-book morally and spiritually. The Bible is just such a book. A man without an ideal is a man without the divine afflatus. The ideal molds and makes the moral worth, the spiritual integrity, the artistic temperament, the professional ability, the phenomenal success, and lack of it spells colossal failure. A farmer rebuked his boy some years ago because he made such a mess in laying off corn rows; the furrows were crooked and the field looked untidy. The boy replied: "Pa, I done the best I could." The old man gave the following advice: "When you go back to the field, find something straight across, and plow toward it, and you will make a straight furrow." The boy reached the field, saw a brindle cow straight across, and plowed toward her. The result was not flattering. The boy needed to plow toward a stationary object. If you would make straight furrows in life, plow toward the Rock of Ages, which has stood the test of Hell's opposition and the avalanche of the invectives of wicked

men. Fixed principles, immutable convictions, an ironclad determination to do the right, to honor God, to put God first in the life, is a guarantee of moral stamina and spiritual power.

Young people, hear me: in the beginning of your education, "Remember now thy Creator." In laying the foundations of your manhood and womanhood, consider God; in choosing a profession, think of Him; in entering business, account to Him; when He calls you, answer with Isaiah, "Here am I; send me." So many young men and women of our day consider religion a good thing for old crippled men or blind palsied women. Man is considered indecent and is locked up when he appears on the street physically unadorned. In the sight of God and the angels, he is worthy to be locked up for eternity when with fiendish audacity he breaks God's laws and stands in open defiance before the court of God with the shame of his iniquity uncovered.

Faith in Jesus Christ anchors you to holy ideals. Righteousness means power, because righteousness evidences self-control. Napoleon could not be classed as a moralist or a religionist, yet he was moral; but he was moral from a selfish standpoint. He was philosophical in his mental makeup, and he figured it out logically that if he could not control himself, he could not control others. His power over men began when he exerted power over himself, control of his passions, control of his ambitions. There is no greater philosophy than the statement of the wise man in the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, which reads: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

One of the scientists has made the statement in recent years that "heredity is the memory of the plastidule." He probably knows what the plastidule is; I don't suppose anyone else does. Habit, without a doubt, is the child of thought. Good habits are as easily cultivated as bad ones if you begin early enough in life. Bad habits evidence a diseased condi-

tion of the mentality. I am not speaking of the physiological disease; there may be no pathological obsessions or cerebral lesions; the disease is psychic, moral. When you enter a house and see it in disorder, dusty, disarranged, full of foul odors, you are convinced that poverty, ignorance, filth, disorder, and odoriferousness do not evidence the presence of the dainty house-keeper. Young man, take a mental survey of the chambers of thought within you. If you see the gambling paraphernalia, the blue smoke of profanity, the foul odors of disease, the soul furniture broken by drunkenness, make up your mind that you have visited the residence of the fool; and I will give you proof of the fact: "Fools make a mock of sin." (Proverbs 14:9.) This moral and psychic disorder depicts the evidence of spiritual anarchy and moral turpitude. The flagitious wretch will sooner or later appear before the judge's desk to answer for his crimes. Fine clothing will not protect the facinorous; the heart condition will master the dress parade pretenses. Water will strike its level; the criminal will strike his. The young man who has within himself what the Spaniard calls "*gusto picaresco*" (a roguish taste) cannot hide his roguishness from the intelligent in society or business. You don't have to bore into a dog and have the borings chemically analyzed to discover the evidences of canine meat. A dog is a dog by nature and he evidences his nature wherever he appears. The same is true of the obdurate transgressor. By way of illustration, some years ago a farmer who was being assisted by his son in the amputation of the caudal appendage of his young swine, became so interested in a passer-by that he glanced from the block while he held the pig's tail and brought his hatchet down across the end of his finger and severed the member. He had heard that if the severed parts should be quickly placed together before the blood cooled, adhesion would be the result. In his blinding pain he grabbed for the finger-end and put what he supposed to be the missing part at its proper place and hurriedly

wrapped his handkerchief about the same. Some days later he removed the handkerchief and, to his dumb amazement, he discovered the end of the pig's tail growing where his finger should have ended. (Laughter.) He said it never bothered him, except when he was eating corn, and then it wiggled all the time. (Laughter.) That wiggling was simply an evidence of the hog nature at work.

I want the attention of the men of this audience. Your profanity, your gambling, licentiousness, lying, dishonesty in business, and boasted self-righteousness, simply evidence your debauched nature, your blighted soul, your eternal damnation, if you fail to repent. History brings to us the evidences of wonderful reward for patient endeavor in overcoming obstacles, whether moral, educational, commercial, religious, or otherwise. Abraham Lincoln, the plow-boy, with his law-book on the plow-handles, studying as he tilled the soil, was unconsciously in his youth the logical future President of the United States. Compare him, in his splendid endeavor to secure an education against almost overwhelming odds, with the young bucks of our generation in the universities and colleges, who spend a great deal of time growing hair on the outside of their heads and mighty little time growing brains on the inside of the same; whose college life consists largely of cracking corrupt jokes and liquor-bottles and sucking coffin-screws—I mean cigarettes. The best definition of a cigarette I have ever heard is this: a cigarette is a little thing, with a piece of fire at one end and a fool at the other. (Applause.) Young men of the sort just described are candidates for the coffin, chain-gang, or penitentiary. Young women, don't throw yourselves away at the marriage-altar with such a jobbernole. Some of you girls act like you don't know what a jobbernole is; I will tell you, it is a blockhead. Society has been developing a lot of isthmus-legged nonentities the past few generations in our country, who have become the tools of the divorce devil to bring a reign of

sorrow and shame and disgrace to American citizenship and to the American home. I use the term "isthmus-legged" with a clear understanding of the diction employed. An isthmus is a narrow neck of land connecting two larger divisions of land. You take the spindle-shank which connects a number fourteen foot with a corrupt body and a size six head and you get my meaning. (Applause.) We have had a great deal of talk in recent years about muscular development; they have developed everything from the feet to the chin. A friend of mine called my attention sometime ago to a new plan for the lengthening of the backbone, seeing I stand in need of such treatment. (Mr. Oliver is six feet four inches in height.) I thanked him for his information, but decided to postpone the treatment indefinitely, since the Lord was good to me along that line. A strong arm is a splendid possession, but it is well to consider that the head was not made by the Creator for a hat-rack. In the West, some time ago, a man was traveling across the prairie, and he came to a sod house, located many miles from any settlement, wherein he found a very friendly old farmer. The traveler finally said: "Don't you find it mighty lonesome out here? What on earth do you do to while away your spare moments?" The farmer replied: "Well, sometimes I set and think; and then agin I jes' set." (Laughter.) There are not enough folks in the world who think; there are too many who "jes' set."

"In the beginning God" means courage, optimism, success. A man who is right with God has a clear eye and free conscience. Sir Galahad, you spoke well when you said, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." I believe "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." (1 Timothy 4:8.) The godly man may be an adept in diplomacy; he is never dishonest; he will not be a charlatan. I heard a story some years ago, in the South, which illustrates much of the spirit of the modern business world. Two negroes had bought

a cow and were keeping her in a rented pasture. Old Uncle Mose milked the cow night and morning, and kept all the milk. Uncle Ebenezer was unable to understand the justice of the actions of his partner, so he showed up one morning about sun-up, while Mose was milking, and he propounded the following question: "Good mawnin', Brudder Mose. Didn't we bought dat cow in pardnership, half and half?" Mose replied: "Yes, we suttinly did." Ebenezer then continued: "Brudder Mose, how is it den dat you gits all de milk an' I gits all de pardnership?" Old Uncle Mose arose with the dignity of a Federal judge and said: "Brudder Ebenezer, I 'se done 'lected fur to chuse which end ob dis cow I takes; I takes de hin' half ob de cow. Juit yo' nullifyin' an' secedin' from dis heah compack, an' walk yo'se'f away from heah an' git up somefin fur to feed yo' end ob de cow wid." (Laughter and applause.) Possession may be several favorable points in law, but if the possessor has stolen the property or acquired possession dishonorably, he is a rascal and should be so considered. Little dishonesties destroy the integrity of the man. When the character is undermined, there will be a crash sooner or later. Our prisons are filled with embezzlers and other classes of criminals, who didn't mean to get caught "with the goods on them." Many a wretch has said: "I am going to swear off." He has discovered it is mighty easy to swear on again. Swearing off presents about an equal amount of protection as can be secured in the time of war behind a paper fort, which supports silk guns loaded with face-powder and puff-balls. In Africa families have been seated in apparent security and in evident comfort in their homes, when the building collapsed; some were killed, others injured. There are large white ants which destroy the heart of the timber; in fact, they hollow the logs out and there are no evidences of their work until the weakened timbers break. Subtle irregularities, white lies, tricks in trade, and other evidences of Mephistophilian rascality are easily discovered when the moral structure

collapses and the penitentiary opens. In the synoptic table of mental degeneracy arranged by Magnan of Paris you will notice one kind of degeneracy under the hereditary list called Aboulia, which means indecision due to mental torpor. It may, however, manifest itself in other forms, such as ambitious delirium, hypochondriacal delirium, religious delirium, delirium of persecution. Where you will find one person in any wise afflicted with the delirium of ambition, you will discover the great majority of people in the state of mental torpor which is evidenced in indecision, apparent laziness, low standard of excellence in any kind of work undertaken. Without any hesitation, I urge both young and old to be ambitious; ambitious to do the right, ambitious to think lofty thoughts, ambitious to honor God in the life, ambitious to make a great name for yourself. The Apostle Paul concentrated his intellect and his character in one statement: "This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark and the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3:13-14.)

Regeneration in a word explains the text in its spiritual meaning in this message. Regeneration is the gateway to the Land of Promise. The land is yours if you will go in and possess it. Men tell me it is hard to give up a wicked life. I know that is true, but it is infinitely harder for the person who does not give up the wicked life and live the Christian life. Hell is harder than Christian service. Multitudes try to justify themselves in their reprobacy and godlessness with the statement: "I tried to be a Christian once, but I couldn't hold out." There is a cause for every effect; mental, moral, or spiritual stigmata evidence the existence of specific causation. Some time ago a small boy appeared with a large appetite at the breakfast-table. In the course of his remarks he related the fact that he had fallen out of bed during the night and the fall awakened him. The father suggested the possibility of dreams

being responsible, the mother assented, the sister gave her explanation, and the boy finally settled the discussion by saying: "I know why I fell out of bed; it was because I was lying too close to where I got in." (Laughter.) Too many church members are satisfied to lie down on the dividing-line between the Church and the world and go to sleep; when they turn over they fall on the Devil's side of the line every time. (Preacher, "That's so.")

The evolution of physical power, which is technically called dynamogeny, has made man a skilled artist, sculptor, inventor, farmer, civil engineer—in a word, proficient in all lines requiring physical effort. The exhibition of psychic power, which is technically called dynamophany, has made man master of the seas, the sender of the wireless message, the apostle of intellectual genius. The appropriation of spiritual power, which I will call dynamopneumy, has made man "more than conqueror through Christ, who loved him and gave Himself for him." Ambition is the philosophical outgrowth of courage. The first chapter of Joshua rings with this wonderful slogan, "Be strong and of a good courage." The courageous man has been the hero on the battle-field, the victor in the strife. Shakespeare's "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady" expresses the idea. The coward is a psychological and physiological failure primarily. There is a line of demarcation between courage and foolhardiness; a brave man must have sense enough to run at the right time. It is therefore a good thing to critically analyze one's mental, moral, spiritual, and physical powers; in other words, remember your limitations and develop strength wherein you discover weakness. The conservation of energy should be understood and cultivated. "Dutch courage"—the disposition to fight as a result of liquor-drinking—has the effect of uncorking the vials of physical reserve force which are kept corked when common sense controls. The Apostle Paul has presented a statement which acts as the governor to the intelligent man.

His advice is: "Don't think of yourself more highly than you ought to think." If your nervous condition leads you into pessimism, throw yourself as far into the regions of optimism as you possibly can. If your sights are too high in expected prosperity, lower them. In the language of the hunter, "Use the wind-gauge," for the wind of adversity may blow your bullet out of line and cause you to miss the mark. Some time ago, in the South an old colonel, when asked by his tailor what size he wanted his hip-pockets, replied, "Quart size, suh!" He found himself some time later under the influence of liquor and seemed very anxious to fight. People who knew the colonel were not anxious to punish him, so they allowed him free use of his powers of speech, and finally, becoming boisterous, the colonel declared his ability to lick any five men in the county; to climb a thorn-tree a hundred feet high, with a wildcat under each arm, and never get scratched. (Laughter.) Some hours later the colonel was seen limping down a back street with a black eye, a bloody nose, and a swollen lip. A man met him and said: "Colonel, I thought you said you could lick any five men in the county, and climb a thorn-tree a hundred feet high with a wildcat under each arm, and never get scratched. Have you been climbing the tree?" "Yes, sir," the colonel answered; "I done climbed the tree; I got this coming down." (Applause.) It is better for a man to stay on *terra firma*; then he doesn't have to fall so far.

My friends, I wonder if you have ever considered the meaning of the words, "Six days shalt thou labor." Jesus Christ dignified labor when He spent eighteen years in the carpenter shop of Nazareth. "Religion and labor" should be stated "the religion of labor." It is a mistake for the young man who has a natural leaning and splendid ability along the lines of plowing corn, shoeing horses, branding cattle, to become a preacher because "mama wants him to preach." God wants consecrated farmers, blacksmiths, merchants, lawyers, doctors,

teachers, artists, musicians, and editors as much as He wants consecrated ministers and missionaries. The man who works should realize as a Christian that faithfulness in his daily labor is service to God and will be rewarded. Hiram Gough, a shoemaker, furnishes a good example of the religion of labor. A young minister had heard of the unquestioned piety of the old cobbler; he had noted his faithful attendance at all the important services of the church, and, calling upon him, said: "Mr. Gough?" The old cobbler interrupted, saying, "Call me plain Hiram." The young minister said: "Pardon me, Hiram. I came over to tell you I am glad to see a man in your humble calling—" The shoemaker arose and said to him: "Don't call my calling humble; I am a shoemaker by the grace of God. Do you see this pair of shoes I am mending? These shoes are worn by the little daughter of old widow Smith. If I fail to do good work in mending them and that child catches cold because of my shoddy work, I am personally responsible. I am accountable to God for my shoe-making and repairing. If I do a better job in my shop than you do in the pulpit, I will get a better reward than you when we stand before Christ at the judgment." A man who loves his work will do better work than the man to whom the work is drudgery. Some time ago a man asked the President of the United States how he managed to do so much work. The President replied, with a smile: "It is because I love my job." That is the secret of the art of great accomplishment. A woman who loves to keep house will be a tidy, dainty housekeeper. The woman who loves to cook will turn out elegant meals intelligently prepared. The woman to whom housework is drudgery will have a house looking like a junk-shop, and a meal looking like an Irish stew, as the result of her labors. Parents, do not force the boy into some trade because his father or grandfather was an expert in that line. Don't put a round boy in a square hole. Do not stand with a cudgel over your daughter, making her sit

at the piano for many weary hours, chasing scales, doing arpeggios, grinding out mazurkas and rap-shodies (rhapsodies), when her mind and her natural choice is in botany, sewing, painting, or cooking. Develop the best within her. If music is not in her soul, let it become an incident in her education. There are too many people in the world to-day *giving pains with their voices*. (Laughter.) If pianos could speak, I think some of them would say: "Oh that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!" (Applause.) When you discover the trail upon which you can hit your best gait intellectually, professionally, and otherwise, go in to win; drop your baggage, and declare you are going to make a speed record toward the goal of perfection. (Applause.)

A man down South related the story some time ago of a hunter who was pursued by a panther, and who finally, looking ahead, saw another panther in the path, preparing to spring upon him. He waited a moment and when he saw the panther leap, he sprang to one side, and just at that moment the panther pursuing him sprang also, and both panthers met in mid-air. The old negro who described the scene said: "Dem painters cum togedder wid such *turrible ambition* dat instead of fallin' dem painters riz into de air and dey disappeared from circum-spection, and de hair was fallin' t'ree days aftehwuds." (Laughter.) It takes "*turrible ambition*" to rise in this world. (Applause.)

In my closing remarks I want to urge upon the parents as well as the young people to place God first in the home-life. Young people, hear me. The time will come, or has already, when you will plan to make a home for yourself. The spring-time of life is the mating-time, and I believe in getting married *and staying married*. Young man, I want your attention; the girl worth marrying detests the little clammy-handed, sallow-faced, half-baked neurotic, degenerated, cigarette-smoking cuss.

(Applause.) If the parents continue to advocate the sowing of wild oats for the young men of America, the legislators will have to issue a marriage license with divorce coupons attached, for the protection of the women. (Sensation.) I don't believe in the marriage of children, but I most assuredly favor an early marriage rather than a late one. I believe the clean, healthful young man who passes twenty-five years of age and is unmarried ought to be fined \$500, and if he passes thirty-five years of age and has retained his integrity and is still unmarried, he ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life. (Laughter and applause.) There is no sweeter place this side of heaven than the Christian home. Do you want to know about marital happiness, marriageable girls and young men? The text is a guarantee to happiness. In regard to your home, heed the words: "In the beginning God." I mentioned the mating-time of life. Did you ever notice the birds in the spring-time? *I have never seen them make a mistake.* The dove never marries the crow; the nightingale never marries the owl; the red bird never marries the woodpecker; the bird of paradise never marries the buzzard. *Why is it the bird family has more marrying sense than the human family?* I have seen a young woman, sweet, refined, cultured, beautiful soul—a veritable dove—led to the marriage altar by some contemptible crow for a husband. I have seen some dainty bird of paradise—a girl with the finest sensibilities, rare grace, and phenomenal beauty—become the wife of a human buzzard. These remarks are plain, but the terrible truth needs plain handling. Young woman, you have as much right to swear, and smoke, and chew, and drink, and gamble, and carouse as the man has who expects you to become his wife. (Great applause.) If you allow some degenerate to lead you to the marriage altar, you are a sentimental fool. (Applause.) We have all heard of beauty in old age. There is no rarer grace than the fruit of a righteous life. I saw a letter some time ago from a wife to her husband. She said: "You are

my ideal of a Christian; you have helped me to be a better woman." A home built on that kind of love will defy all of the blasts of life's storms, for it is founded on the Eternal Rock. "In the beginning God," and God will be there at the winding up of the affairs of that home. An aged Scotchman sat by the bedside where lay the partner of over seventy years of married life. He was ninety-five, she was ninety-three. The dying woman said: "Donald, it is getting night." She thought it was the close of another day. He knew it was the end of her life. He replied: "Yes, Janet, it is getting night." She said: "Husband, are the boys all in?" He answered: "Yes, wife, the boys are all in." The last one had passed over to Glory fifteen years before. The old woman said: "Husband, I will soon be in, won't I?" The old man said: "Yes, you will soon be in." The feeble old saint said: "Husband, you will soon come in too, won't you?" He answered: "Yes, by the grace of God, I will soon come in." Her life passed away when she had spoken these words: "And the Lord will shut us all in together forever, won't He?"

"Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the River of Life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white."

"In the beginning God."

CHAPTER XII.

WHERE FELL YOUR AX-HEAD?

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I will read the Word of God from 2 Kings, the sixth chapter, beginning with the first verse: "And the sons of the prophets said unto Elisha, Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make us a place there, where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye. And one said, Be pleased, I pray thee, and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go. So he went with them. And when they came to Jordan, they cut down wood. But as one was felling a beam, the ax-head fell into the water: and he cried and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he shewed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither, and made the iron to swim. And he said, Take it up to thee. And he put out his hand, and took it."

This forms one of the most remarkable stories of the Bible, from the first words, indicating the dissatisfaction of the sons of the prophets in their uncomfortable quarters, to the last line, which tells us that the young man reached out his hand and took the ax-head. These stalwart sons of the prophets, addressing the grand old successor of Elijah, said unto him, "Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us"—that is, "it is too small; we need larger quarters." If you consider the church buildings in the average community, you will have a fair conception of the moral and spiritual conditions of the town. One of the first things the intelligent business man looks

for in a community is the size and quality of the church buildings. When the churches are about the size of an average box-stall, you can count on it, the citizenship of a community furnishing such disreputable places of worship for the people are puerile, stingy, pusillanimous, good-for-nothing milk-sops. It can easily be said in every community, comparing the membership of the churches with the vast numbers of the people who are out of the kingdom of God, "The place where we dwell is too strait for us." Only about 5 per cent of the men of America are members of the Church, and only about 3 per cent are active workers. God, in looking upon the lazy, self-satisfied churches of our nation, thunders again the command to Zion, "Enlarge thy borders"—in other words, "Wake up and get busy." I would have you understand, however, that God in no wise wants proselyting or dishonorable methods in building up any church. God's people are called His sheep, and any disreputable proselyter who will steal God's sheep will steal your sheep if he gets a chance. There are contemptible organizations in our country which simply fatten upon the ignoble and despicable methods of proselyting. For instance, you take that bunch of skillet-headed Seventh-Day Adventists as an example. They are sowing this country down with tracts and papers and cheap books filled with infamy, falsehood, and perverted Scriptures. They claim that the Pope of Rome substituted the Roman Sunday for the original Sabbath of the Lord which God Almighty had set apart, which day from time immemorial was Saturday. That statement is an absurdity and a falsity on the face of it. They therefore deal at considerable length with the proposition of the Pope being the beast as spoken of in Revelation 13:18; and while the hypothetical name of the beast is in the Greek *Lateinos*, and I will here present the calculation from the Greek which forms the basis of the contention that the word *Lateinos* refers specifically to the Latin Church legic-

ally centering in the Pope of Rome. The Greek letters here follow, with their numerical significance:

A'	=	30	L
A'	=	1	A
T'	=	300	T
E'	=	5	E
I'	=	10	I
N'	=	50	N
O'	=	70	O
Z'	=	200	S
666			

The main stumbling-block of the world, in regard to the Sabbath question, occurs as a result of an erroneous translation of Matthew 28:1, and similar verses, which in the revised as well as the old authorized versions substantially read: "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre." It is impossible for me to understand how any person who knows anything about the Greek language should translate *Sabbaton*, "*first day of the week*." It in nowise indicates first day of the week, and cannot, from any claim of flexibility, be twisted into such meaning. The Sabbath following the crucifixion was a Pentecostal Sabbath; it therefore was forty-eight hours long, and not twenty-four hours long. The resurrection of Jesus did not occur on the "first day of the week," but it did occur on Sunday, and, according to the inspired record of the Holy Ghost, it was *the first of the Sabbaths*, as the Greek Testament plainly asserts. The old original Sun Day occurred annually, therefore could not occur every seven days. The Roman week was eight days long, so if they had the festival or holiday this week on Sunday, it would occur next week on Monday, and the week following on Tuesday, and so on. God, in speaking definitely to the children of Israel in

Hosea, the second chapter and eleventh verse, said: "I will also cause all her mirth to cease, her feast days, her new moons, and her Sabbaths, and all her solemn feasts." Abib 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; Iyar 6, 13, 20, 27; Sivan 4, 5, 12; Tisri 1, 8, 15, 22—were required to be Sabbath days by the law of God to ancient Israel. These Sabbaths could no more occur on Saturday every year than Christmas or the Fourth of July can occur on Saturday every year. The Sabbath of the ancient Jew therefore changed to a different day every year. God ended these changeable Sabbaths with the Sabbath of the resurrection, which is our Sunday. The council which gave the title of pope to the bishop of Rome in the year 1073 had no more to do with the changing of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday than I had. Ignatius, who was located in Antioch, doubtless in the year 69 A. D., made this statement: "Every lover of Christ celebrates the Lord's day, consecrated to the resurrection of Christ, as the queen and chief of all days." The proper rendering of Matthew 28:1, as the Greek word for the Sabbath is plural and not singular, would read substantially as follows: "In the end of the Sabbaths [fulfilling the prophecy of Hosea 2:11], as it began to dawn toward the first of the Sabbaths, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre." Martin Luther gave practically this rendition eighty-nine years before the King James version was issued. Young's translation of the Bible also gives this literal translation of Matthew 28:1 and all similar verses bearing upon the Sabbath question. (Young's translation, Matthew 28:1; Mark 16:2, 9; Luke 24:1; John 20:1-19.) It seems to me that it is time for the people who call themselves scholars to quit their infernal nonsense in dealing with adverse criticisms, and begin to stand for the integrity of the Holy Writ. Sunday is the true Sabbath of God and should be the delight and joy of all children of God throughout the world.

Christian Science is another proselyting institution of the Devil. I have studied the best text-books in the world on the psychic treatment of diseases, and I am compelled to say in the light of the admission on the part of Mrs. Eddy in her book, erroneously called the "Key to the Scriptures," in which she says she discovered mental healing and named it Christian Science, that she has no more business to claim to be the originator of mental healing than I have; and she had no more business to forge the name of Jesus Christ to the practice of mental healing than I have to forge your name to a check and get money out of the bank. I would be just as honest pursuing that kind of business as Mrs. Eddy was in coupling her despicable graft to the name of the Son of God. In the light of Mrs. Eddy's *uhase* that there is no sin, and that Christian Science women are by "spiritual creativeness" to bear children; that the marriage tie is, in its sexual meaning, unnecessary in the propagation of the species—in the name of grateful humanity, whose joy is spouting forth like the majestic typhoon, I proceed to apotheosize the *Witch of Boston!*

Here 's to the Witch who produces babies without fathers; who grows feathers on the sand-rock, hair on the comet's tail, leaves on the mouse, apples on the berry-bush, tomatoes on the rainbow, lemons on the Milky Way, pumpkins on the North Pole, strawberries on the South Pole!

All hail to the Witch who has changed the leopard's spots and the Ethiopian's skin!

Hats off to the Witch who has made "good," "right," "light," "love," "good right," "right good," "love light," "light love," out of murder, adultery, thievery, arson, affinityism, and every crime in the category of crookedness! *Coats off* to the Witch who has with one official *pronunciamento* abolished all sin! *Shoes off* to the Witch who threw a scare into the Devil and chased him, it, or her into "innocuous desuetude"!

Pocketbooks open to the Witch who has blotted all pain and sickness from the universe!

Hell open to the Witch whose infernal cult will cause free-love to spread, adultery to corrode, and bastardy to blight the nation!

There are some pan-demics of damnation threatening our Republic in its moral and spiritual integrity; they are: the whisky traffic, socialism, communism, anarchy, infidelity, Unitarianism, and Christian Science. "Let God arise; let His enemies be scattered!"

Dr. Du Bois, of Switzerland, has been treating nervous disorders for perhaps twenty-five years with the Psychic Method, and he can give the defunct leaders of the Christian Science cult ten thousand pointers, and he in no wise connects his plan of work with any claim to religion.

The issue in this great campaign is not, Which church shall receive the largest number of accessions? but, Shall we be able to lead the great mass of unconverted people to the Lord Jesus Christ? Regeneration is the message, and regeneration is the method of building up the kingdom of God and enlarging the borders of Zion.

I notice a definite aim stated in the Scripture lesson. Someone said: "Let us go to the Jordan." There must be a definite aim on the part of the people who expect to win out in any great undertaking. Nehemiah appeared as cup-bearer before Artaxerxes the king in Shushan the palace. (When I was in London some years ago, I saw a bath-tub and several stone pillars from that ancient palace, and when I thought that possibly Nehemiah had taken baths in that stone tub and had leaned against those colossal pillars, it made the story of Nehemiah seem more real.) His face was very sad; the king, noticing that he was not ill, wondered at his sorrow, and inquired concerning the cause of his sadness. Nehemiah said: "I have just had a letter from Jerusalem, and I have been informed that

the city lieth waste, the walls are razed to the ground, and sorrow and suffering blight my beloved people." The king said: "What do you want?" Nehemiah replied: "I want to go to Jerusalem and rebuild the walls." The king replied: "I will not only give you permission to go, but I will send a company of soldiers to protect you and will order the governors to furnish you materials with which to build the wall." Nehemiah engaged the people in the great pursuit of building; and Sanballat the Horonite, Tobiah the Ammonite, some Arabians, some Ashdodites, and Geshem, an Arabian sheik, opposed Nehemiah. Some of them asked: "What *do* these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they make an end in a day? If a fox runs upon the wall which they build, it will fall down." Nehemiah said nothing, but kept the work going. Finally, when they discovered that they could not discourage the intrepid builders with ridicule, they threatened them; and Nehemiah put a sword in the hand of every builder and instructed the builders to fight for their city.

The Church of God in America has been on the defensive too long. It has been playing sham battle with the Devil; preachers have been firing sugar-coated bread pills when they ought to have used thirteen-inch shells and large-sized cannonballs. God help us to press the battle to the gates, and tear the gates off and go in and possess the land! Use the sword of God's Spirit while ye build the walls of Jerusalem.

When they discovered that their opposition to Nehemiah could not prevent his splendid work, they suggested a compromise. They said: "Come down to the plains of Ono, Colonel Nehemiah; we want to have a sociable talk with you; you are a mighty fine fellow. We want you to visit us." Nehemiah said, "O *no*," and then he wisely added, "They sought to do me mischief." Church member, hear me; whenever the Devil suggests a card party, bridge whist, progressive euchre, a dance, a visit to the theatre, give the answer of the

intrepid Nehemiah, "Oh, no," for the Devil seeks to do you mischief.

Nehemiah and the workers finished the walls in fifty-two days, and they accomplished this seeming impossibility because "the people had a mind to work." The people did not go there to growl at Nehemiah, but to do what he wanted done. When a team balks or stops to kick, they never pull an ounce. The chariot wheels of salvation seem stationary in some communities, because the church members have stopped to kick and quibble and split theological hairs as long as from here to New York city. The leader of the sons of the prophets gave this advice to the woodsmen: "Take every man a beam." Not a method, not an opinion, not a kick, not an objection. There are some old fossils in our churches who were born in the objective case. (Laughter.) They object to anything and everything which means health and life and vigor and victory to the cause of God. Their object was to erect a place to dwell. Eternal permanency, thank God, is the foundation of real evangelism. I expect to meet people in Heaven and shake hands with them a million years from to-night, whom I have led to Christ in this city.

Elisha said, "Go ye"; this meant divine authority, for he was God's man. Some sensible young man said to the great prophet, "Be pleased to go with us"; and Elisha said, "I will go." Elisha was the successor of Elijah. One day Elisha and Elijah left Gilgal, and Elijah, seeking to test Elisha, said to him: "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel." And Elisha said unto him: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." So they went down to Bethel, and the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came out to Elisha and said to him: "Do you know that the Lord is going to take Elijah to Heaven to-day?" And Elisha said: "Yes, I know it; hold your peace." And Elijah said to Elisha: "Tarry here at Bethel, for the Lord

hath sent me to Jericho." But the wise successor to Elijah said: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." So they came to Jericho, and the sons of the prophets at Jericho came out to Elisha and said: "Do you know that the Lord is going to take your master away from you to-day?" And he answered: "Certainly I know it; hold your peace." And Elijah said unto him: "Tarry, I pray thee, here at Jericho, for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan." But Elisha said: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went and stood to view afar off the marvelous translation of Elijah. So they stood over by the Jordan, and Elijah took his mantle and wrapped it together and smote the waters and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground. After they had crossed the river, Elijah said to Elisha: "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." And Elisha said: "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Elijah answered: "Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." A little later they were walking along talking, and behold a chariot of fire and horses of fire came sweeping down from Heaven, and the men were parted. Elisha stood, while angelic choirs and heavenly soldiers, with the clash of eternal armament, accompanied Elijah by a whirlwind into Heaven. Elisha stood transfixed with awe and amazement, and he shouted out: "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" And he saw Elijah no more. He picked up the mantle of Elijah that fell from him and went back to the bank of Jordan, and he took the mantle of Elijah and smote the waters and said: "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" And the waters parted and Elisha went over, and the sons of the prophets came out and bowed themselves to the ground before Elisha's capable successor. The Jordan and

Elisha are two inspiring words in connection with Bible history. A man of God who made Naaman's leprosy to cease by giving God's prescription could certainly make the iron swim. These young men wanted to associate with a man who knew God face to face. My soul has thrilled with the touch of holy power when I have come in contact with one of God's mighty men. The very atmosphere seems surcharged with Heaven's fire, when you are in the presence of a woman who walks close to God.

The Scripture here says: "The young men cut wood." That is exactly what they went out to do. Definite purpose, continuity of design, specific effort, combine the essentials of victory. The Jordan, that historical spot so marvelous in its scenes of the manifestations of God's interest in His people; great things happened there. Many years ago, when Daniel Webster, the peerless American orator, was asked to deliver an oration on the battlefields of Bunker Hill, they say a hundred thousand people crowded around the speaker's stand. When finally the lives of the occupants of the stand were endangered, as well as the lives of many who were close to the heavy timbers, Webster, seeing the danger of the moment, sprang to his feet and shouted, with thunderous command, "Men, stand back! you are endangering our lives." The men answered: "Mr. Webster, it is impossible for us to stand back; they are crowding us from the rear." Webster, taking in the situation at a glance, summoning all his psychic energy, said with cyclonic power: "Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill. Men, stand back!" And, as if by magic, the thousands swayed back from the speaker's stand and saved the lives of hundreds. This tabernacle is located on holy ground, for God created it, and in the name of Almighty God, in the name of Jesus Christ, in the name of the Holy Spirit, in the name of the cherubim and seraphim and all Heaven's highest hierarchy, I say to the Church of God in this great tabernacle, Nothing is impossible to him that believeth! (Shouts of "Amen!" and applause.)

Back to the Scripture lesson for the closing moments of my message. One young man was at work chopping when his ax-head slipped from the handle and fell into the water. I don't know why he didn't have sense enough to put a wedge in the end of the ax-handle and fasten it on. He had borrowed the ax; he should have at least taken some precaution to guarantee its safe return. That ax-head represented his usefulness on that occasion, but the ax-head had fallen into the water. The young man cried out in dismay, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed." With John MacNiel, I want to commend the young man here for his intelligence in one thing: he had sense enough to stop chopping when the ax-head had fallen into the water. (Laughter.) It is a pitiable sight when you see a little preacher whacking away with a bare ax-handle. (Laughter.) It is also a sad thing to see a church member who has lost his ax-head and goes through life with a bare ax-handle, never making a mark on the Devil's kingdom. That ax-head spiritually is your power with God and with man. Where fell it? The prophet asked the young man the question, and he pointed straight to the spot where it fell. Certainly he knew where the ax-head fell, and so do you. Some of you men dropped your ax-head at a horse trade, when you traded some old bone-spavined, wind-broken, ring-boned, thirty-year-old bunch of heaves for a fresh three-year-old colt. (Laughter.) I can see some of you old rascals dodge. (Applause.) I know how you filed off the teeth of that horse and polished them up. You left off the cipher which belongs to the figure three when you told his age. You dropped your ax-head. Some of you women dropped your ax-head on the ball-room floor when you danced with some licentious rascal and said you couldn't see any harm in the dance. Some of you dropped your ax-head when you gambled for a piece of cut-glass or sterling silver or fancy china, or something else, at your bridge whist or other progressive gambling games. Some of you dropped your ax-

head at the theater when you paid money to see a foul, Sabbath-desecrating, whisky-soaked bunch of profane, adulterous repro-bates pretend to stand as the friends of virtue. Where fell your ax-head? Some of you business men dropped yours when you lied to a customer about some cheap material which you represented as all-wool, a yard wide, and a foot thick, when it was two-thirds cotton.

Oh, if we can get the ax-head and the ax-handle connected, and get a company of people who have backbone enough to chop, we will see victory in this great campaign! You can't cut down the Devil's hardened, seasoned timber with an ax-handle. Don't come whining around me, telling me that you don't know where you dropped your ax-head, you old hypocrite; you can see the ripple on the water now. You know where that ax-head fell. There is some silent witness, some dark alley, some stone pillar, some brick house, some frame house, some place where the ax-head fell. Do you sing that doleful wail: "Where is the joy that once I knew, when first I loved the Lord?" You go back and find the ax-head and the joy comes with it. The prophet said: "Where fell it?" The young man pointed to the spot. The ax-head lies to-day right where you dropped it. It has never moved an inch, and it never will move until you move it. The prophet turned to some prophet's son and had him cut a cudgel, and he threw the cudgel at the very spot where fell the ax-head, and the iron did swim. I have been cutting cudgels here this evening, and throwing them at the place of compromise where fell your ax-head.

Brethren of the ministry, I believe God gave us in the action of Elisha the prophet the great example that He expects us to follow. If we would cause the iron to swim, let us throw the cudgel of God's truth at the spot where the ax-head fell. It may crack the head or the hands, or the heart or the heels of some of the people of this audience, but here goes the cudgel! I want you to find the ax-head. Sometimes the ax-head is lost

because of neighborhood gossip, denominational fussing, political intrigue, commercial dishonesty. Some years ago a friend of mine was conducting a meeting back in Indiana. The meeting seemed destined to fail, when one of the ministers said: "I believe I know where the trouble lies." He went to a prominent church officer and said: "Judge, I have heard certain things about you and I want to know if they are true. If they are not, I will stand by you; if they are, I want to help you." The judge began to weep, and he said: "They are all true and more too. I have been living a double life, and I want you to pray for me that I may get right with God and man." They knelt in prayer, and when they arose the judge led the way to a man who had been his political enemy for years. He asked the man to forgive him, and the two prominent citizens went together to the meeting. The judge arose and made a powerful appeal through his humble confession of his sin. The audience was melted to tears, and sixty people surrendered that night to Jesus Christ. The judge led his political enemy to Jesus Christ. He got his ax-head in working order. Go thou and do likewise. The honor of the young man, yea, the cause of God was represented by his action in securing the ax-head. Suppose he had taken the ax-handle home and slipped it slyly into the wood-yard, without making the loss of the head right. The prophets would have been held in disrepute.

Neighbor, hear me! When you fail to live the religion of Christ which you profess, you misrepresent and disgrace your Lord. *Where fell your ax-head?*

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN NAAMAN, THE LEPER.

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TEXT: "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria; he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper."—2 Kings 5:1.

I never read this text but that my soul vibrates with admiration for Captain Naaman because he is mentioned as an honorable man, and a mighty man of valor. It is natural, if one has any sense or spirit of patriotism, to respond to military regalia and renown. A man hardly deserves the right of franchise in our country whose heart is not thrilled when he listens to the patriotic anthems, "America," "The Red, White, and Blue," "The Star-Spangled Banner"—to say nothing of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie."

This gallant captain of Syria's host was a leper. How frequently do men complain because of the pomp and power and wealth of some, while others are in abject poverty and distress. Some time ago the newspapers spoke of an American multi-millionaire who was offering a million dollars for a new stomach. Let me impress upon the hard-working, strong-armed, brave-hearted man, who is able to labor diligently, enjoy three meals a day, and has earned a night's repose when the shades of evening gather and night's curtains veil the West, that according to this computation he is worth a million. I feel disposed to pity the man who has unwieldy riches; particularly these old gouty, rheumatic, lymphatic, peritonitic, gastritic ras-

cal. I wouldn't have my body paralyzed with physical infirmities brought on by gormandizing, liquor-drinking, and other kinds of rascality, for all the money in the world. A man hasn't a great deal of sense who is envious of the rich. David gives us a splendid picture of the uncertainty of riches and the reward of righteousness; in the thirty-seventh Psalm (that marvelous poem, which is a sure cure for the blues, and which lifts high the banner, "Fret not thyself," repeatedly) we read: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Here is the story of a great man who was doubtless the saddest man in Damascus, the world's most ancient city. He had a wife and a home, doubtless a beautiful home, but he could not enjoy his home, nor could he have fellowship with his wife; he was a leper. Moral leprosy keeps many a man from enjoying the sweet ties of the home circle. There are many wanderers on the face of the earth to-night, who have had the touch of the influence of the home; they became lepers, moral lepers, and that means social ostracism ultimately. I was on a lecture tour in a Western State some months ago. I sat in the hotel office at a little junction point, waiting for an east-bound train. I saw a man eyeing me very intently; I looked at him and wondered why he was so interested in me. Some time later the manager of the hotel asked me to go to the kitchen, and while I rarely if ever go farther than the dining-room in the average hotel, I told him I would go to the kitchen and find out what the man wanted. The manager informed me that the cook had asked for me. When I entered the kitchen, he met me and said: "Do you remember me?" I replied: "I do not." He said: "During your meeting six or seven years ago in ———, Kansas, I ran a hotel; my daughter was converted

in your meeting. Since that time I have lost my home and my business." He continued with evident bitterness in his soul: "I have no business to be in this kitchen as a hotel cook. I was educated for the ministry in the Garrett Biblical Institute. I am a graduate of the Northwestern University. I became a skeptic and my infidelity has cost me my home, my peace of mind, my business, and perhaps my soul's salvation. What am I to do?" I said to him: "You are a long distance from God, from peace, from happiness, from prosperity. If you are willing to come all the way back to God, all these things shall be added unto you, for Christ said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.'" What mattered his intellectual polish, his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, since he was a leper? He could, the day I saw him, take the dry bones of Church history and make a seminary rattle; but he was headed for damnation, and I plainly told him so, and urged him to repent. He replied, with trembling voice and tear-stained cheeks: "God knows I am willing to do anything to get right." I left him a little later, having heard the promise that he would repent and serve God.

Captain Naaman was compelled to absent himself from close proximity to his loved ones and the distinguished men of the nation, also his troops. Poor sad-faced Naaman! High position, military honor, the insignia of authority, could not give him happiness. He was overwhelmed with the burning consciousness of his physical stigma; he was a leper. There probably had never been in Syria a more courageous officer; he was doubtless the delight of the dark-eyed, brown-faced maidens; he must have been a gallant swain, an ideal lover; a dashing officer, always in the line of promotion; at last captain of the host, the highest position in the realm next to the king—in fact, a rival of the king in the affections of the people, for in that day military prowess was considered with greater kindness than it is in our generation. Perhaps there had never been a happier

bride in Syria than the beautiful girl whom Naaman led to the marriage altar; the wedding procession was doubtless made up of the distinguished friends and relatives of both the young people. The prospects were golden. High position, wealth, and love were all theirs. What in the world could shift the scene or blot this happy picture from the horizon of hope? I gather the story of his past happiness simply from my own happy experiences. I find it overlooked in the message of the text, for in his own soul, at that time, and in his own home, the word Naaman seemed eternally welded to that accursed name Icha-bod—the glory is departed!

Leprosy is a terrible disease! The people of the Orient have invariably led the world as sufferers from this blighting scourge. So contaminating was the disease that the leper was repudiated as an outcast. The law of God was very strong in this respect. In the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Leviticus the law of leprosy is very clearly stated. Beginning with the second verse of chapter thirteen, we read: "When a man shall have in the skin of his flesh a rising, a scab, or bright spot, and it be in the skin of his flesh like the plague of leprosy; then he shall be brought unto Aaron the priest, or unto one of his sons the priests: and the priest shall look on the plague in the skin of the flesh: and when the hair in the plague is turned white, and the plague in sight be deeper than the skin of his flesh, it is a plague of leprosy: and the priest shall look on him, and pronounce him unclean. And if the priest see that, behold, the scab spreadeth in the skin, then the priest shall pronounce him unclean: it is a leprosy. When the plague of leprosy is in a man, then he shall be brought unto the priest; and the priest shall see him: and, behold, if the rising be white in the skin, and it have turned the hair white, and there be quick raw flesh in the rising; it is an old leprosy in the skin of his flesh, and the priest shall pronounce him unclean, and shall not shut him up: for he is unclean. And if a leprosy break out abroad in the

skin, and the leprosy cover all the skin of him that hath the plague from his head even to his foot, wheresoever the priest looketh; then the priest shall consider: and, behold, if the leprosy have covered all his flesh, he shall pronounce him clean that hath the plague: it is all turned white: he is clean. But when raw flesh appeareth in him, he shall be unclean."

The leprosy at times occurred in a boil. Sometimes the leprosy began in the hair. The priests became experts in diagnosis, so clear was the law of God given to Moses, and there is no question but that certain types of the leprosy of the Old Testament correspond to the venereal diseases of the present day. (Leprosy has been called the fourth stage of syphilis.) The record continues: "And if there be in the bald head, or bald forehead, a white reddish sore; it is a leprosy sprung up in his bald head or his bald forehead. Then the priest shall look upon it: and, behold, if the rising of the sore be white reddish in his bald head, or in his bald forehead, as the leprosy appeareth in the skin of the flesh; he is a leprous man, he is unclean: the priest shall pronounce him utterly unclean; his plague is in his head. And the leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean! All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be."

The garments of the leper were ordered burned, for the leprosy seemed to enter the very woof and warp of the cloth. The law reads: "The garment also that the plague of leprosy is in, whether it be a woollen garment, or a linen garment; whether it be in the warp, or woof; of linen, or of woollen; whether in a skin, or in any thing made of skin; and if the plague be greenish or reddish in the garment, or in the skin, either in the warp, or in the woof, or in any thing of skin; it is a plague of leprosy, and shall be shewed unto the priest." After

shutting the plague-smitten garment up for seven days, the priest examined it, and if the plague had spread, it was considered a fretting leprosy and was pronounced unclean, and was immediately burned. Leprosy seemed at times to appear in the houses. If, after removing certain stones and scraping others, and putting on new plaster, the leprosy continued in evidence, the house was ordered destroyed and all the stone and timber and mortar carried out of the city into an unclean place.

The ceremony followed in the official cleansing of the leper was a most interesting event. The leper was brought to the priest and examined, and if found healed, two birds were brought, while cedar wood, scarlet, and hyssop were also used. One of the birds was killed in an earthen vessel over running water; the living bird, the cedar wood, scarlet, and hyssop were all dipped in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; then the man was sprinkled with this blood seven times; the living bird was let loose in an open field. Then the man was ordered to shave off all his hair and wash himself in water. He was permitted to come into the camp, but could not enter his tent for seven days. On the seventh day he was to enjoy another complete shave, which included his eyebrows, then he was to take another bath, wash his clothes, and he was pronounced clean. On the eighth day he was to offer three lambs, some flour and oil, as a trespass offering, a wave offering, and a sin offering. The priest took some of the blood of the trespass offering, and put it on the tip of the right ear of the man, also upon the thumb of his right hand and the great toe of his right foot. He also sprinkled some of the oil seven times before the Lord, and of the rest of the oil the priest put some upon the tip of the right ear of the man, also upon the thumb of his right hand and upon the great toe of his right foot, upon the blood of the trespass offering; and the remainder of the oil in the priest's hand was poured on the head of the man. The priest thereby made an atonement for him before the Lord. If

the man was poor and could not afford the three lambs, turtle doves or pigeons were used as the offering.

To understand clearly the terrible stigma Naaman suffered, a brief scientific discussion of leprosy is advisable. The disease is described by medical authorities as an endemic, chronic, malignant, constitutional disorder, due to a specific bacillus, characterized by alterations in the cutaneous, nerve, and bone structure, varying in its morbid manifestations according to whether the skin, nerves, or other tissues are predominantly involved, and results in anesthesia, ulceration, necrosis, general atrophy, and deformity. During the past one hundred years, in certain sections of the world, in connection with the disease, there evidently have been signs of recrudescence—the state of being raw—and the disease has appeared in sections where it had never before been in evidence; it has, however, extensively prevailed; but in recent years it is not so prolific as formerly; it is found in Russia, Norway, Sweden, China, Japan, on the African coast, in Central and South America, Mexico, Cuba, the Sandwich Islands, and the British colonies; it is common in the islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans, Madeira, and the West Indies; and is found also in Spain, Portugal, Greece, Italy, France, and the United States. In symptomology it resembles sin, that deadly bacillus of hell which deforms, atrophies, ulcerates, and destroys the moral fabric; for, like sin, it presents varied and multitudinous symptoms. The clinical aspects are never one and the same, a complete differentiation is naturally expected; there are some cases which seem to evidence the symptoms of all the distinct types of the disease. The pathology of the disease, so far as investigation decides, I will here present: first, the incubation period; second, the period of invasion; third, the macular type; fourth, the tubercular type; fifth, the anesthetic type; sixth, the mixed type; seventh, the effete type. It is peculiarly surprising to note again how leprosy resembles sin in its stage of incubation or its beginning.

There is apparently no primary lesion recognizable. The observer is circumscribed in his investigations on this account. Exposure, the result of a visit to any section where the disease is prevalent, has been known to bring on the disease; there is, however, no known period, or no number of days or weeks or months, between the exposure and the manifestation of the disease. It varies from months to years. Dr. Bidekap reports an instance in which the disease developed within a few weeks after the first exposure. Dr. Morrow reports a case in which the disease appeared ten months after a visit to the Sandwich Islands. Other authorities record cases indicating the period of incubation from ten to forty years. The state of health, the character of food, climate, the conditions of the surroundings, as in most every other exposure, will cause the manifestation of the disease to vary.

A very significant statement is given by Dr. Stelwagen, which illustrates the subtlety of the disease. He says that in most cases of apparent long period of incubation, the disease may have already been in evidence for some time, but that the manifestations are of such a mild character that they escape observation; the prodromata—that is, the forerunners of the disease—are not easily detected. There are some symptoms, however, which indicate the certainty of the disease, chilliness, intermittent febrile action, feverishness, malaise, disinclination to exertion, hebetude, debility, epistaxis, often associated with pain, alterations in sensibility and motor action, lassitude and debility, pains in the extremities, and itching of a severe degree; these are doubtless the most common characteristic signs of the invasion of the disease, when accompanied by tingling and burning, pricking pain, soreness, and tenderness of parts affected, numbness, heaviness, stiffness, with neuralgic pain; an examination of the mucous membrane of the pharynx and upper air-passages will doubtless reveal specific evidences of the work of the deadly bacillus. The voice is altered, it becomes husky and

rough; free nasal secretions occur, the salivary secretions also increase.

The macular type of leprosy is considered as a forerunner of the tubercular form—in fact, it precedes the anesthetic type. Slight eruptions may occur without any preceding symptoms; patches varying in size, of a reddish, violaceous, blackish, or brownish color, may be followed by depigmentation. The outer surface or integument often presents a dappled appearance; patches vary in size from a pin-head to a palm or even larger. The macular type is sometimes accompanied with paralytic motor symptoms and sensory disturbances, leading gradually but certainly into the tubercular type, the appearance of tubercles and nodules, followed by ulceration on the face and other parts with a peculiar infiltration of the eyebrows and the face in general; the face, in fact, becomes frightfully deformed, and the condition is described technically as *leontiasis*, or *satyriasis*, on account of the peculiar expression of the face.

There are 3,000,000 lepers in the world, located practically as follows: 2,000,000 in China; 200,000 in India; 20,000 in Japan; the remaining 780,000 are scattered throughout Europe, the islands of the seas, with a few in the United States of America. Since 1905 only 400 cases have been reported in the United States.

The *Bacillus leprae* is a small rod bacillus; it measures from one-half to three-fourths of the diameter of a red corpuscle, and is in length about one five-thousandth of an inch, and in breadth measures about one-fifth of the length. This frightful blight wholly abolishes the sensory functions. The disintegration and the destruction of the fingers and toes, the hands and feet, the ulnar and perineal nerves, and other nerves of the extremities, is complete; paralysis often appears as a blessing in disguise, and ends the frightful suffering. The bacilli may contaminate by coming in contact with an abrasion, or may be inhaled and make an immediate attack upon the mucous mem-

branes of the pharynx and larynx. The children who have been removed from contaminated quarters in early infancy have almost wholly escaped the blight, even though their parents were lepers. Hereditary leprosy seems to prevail in only 3 per cent of the lepers.

The *Lepra bacilli* are found in greater abundance in the tissues, where they appear in clumps, groups, or masses. Their individuality is easily demonstrated by staining the section of tissue or *débris* of an effete nodule by Ehrlich's process with fuchsin and methyl blue as a contrast. Their appearance in the connective tissue of the peripheral nerves, the lymphatic glands and spaces, also the sebaceous glands, is always expected; they are found throughout the entire viscera—that is, the internal organs, the liver, kidneys, spleen; also in the ovary; practically no organ escapes.

I do not begin the method of diagnosis of the disease at this point in my discourse because I fear a plague of leprosy in this community, but I do so because the basis of the work of the diagnostician is so literally the basis of the diagnosis of the sinner's contamination with sin that I am irresistibly drawn into a brief diagnostic discussion. The following divisions of ideas and symptoms form the basis of determining the existence and stage of the disease.

First: The possibility of exposure suggested by the habitat or place of dwelling. (Evil communications corrupt the soul.)

Second: The history of the exposure and the condition of the persons affected should be considered. ("There is a sin unto death.")

Third: Eruptions on the extremities noted. ("They devised new sins.")

Fourth: When discolored areas of skin are accompanied by anesthesia, insensibility to the touch, heat, or cold. ("The soul that sinneth, it shall die.")

Fifth: Disturbances of a trophic character: (a) perforating ulcers; (b) muscular atrophy, particularly affecting the hands (producing claw hands); (c) clubbed fingers; (d) deformity of the hands and feet from the loss of the phalanges; (e) persistent incurable ulcers at the articulations or joints of the phalanges of the fingers and toes; (f) facial paralysis. ("Sow to the wind—reap the whirlwind.")

Sixth: The finger-nails become blunted and discolored. ("Evil pursueth sinners.")

Seventh: The macular areas present symmetrical eruptions with bilateral—two-sided—distribution: (a) dusky red discolorations; (b) the discoloration is of elliptical shape, the outer ring is elevated and deeply pigmented, while the center remains lighter—in fact, a dirty white color; (c) anesthesia marks these macular areas; (d) the appearance of the eruptions on the legs and forearms, etc. ("The wages of sin is death.")

Eighth: The appearance of tubercles and nodules. ("Fools make a mock at sin.")

Ninth: The absolute loss of the original expression of the face. The eyelids and lips become terribly disfigured. The expression of the eye is almost like that of a hunted beast, furtive and pathetic to look upon. ("Be sure your sin will find you out.")

Tenth: The vocal cords invariably become involved because of the immediate effect upon the nasal pharynx and the larynx. The voice becomes metallic, nasal, and raucous or hoarse. ("The way of the transgressor is hard.")

The pathologic and pathogenic study of leprosy is interesting from a medical standpoint. The leading medical authorities of the world practically consider the virulent forms of leprosy incurable. It is a bone and blood and nerve, ligament, cell, protoplasm, and skin disease. It is considered by students of the Bible the greatest type of sin in all the world. Its beginning is small, a tiny spot, but that tiny spot means social

ostracism, a rottenness of body so horrible that the bones separate at the joints, the fingers drop away by pieces, until at last the hand is gone; then the arm drops off at the elbow, then at the shoulder. The toes are lost similarly; the bones of the feet separate and drop off until the subject is worse than dead.

Sin is as subtle as the leprosy in its beginning and as zymotic. I have never known a young man who started out in life with the determination of becoming a palsied drunken wreck, dying in the slime and mud of the street, by deliberate choice. I have never personally talked with a criminal in any prison who told me that he started out in life with the firm expectation of spending years in the penitentiary. I have seen hundreds of negroes in the chain-gangs of the South. If you talk with them, you will discover that they all intended to be honorable citizens, and many of them profess to be religious; some of them are preachers! The subtlety of sin, the power of temptation, has proven too much for weak humanity; whether in the chicken-stealing of the negro, or his crap-shooting or games of policy; or where the social life has been too much for the young man and he has become a drunkard as a result of his tippling, or a gambler as a result of his social card games, or a thief as a result of his small dishonesties, or a murderer as the result of an uncontrolled outburst of temper. I have talked to fallen women in our meetings in great cities and in small towns. I have never met a woman who named deliberate choice as the cause of her infamy and degradation. Women naturally shudder in the presence of things grossly immoral. A woman is as far from her God-given realm when she is in vile profanity, contemptible drunkenness, and a life of impurity, as a bird of paradise would be in Hell. The select dance was not intended by brainless mothers and stupid fathers as the beginning of the downfall of their sweet daughters; nevertheless it has become a channel of degradation in which close to fifty thousand young women are dashed to ruin annually in America. Behold, how great a

matter a little fire kindleth! A woman placed her kitchen lamp in the barn while she milked her cow. The cow kicked the lamp over and set the barn afire, and that night Chicago burned! In Ceylon there are more than forty serpents with a deadly sting; in every case death will result practically inside of a minute, if you are stung by any one of the forty species. Whenever it becomes safe to make a playmate of the deadly cobra of India, the rattlesnake of the plains, or any of the multitudinous venomous vipers of this world, then it will be intelligent and safe to play with sin. In California gigantic trees grow 105 feet in circumference, and 35 feet in diameter; some of them are more than 200 feet in height. I have been told that the seeds of these marvelous policemen of the forest are smaller than a mustard seed. The beginning of sin is scarcely discernible.

I said a while ago the leper was a physical and a social outcast. Suppose all moral lepers in this audience, in this community, in the world, were looked upon by the rest of humanity as they appear in point of guilt before God and the angels! The leper's torn garments, covered lip, with his dirge-like wail, "Unclean! unclean!" adds pathos to the picture when you consider an incurable leper. I read the law in your hearing; they were compelled to protect the uncontaminated, they were only permitted to walk down the middle of the highway, and were expected to sound the warning upon the approach of any traveler. Imagine the lonely traveler, seeing a man in the distance; perhaps he has come on a journey of many days or weeks; he has seen no human habitation; he is anxious to hear tidings, to talk to anybody; as he approaches, he notes the laborious walking of the man who comes toward him: the head is bowed, soon the depressed countenance is lifted, and he beholds a traveler approaching; instantly the wail is sounded, "Unclean! unclean!" The traveler dare not stop; he dare not engage in conversation with this outcast. Suppose a father seeks his son. He searches

the deserts; at last he discovers in the caverns or rocky declivities that which appears to be a sort of human habitation. He makes his approach; he hears a voice which he recognizes, crying out: "Unclean! unclean!" It is his son. Could a mother suffer a sadder blow than to discover her long-lost daughter with a bunch of lepers? Apply the truth morally. When the father searches for the boy who left home with a good heritage and with high hopes, and he is found at last in the city a moral leper, a drunken bum, an embezzler, a gambler, or a common thug, we naturally associate the words, "Unclean, unclean," with the moral leper as we do with the physical leper. Many a wayward, wanton girl in the submerged tenth of the slum-life of the great cities, who is being anxiously sought by a loving mother, will be compelled by outward evidences, if not with worded warning, to shock and grieve her mother because she is "unclean, unclean."

Young woman, are you keeping company with a young man who is a moral leper? Husband, as you go back to your home, do you go with the lash of conscience urging you to cry out because of your moral leprosy, "Unclean, unclean"? Young man, as you stand at the marriage altar with the pure, trusting girl, if your character is reprobate and your physical life debauched because of your impurity and degeneracy, before God I charge you that you should be compelled to cry out for the defense of the innocent girl, "Unclean! unclean!" Moral lepers fill our cities and make the air loathsome with their profanity, low-flung jests, and far-flung rascality. The farm, the village, the country store, the billiard-hall, the barber-shop, the whisky drug-store, oftentimes the livery stable, the saloon invariably, and many lodge-rooms, become the spawning-place for the germs of moral leprosy. The steer is branded with one impression of the branding-iron on the plains. The mind is oftentimes branded by the corroding influences of an idle vulgar tale which is poured by a moral leper into the soul of what has been

a pure boy. I hardly ever touch a town but that I am asked to denounce vulgar stories, impure jests, and foul conversation, not only on the part of the common sinner, but frequently members of the Church.

Let us apply the protective measure to the uncontaminated youth of our land. If the young man who comes to cultivate the friendship of your boy is a moral leper, discover his uncleanness and forbid the contamination. There are many boys to-day in the insane asylums of these United States, whose brains have become bankrupt because they were taught a sin by some corrupt companion. There are heart-broken girls, whose hearts are consumed with shame, who dare not face the pure mother, the proud father, because of their guilt. The moral inhalation of the bacillus of moral leprosy was enough. "Unclean! unclean!" is the sad requiem at the funeral of the wanderer.

Captain Naaman, are you going to die in your leprosy and have your rotting remains buried in the fashionable cemetery of Damascus, and have the very grave itself become impregnated with the deadly bacillus of your disease? Naaman speaks; he says: "I would gladly give my house and accumulation of wealth if I could be cured of this awful disease." Mrs. Naaman had a maid who was a Jewish child, who had been taken captive in a former invasion into Palestine by the hosts of Syria. This little girl, seeing the sadness of her mistress, said to her one day: "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would heal him of his leprosy." A valet was mightily impressed by the statement of the little maid; he went in and told his lord, and finally the king, Ben-Hadad, called Naaman into his presence and said: "Go to, go," (in other words, "By all means go,") "and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel"; and he departed and took with him ten talents of silver and six thousand pieces of gold and ten changes of raiment. Captain Naaman was handed a letter to Joram,

king of Israel, in which Ben-Hadad said: "Now when this letter shall come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman, my servant, to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy." Ben-Hadad made the blunder of sending Naaman to Joram, the king. Joram had no more power to cure the leper than a rabbit. When the letter at last was presented to the king of Israel, he read the letter and tore his clothing, and said: "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." The king thought Naaman had come to spy out the land and to bring on another conflict. Poor leprous Naaman, he never was farther from thoughts of the battle-field in his life. His soul was filled with a longing for the touch of healing. May God Almighty put that yearning in the heart of every moral leper in this great audience to-night. The report of the king's anger stirred the entire court, and at last Elisha, the man of God, heard that the king had rent his clothes, and he sent to the king a message, saying: "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know there is a prophet in Israel." Naaman was sent to the abode of the prophet Elisha with his horses and chariot. Elisha did not go out in person, but sent a messenger unto him, saying: "Go, and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come unto thee, and thou shalt be clean." Captain Naaman was very indignant, and went away saying: "Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place and cure my leprosy. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

The simplicity of God's message produces conviction in our day the same as it did in Elisha's day. Simple obedience to the command of God's prophet would bring health and healing to

the soul and body of Naaman. Here he was within reach of the absolute liberty from the plague which he so much loathed, and yet he was departing from the house of the prophet in a rage. He probably said: "That Elisha must be a grafter. I will never go back to his house again. I don't like his style." Thank God, he had servants who had good sense. Men of splendid abilities in all other matters will play the fool when they are under conviction. That has been evidenced in your community repeatedly as it has in other communities in all ages of the world's history. What did it matter what Naaman thought? He said: "I thought." His plan of curing the leprosy was a total failure, for he had had multitudinous opportunities to have prophets, priests, fakirs, charlatans, and "Christian Scientists" pat the spots, go through various and sundry incantations, and still he was a leper. If you are ever saved, neighbor, you will have to take God's way of salvation. Captain Naaman, if you want to go back to Syria a well man, fit to embrace your sweet wife, worthy to kiss your little children, dip seven times in the Jordan. That word "seven" is a wonderful word, as it symbolizes completeness in regard to God's dealing with man. The Jordan is oftentimes muddy, and deep and sluggish. Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, seemed to be the pride of Naaman, but there is nothing mentioned about the clear, dashing beauty of these Syrian rivers in the message of the prophet. To whom shall we go for eternal life? Shall we dip in the seductive waters of Abana and Pharpar, the waters of self-righteousness, personal aggrandizement, or shall we take the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and for uncleanness? Salvation is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast. Naaman's servants came near and said unto him: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith unto thee, Wash and be clean?" There are any amount of men who would gladly

build cathedrals, they would bankrupt their private treasury, they would write a check for \$10,000,000, they would suffer physical pain, they would gladly give sections of land, if by so doing their moral leprosy, that bondage of the soul, were broken by the healing touch of the Great Physician.

Neighbor, you will have to dip seven times. What does that mean?

1. Admit the existence of your disease—sin.
2. Believe your inability to cure the disease.
3. Repent—that is, confess and forsake your sin.
4. Believe the imperishable promise of Jesus Christ—
“Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.”
5. Get under the blood.
6. Pray definitely for forgiveness and surrender your will to Jesus Christ.

7. Publicly confess Him before men as your personal Savior, and He will confess you before God and His angels.

Naaman finally, at the suggestion of his servants, began to consider. He probably thought it would be the height of folly to come all that distance and, after hearing the prescription given by the prophet Elisha, to be so bull-headed that he would not at least try the remedy prescribed. I will make this challenge: If you will follow with absolute honesty of purpose the message delivered from this platform, you will come to know Jesus as your personal Saviour. Church member, do not go whining around this meeting, saying, “I thought I could dip in the seductive waters of Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of dancing and card-playing, theater-going, whisky, lodge-joining, and beer-guzzling,” but go to the old river Jordan and dip seven times; pay the price, get the victory. Naaman at last stepped into the river. He dipped seven times, and the flesh came again as a little child. He was ready to go back to the prophet; he was overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude. He had a fortune in gold and silver with him; he would gladly give every bit of

it to the prophet. When he returned to the humble house of the prophet, he and all his company, and stood before him, he said: "Behold, now I know there is no God in all the earth but in Israel. Now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant." Elisha said: "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none." Captain Naaman urged him to take it, but he refused. Elisha was the successor of Elijah, who was fed by the ravens. Elisha doubtless figured it out that he would rather be fed by a Hebrew raven than to take money from a Syrian millionaire. Faith and patriotism are evidenced in the words of the prophet. Naaman then asked for two mules' burden of dirt; for he said: "I will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifices unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." And he said unto him, "Go in peace."

The request of Naaman that he might take two mules' burden of earth back to Syria is one of the most beautiful pieces of coloring I find in this wonderful picture. He loved the very ground upon which he had found his healing. He wanted to worship upon it in the temple while Ben-Hadad, the king, worshiped his idols. Naaman felt that when he knelt upon that sacred soil, it would turn his thoughts to Jehovah, the God of Elisha. Years ago I heard my friend, M. B. Williams, while preaching the most remarkable sermon from this text I have ever heard, tell the story of a man who was converted in one of his Southern meetings. He came to the front where he had knelt in prayer and took the saw-dust upon which he had prayed and wept, and said: "I am going to make a pillow of this saw-dust, so in the years to come I can put my head on this pillow and remember that on this very saw-dust I met the Devil in open

conflict and fought him to a finish. It will tie me to God." It is a great thing to have a registered vow, a place of victory. You have not forgotten the joy of the day of your marriage; the old soldier remembers the day of his enlistment; the child of God remembers with great joy, and oftentimes with tears, the day when Jesus washed his sins away, the very spot, the very hour, the very minute the transaction was done, the moment when he could say: "I am my Lord's, and He is mine." I love to see men and women come to the front and make a definite decision, a public confession, for I believe it takes more courage, honesty of purpose, sincerity, and determination to enlist before a thousand or ten thousand people than it does to sign a little card away back in the back end of the building. I don't believe any man can sign himself into the kingdom of Heaven. Neighbor, if you want religion, repent and clean up; and be man enough to let God, humanity, and the Devil know where you stand.

How long do you think it is safe for the leper to knowingly permit the ravages of the disease to continue and fail to ask for medical help? How long do you suppose it is safe for the moral leper to suffer the depletion of moral resistance until his entire moral nature has become anesthetic or insensible to any divine approach or tender appeal?

Some years ago, in London, a man was giving an exhibition on the stage; he was a snake-trainer. He had taken a boa-constrictor when it was very small and trained it to do many interesting tricks. It had grown to be a huge monster. Usually the climax of the evening was for this serpent to wind itself around the man's body and point its head out toward the crowd. One night the snake had faithfully done its part. There seemed, however, at the last moment a spirit of resistance on the part of the serpent to continue the performance. The trainer spoke the word and commanded immediate obedience; the last act was to be performed. The serpent wound itself

around the body of the man, fold after fold, until his body was practically covered. The head of the serpent seemed to move about while its eyes flashed fire and its tongue darted from its open mouth. The people began to cheer; then they heard a shriek, and then followed the breaking of bones, and they looked upon the terrible spectacle of the bruised mass of human flesh which fell limp when the serpent released its grip upon the body. Every bone was broken; he had been instantly killed. There were years represented during the time he had absolute control over the serpent. He could have killed it two minutes before it killed him. That story presents the etiology—the evident causation—of the final and absolute death of the sinner who allows moral leprosy to wrap itself about him until at last it breaks every bone of resistance in the moral skeleton.

Years ago, in the mountains of West Virginia, in the coal district, an engineer had pulled his train of empty coal cars up the mountain to the loading station. The limit, I believe, was eight full cars on the return trip. When the eight cars had been filled, a bantering brakeman said to the engineer: "Bill, let 's put on another." The engineer remonstrated; he called attention to the rules governing the number of loaded cars per trip. The brakeman said: "Oh! don't be a coward, Bill; we can make it." Another car-load was added, and another, and another. Finally the engineer said he would not start with the load if another car was placed in that train. The brakeman climbed into the last coal-car and the engine began drawing the train down the canyon. They had probably gone two miles on the descent when the heavy load became too much for the engine and the engineer was conscious that the train was running away with him. He applied the air, he did everything, but he found himself absolutely powerless to save the train. There was a sharp curve just above the town. The people of the village heard the train thundering down the canyon. The wife of the engineer looked out from her home as

she heard the terrible roar of the runaway train. She saw the train reach the canyon. Bill, her husband, had often waved his handkerchief and thrown a kiss as he had reached that place. As she looked she was transfixed with horror; she saw Bill's engine and the cars loaded with coal turn end over end in the canyon until they disappeared from sight and there was a terrible crash. The woman screamed, "My God, it 's my Bill!" They found him mangled and dead; he had let them put too much of a load on his engine. Moral leper, you are daily adding to your eternal load, to the weight of your eternal sorrow. In God's name, repent.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEVEN DEVILS.

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TEXT: "Now when Jesus was risen early the first of the Sabbaths, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils."—*Mark* 16:9.

Perhaps there are people in this audience who doubt the divine origin and integrity of the Scriptures. The Bible deals with realities; it is therefore *the Book of all books* for the human family. It explains life, death, victory, defeat, Heaven, and Hell. You are here to-night because the Bible is true. This book tells us of God, truth, purity, love; it tells us of the Devil, impurity, falsehood, dishonor, degradation, and death. While the existence of the Devil is questioned by people who are under his dominion, it is in no wise questioned by the people whom God has delivered from his dominion. The Bible tells us plainly that the Devil is still doing business at the old stand. The phenomenal power of organized evil indicates the existence of a throne occupied by Diabolis, the Devil, Satan, Apollyon, or whatever you care to call him; that he rules and commissions demons, evil spirits, and fallen angels, there is no question. The failure of psycho-physiologists to master certain forms of nervous disorders when the physical man shows no perceptible weakness or organic difficulty, when there seems in the soul of the person a *phobophobia*—a fear of fear—the condition which was so frequently met by the Saviour when He cast out demons and devils from those possessed, is likewise met by the specialists of our time, who find suggestive therapeutics and all scientific lore utterly impotent in the face of these paralyzing conditions.

They discover that in some corner of the soul there exists a weakness, a rebellious defect, against which reason and successful medical methods are absolutely powerless; while specialists ponder over the mental and moral stigmata which indicate weakness and diagnose psychasthenia as congenital, by virtue of that heredity which outlines the characteristics of the brain. Jesus met every condition, every malleable deformity, acquired psycho-neuroses, corrupt emotions, traumatisms, and all soul-deterioration, with one irrevocable command, "Come out of him." The people who were devil-possessed were sometimes blind and dumb. In Matthew 12:22 this case is cited: "Then was brought unto Him one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb, and he healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw." The admitted failure of the best physicians of the twentieth century to make headway in their attempted cures with certain subjects is simply an evidence of the existence of a power within the patient which only responds to a higher power than the authority of man. Pharaoh said to Moses: "I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." The Devil says to the psycho-neuropath: "Doctor, I know not your authority, neither will I let this subject go." The shallow sceptic may laugh at this old-time theology; the modern preacher may turn up his nose—if the Lord did not spare him the trouble when He made his proboscis; but the record of the Apostles, as well as the record of Jesus Christ, in dealing with the demented, hypochondriac, maniac, epileptic, and others whose mental and physical condition evidenced a deep-seated slavery and bondage to devilish power, making it impossible for an ordinary physician who employed psychic methods or the nostrums of *materia medica* to effect a cure, indicates the employment of divine power in effecting the cure. The secret of power is thus given: "*And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases disappeared from*

them and the evil spirits went out of them." (Acts 19:11-12.) The Devil was unable to resist the power of the Holy Spirit when the name of Jesus was used. He did resist some unauthorized attempts at healing in Paul's time, the same as he does in our time, and with an equal amount of success. The record is as follows: "Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are you? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded." (Acts 19:13-16.) I believe a great percentage of the insanity of this century is simply the result of the overwhelming power of the Devil in the life, effecting by vague fears, hallucinations, auto-suggestions and hetero-suggestions, the mentality and the *morale* of the subject. Jesus met a man in the country of the Gadarenes who was possessed with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs, and no man could bind him—no, not with chains, because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains and the chains had been broken asunder by him and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him, and always night and day he was in the mountains and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones. But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshiped him, and cried with a loud voice and said: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God that thou torment me not." For He said unto him, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit," and He asked him, "What is thy name?" and he answered, "My name is Legion, for we are many." The intelligence of the devil is indicated because he knew there was a great herd of swine close at hand and he asked permission for

the legion to enter the herd of swine. Some people consider this a very strange request, but I believe if I were a devil, I would rather live in a decent hog than some men I know. The people came finally to see the one who was possessed of the devils and had the legion; they found him sitting and clothed and in his right mind, and they were afraid. Jesus told the man to go home and tell his folks what great things the Lord had done for him. Here is an indication that the power of the Devil made a man a raving maniac, violent, vicious, and bent on self-torture, because he was possessed with many devils. Mary Magdalene had seven devils. Jesus evidently counted them, because He cast them out. It is my expectation in this discourse to analyze the character of the woman in the light of the fact that she was possessed of seven devils; therefore it becomes necessary to classify these devils. They certainly were not all the same kind. According to history, she was possessed by

(1) A DEVIL OF LUST.

Tradition tells us of the ruination of Mary Magdalene by a certain prince; there may be actual truth in the statement. Her phenomenal beauty of face and symmetry of form have always actuated the efforts of great artists in portraying their conception of her physical life. We do not need to go back nineteen hundred years to find the sorrow which is brought into the human heart by the devil of lust. I have seen sweet-faced, sad-eyed girls all over this country and in other countries, who evidenced the terrors of impending disaster, disgrace, because of the power of lust. I was conducting a meeting in a town in Iowa some years ago, a town which boasts its State Normal School, and talks a great deal about culture, which is, however, as corrupt and debauched under cover as the slum districts of Chicago and New York. A woman in that community was in the meeting; she told me, when I asked her to become a Chris-

tion, that she couldn't live a religious life in her home. I asked her the reason. She said she despised her husband. I said: "There must be a cause for this condition of heart. Did you ever love him?" She said she thought she loved him before she married him. Then I answered: "You probably were compelled to marry him, or he was compelled to marry you." She admitted the fact that he had ruined her; then she added that she was in love with another man and was very anxious for her husband to die. I said: "Madam, you do not know the first principles of love. The actuating principle of your affairs of heart is lust, and not love." Physical passion is the basis of the ruination of virtue, honor, and happiness in the home-life. If the devil of lust overwhelms you, call upon the Master Healer; Jesus can cast him out.

In the second place, I think Mary must have had

(2) A DEVIL IN THE TEMPER.

This psychic weakness is the result of serious lesions in the moral fabric. The explosive temper, the petulant woman, the quarrelsome man, the fussy child—who has not met these pests in human experience? The church is disrupted, the home made unhappy, the heart sad, the presence of the possessor of the devil of a bad temper a bore and a dread. This condition can be overcome by the grace of God and by the exercise of the psychic principle of auto-suggestion. People who carry their feelings on their sleeve are apt to get them scratched. Some time ago an old negro woman called on her pastor with the sorrowful tale of marital infelicity. She said: "My husband cusses me, fights me, takes de money dat I makes washin'; he am too shifflus to work, and he am too mean to pray." The old pastor said, soothingly: "Sistah, dispurgate dis lakrymose circumnabigation. (Laughter.) In udder words, dry yo' tears. Has you eber tried de Scriptural injunction, heaping coals ob fiah on his head?" The old woman answered: "No, Brudder

Johnsing, I has neber tried coals ob fiah; but I has tried hot watah on him." (Laughter.) This is the spirit of discontent and household tempests all over the country. A devil of a bad temper is a liability and never an asset. The business man knows the advantage of cultivating an equilibrium in disposition and general demeanor.

Who has not entered the home presided over by a lady whose voice was soothing, whose bearing instantly set one at ease, whose manner was utterly devoid of affectation, whose presence was really comforting, whose soul power was so evidently superlative that you were instantly compelled and impelled by auto-suggestion to evidence the best within you. These rare spirits are invariably termed "natural born leaders." Such grace and womanly charm is priceless. Self-control has long been a reality where such social genius is exerted. The bad temper is the outer expression of inner selfishness. You frequently find a half-brother to a Duroc-Jersey hog spread out over a couple or three seats in a street-car or a passenger coach, while his ticket only indicates permission to ride in one seat. A Hebrew commercial traveler entered a train some time ago. The only available seat was partially covered by a number fourteen shoe, and the Jew stood looking covetously at the seat. The burly occupant—rather, the owner of the foot—glared at him and said: "Well, don't eat me up." The Jew replied: "I am a Hebrew and my religion forbids eating meat of your sort. The hog is pronounced unclean by Jehovah, whom I worship." (Laughter and applause.) Authority on the part of a cheap employee is often evidenced as an illustration of this demoniacal condition of soul. Most every traveler has found a crabbed clerk at the ticket office who probably draws \$8 or \$10 a week, or a lazy porter on a train who would allow a frail woman to tussle wearily with her heavy hand-baggage, while he growls at her slow progress in leaving the train. The grocery clerk, the dry goods clerk, the drug clerk, the telephone

girl, the cab-driver, the farmer, and the messenger boy, the laborer in any sphere of life, can increase his or her value to the firm by manifesting a kindness to all and a consideration for the feelings of all with whom they come in contact.

In the third place, Mary doubtless had

(3) A DEVIL IN THE TONGUE.

Sam Jones said many witty things. He once described the gossip woman as follows: "The old gal can sit in the parlor and lick a skillet in the kitchen." (Laughter.) That indicates the possession of a lengthy tongue. It is an unfortunate possession when there is a vacant spot just behind the eyeballs. (Applause.) And if there is any tiresome thing on earth, it is to hear a continual clatter of words which have absolutely no sense, purpose, or meaning attached to them. Job, I believe, discovered in his day people who darkened counsel with words. There is such a thing as an art in directing the conversation in the parlor, library, dining-room, or upon the veranda, the yacht, in the automobile, or the carriage. I sat at a table in a Western State once, when a black-whiskered Hill-billy persisted in describing in detail the frightful hemorrhages of a friend who was dying of tuberculosis. There were several unsuccessful attempts, on the part of people who were inclined to nausea when unpleasant subjects were broached, to change the theme of the guest; but they were of no avail. I felt my splendid appetite leave me. I am sure I was pale. I was almost a consumptive by the time I finished that meal. The tongue should be used to describe salubrious and inspiring scenes. The digestion can be materially aided when intelligence guides the conversation at the table to wholesome subjects. The uselessness of tiresome chatter should be impressed upon children in every school-room and in every home. I heard some time ago of a minister who was called to preach a funeral sermon. He was talking to the bereaved son and asked the boy to kindly

state the last words of his father. The boy replied: "He didn't have no last words." The minister asked the question, "Was he conscious at the end?" "Oh, yes, perfectly conscious," replied the boy. "Then how does it happen that there were no last words?" The boy replied: "'Cause ma was with him to the end." (Laughter.) Victor Hugo said a great thing when he said in "*Les Miserables*," "There are many tongues to talk and few heads to think." Silence is golden. The parrot-like chatter is an evidence of brass or a superfluity of gall. Talk about trust magnates and monopolists, the greatest bore along that line on earth is the empty-headed cuss who monopolizes the conversation of an evening—who circumnavigates a world of ideas, but, unfortunately, he has utilized aerial navigation and has passed serenely over the tops of all apparent ideas. (Applause.)

In the fourth place, I presume Mary was possessed of

(4) A DEVIL OF LYING.

An impure woman will lie as naturally as she will breathe. I was in a city in Ohio some years ago, when a young woman came to me, weeping, and asked me if a church member should be worse than a common sinner. I told her that was not according to the plan God had mapped out for church members. She said she had been worse since she joined the Church than she was before. I replied: "That is not the Church's fault. What do you mean by that admission?" She answered: "I mean, I am living a wicked life. Dr. M. began to treat my mother some months before her death, and he has promised to marry me, and I am now on the way to maternity on his account, and I don't know what to do about it." I said: "I will make some investigations." I did so, and found the physician named to have the reputation of drunkenness and licentiousness in the community. The following Sunday night I lectured to four thousand men, and I made this statement: "A young

woman came to me recently, charging a certain doctor with having accomplished her ruin, and said she was two months on her maternity. The doctor is a member of the Church; but, gentlemen, hear me, if he is guilty of that act, the rotten old scoundrel ought to be kicked out of the Church inside of forty-eight hours, and that Church is the Methodist Church." The adulterous young woman denied that she had made the charge to me, and the adulterous doctor sued me for \$10,000 damages. Fortunately for myself, two young women were sitting on the platform and heard the conversation. I have been waiting for the summons from the Federal court into which I threw the case. The summons has not been forthcoming. I say again, a licentious woman or a licentious man will lie as naturally as they breathe. Some time ago a boy was asked in Sunday-school to give a definition of a lie. He replied: "It is an abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of need." (Laughter.) There are any amount of old folks in business, social, and professional life, who take the boy's definition as their rule of faith and practice. When the children hear the mother complain because Mrs. J—— is approaching; when they hear the mother say, "I wish that old bothersome vixen would stay away from here and give me a rest," and then hear the mother as she opens the door, gushing: "Why, Mrs. J——, you sweet thing! why on earth have you stayed away so long? It has surely been a week since you called. I was just talking to the children about you. For goodness sake, don't wait for me to come over—come any time, day or night—you know I am just delighted to see you." At last, Mrs. J—— leaves. When the door is shut and her last step is heard on the porch, the mother falls into a big fat leather chair with a sigh of relief and exclaims: "Has she really gone? I think that woman will drive me crazy." Then when the children begin *to lie to music*, the mother wrings her hands and wonders: "Where in the world did those little brats learn to lie?" You go to the look-

ing-glass, sister, and you will discover the cause of the lying on the part of your children. Lying has become part of the stock in trade of the commercial world, the social world, and the average politician is the bell-wether of the flock of liars. I heard of a Jew who was trying to teach his boy the up-to-date methods of business, and he said: "Ikey, you don't use enough color in your descriptions and your dealings with the customers." He said, continuing: "Here is Mrs. Goldbricks; now vatch your fadder." The boy stayed close and heard the woman call for silk dress goods. Many bolts were placed on the counter. She asked the price of a certain pattern. The Jew placed his nose-glasses in a dignified manner upon his prodigious nose, and said slowly: "Madam, this silk is worth four dollars a yard." The woman said: "Good gracious! I never paid over two dollars for the same silk before." The Jew was not at all disconcerted; he replied calmly: "Very well, madam, I do not vunder; but have you not heard the latest news?" The woman replied: "I certainly have not." He added reassuredly this information: "We have just had a message from the East and there has been a great frost and all the silk vurrums are frozen." The woman replied: "Please cut me off twenty yards at once." He added: "This silk will be five dollars a yard inside of a week." She returned home, telling her husband that she had certainly gotten a bargain in silk. In the afternoon a lady and Ikey went up to wait on her. The lady called for some silk tape. Ikey rolled out certain specimens of the best tape in stock, and the woman said: "How much is this tape a yard?" He replied: "A dollar and a quarter." She said: "Impossible! I have never paid over fifty cents before." Ikey said: "Well, have you not heard the news?" She said: "What news?" "There has been a great frost," he replied, "and all the tape vurrums are frozen." (Laughter and applause.) Twentieth century business methods may nickel-plate this dis-

honesty, but God Almighty will bring you to judgment if you are lying to your customers.

In the fifth place, Mary Magdalene was possessed of

(5) A DEVIL OF DOUBT.

Philosophically speaking, doubt is the basis of superstition. Ofttimes the doubter, with superb scorn playing upon his features, speaks of religious people as superstitious. Pessimism, superstition, cowardice, failure, defeat are psychologically, physiologically, and irrevocably related to all forms of infidelity. The man who persistently doubts God, the Bible, the deity of Jesus Christ, the personality of the Holy Spirit, the existence of Heaven and Hell, loses his power to believe, his faith faculty has atrophied. The Devil rebelled against God and disobeyed Him. God made the Devil's sin his punishment. He made the sin of every fallen angel and foul spirit their punishment. While they would repent if it were possible, they can not repent. While they would believe, they can approach no nearer the province of salvation than mental assent to the existence of God, the divine origin of the Bible, the deity of Jesus Christ, the existence of Hell, and the reality of Heaven. The Apostle James makes it clear: "The devils believe and tremble." The infidel, agnostic, atheist, materialist, Universalist, Unitarian, Spiritualist, Christian Scientist, Theosophist, and all others overwhelmed with a delusion, will find in Hell their sin to have become their punishment. I reckon the Devil will have old Mrs. Eddy give numerous addresses to the false religionists in perdition. She will arise and say: "My children, good is gain; and gain is boot; boot is benefit; benefit is improvement; improvement is profit; profit is weal; weal is boon; boon is nuts; nuts is treasure trove; treasure trove is a wind-fall; a wind-fall is goodness; goodness is happiness; happiness is main chance; main chance is utility; utility is beneficial; anything beneficial is commendable; anything commendable is useful; all is for the

best; the best is all right; and anything all right is not amiss; and whatever is not amiss is satisfactory; whatever is satisfactory is to one's advantage; my friends, the *magnum bonum* of life is paragonic; and that which is paragonic is seraphic; the seraph is a winner; the winner is a diamond in the rough; and this brings me to the doctrine of supereminence or superexcellence, *par excellence*, *a la mode*; and to possess this exquisitely superb superabundance of good is, in the language of the poet, worth a Jew's eye." She is seated while the assembled multitudes give unanimous applause.

In the sixth place, Mary was possessed of the

(6) DEVIL OF HYPOCRISY.

She doubtless would have resented any insinuation as to her purity or excellence of morality. In lecturing to men and women in great campaigns, when I touch upon the social evil and discuss the attendant diseases, I am often amused to hear that Mrs. So-and-So was dreadfully shocked, or Mr. So-and-So pronounced the lecture a terrible thing. Upon investigation, I discover Mrs. So-and-So to be living an impure life, or else she has made an unsuccessful attempt to have a decent physician perform various abortions, and the man who objects to the plain wording is invariably a reprobate and a rascal. There is too much mock modesty in the world. The shallow hypocrite will pretend to be shocked when sin is denounced or exposed, but they will revel in secret sins which tear down the structure of integrity and purity, or they will commit acts which are criminal in the sight of God and common decency. I presume you have heard of the woman who was so modest that when her husband purchased a grand piano, she made trousers for the legs of the same. (Laughter and applause.) That is "going some" for modesty. (Laughter.) The devil of hypocrisy finds a ready response in the human family. Before his magic wand preachers and laymen grovel in the dust; sometimes it is

gold-dust, and they stand socially pre-eminent and intact because they have a pull. There is in history an interesting evidence of the audacity of a cunning hypocrite. When King Cyrus died, his son Cambyses took the throne. He was very jealous of his most excellent brother, Smerdis. Smerdis was popular with the people. Cambyses, lamenting the rising popularity of Smerdis, had him assassinated in Egypt. He sent word to a priest named Smerdis to take the reins of the government until he returned. Cambyses, however, was slain and never returned. The hypocritical priest withheld the news of the assassination of Smerdis, the brother of the king whose death he announced, and proclaimed himself Smerdis the ruler. Of course things went smoothly for a while. It was noticed that he appeared very little in public. This was so extremely different from the actions of their beloved Smerdis that the people began to be suspicious. The wife of the original Smerdis was finally permitted to go to her presumable husband. Her father, a prominent statesman, told her of his suspicions. Pretended grief on the part of the impostor had withheld the wife of Smerdis from his presence. Her father said: "I believe Smerdis the priest is making a pretense. When he enters your bedroom, in some way or other find out if he has any ears. If he has no ears, he is the priest Smerdis, and a base pretender. If he has ears, he is your husband." When Smerdis entered and embraced the wife of the Smerdis who had been killed in Egypt, she tenderly patted his head and discovered that he was without ears. He was immediately executed. The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde spirit in any church member is reprehensible. The meekness of Uriah Heep can be discovered in the life of the hypocrite of the first water.

In the seventh place, Mary probably was under the dominion of

(7) THE DEVIL OF FORMALITY.

When people lose spiritual power, they try to make up in formality a sufficient showing to blind the eyes of people who expect much of them. The rut into which the formal church member and formal church have fallen is so deep that the world passes on unmindful of the existence of these shallow religionists who make a noise like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, but never indicate the spirit of worship. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." During the gold excitement in Australia a miner had struck it rich and had filled several belts with gold-dust and nuggets. He had taken passage to one of the islands some distance away. When they neared the coast, the vessel was wrecked; they were perhaps a mile from shore and the boat was going to pieces on the rocks. He had placed life-preservers about himself and, being a powerful swimmer, he fully expected to make it to land and save his gold. When he was about to take the plunge into the water, a sweet-faced little girl, about seven years old, ran to him and said: "Mister, can you swim?" He answered: "I certainly can, and I expect to begin pretty soon." The little girl said: "Please, mister, I want you to save me. My father and mother I think are drowned." The man looked at the child and he felt the belts of gold about him. He was called upon to make a choice; he knew well enough it was impossible to carry the gold and the child. He looked into the depths of her big, wondering eyes, and he finally unbuckled the belts and hurled them into the water, and he said to the child: "Put your arms around my neck. I will tie this cord around your body and mine. Hold tight. Breathe through your nose." And he sprang into the water. Finally, after a heavy struggle, a great wave hurled him high up onto the beach. The exertion had been too much for him, and he fainted. When he regained consciousness, the little girl had untied the cord and was sitting by him, rubbing his face with her soft hands, and tears were running down her

cheeks. When she saw his eyes open, she smiled and kissed him, and said: "Mister, I am so glad you saved me." The old hardened miner in relating the incident said he would rather have had the kiss of that little girl whose life he had saved than all the gold of Australia. Away with your baggage of formality, and out to the rescue of the lost.

CHAPTER XV.

COMPROMISE NEVER!

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My text to-night is found in the book of First Samuel, the fifteenth chapter, the thirty-third verse: "And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal."

The history of the rise and fall of Saul, the son of Kish, is one of the most interesting of all the Old Testament sketches. From the time he went out to search for the lost stock until he was anointed by the prophet Samuel, and began to prophesy amongst the prophets, much to the amazement of his friends and relatives, interest in him grows. At last he became king. He was a magnificent-looking man, standing head and shoulders above the rest of his countrymen. When you contrast some people who have a bodily blemish, called "Shut-ins," who are some of the sweetest, noblest Christian spirits in all the world, with the people whose bodies are strong and vigorous, almost a sculptor's dream in point of perfection, but who have the soul blight within them which makes them slaves to lust, liquor, and wickedness, you decide, if you are a true man or a true woman, that it is much better to have a clean heart and a right spirit than physical perfection.

God gave an order to Saul, for He was commander-in-chief of the armies of Israel at that time. The order was: "Smite Amalek, utterly destroy them, spare them not." The Amalekites were a source of continual grief and vexation to the children of Israel; therefore when God ordered Saul to lead in their utter extermination, He was giving him the method of future victory. I believe it typifies the demand of God, which

means death to the old life, death to sin, death to compromise, death to cowardice; and to-night I declare in the name of Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation, that the fight is on and we are not here in this campaign to sacrifice the holy standard of righteousness, for policy's sake!

When the battle was over and Saul had spared the best sheep, the prophet Samuel said to him: "Why didn't you destroy the sheep?" Saul replied: "I wanted to present a sacrifice." The wise old prophet replied: "It is better to obey than to sacrifice." And Saul answered: "I would have obeyed, but I feared the people." When Samuel looked around, he found that Saul had brought Agag, the king of the Amalekites, back with him as a prisoner of war. He had been the source of the trouble. Samuel was so indignant that he drew his sword and hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord. My brethren, I believe there are preachers in Hell who failed to hew Agag to pieces because they feared the people. When some rich old rascal, by manipulating stock (watered stock, I mean), has brought into the treasury of the church thousands of dollars, or he has dumped millions into some denominational institution, which is a hot-bed of infidelity, as a sacrifice, preachers and people have apparently been willing to give some of these rich old curmudgeons a man-made passport into Heaven; but God does not recognize any such passports. If there is one place higher in this world than others, it is the pulpit, and I believe the man who stands behind the pulpit as God's minister should be a man of absolute integrity, intrepidity, and courage! (Applause.)

Some years ago I was asked by the wife of Sam P. Jones, the great Georgia preacher and reformer, to deliver an oration at the State Capitol building in Atlanta over the remains of her beloved husband. I paid tribute in that address not only to the character of Sam P. Jones, but I stated my ideas of an ideal preacher of the gospel. That short address was heard by

thousands of people. I said: "Rev. Sam P. Jones was the greatest admixture of contrasts ever combined in one human being, so far as my reading, observation, and personal acquaintance can gauge. He had the dauntless courage of a thousand brave men, and the sympathy and tenderness of the sweetest woman. He was the diagnostician, studying the pathology of the pandemics, endemics, and epidemics of mankind, morally and spiritually. He was the surgeon, driving the scalpel through the diseased parts, causing excruciating pain to the one in whom he drove the instrument. But he was in the next moment the soft-handed, sweet-voiced nurse, administering the balms and tonics to the suffering one. He was the whole fearless regiment, sweeping across the battlefield with cyclonic fury, leaving the field strewn with the wounded and dying; then he was the whole Red Cross Society, following in the wake of the caustic cataclysm, bringing the comfort of a thousand loves into the aching hearts! Brother Jones never gave a thorn without a rose; he never gave honeycomb without the honey. He never hurt a man in this world in his great ministerial career, but for the purpose of tearing off the mask and allowing the man to see himself. To him the pulpit was no gilded prison-cell in which to palaver, palliate, or pander; he had no fear of poignant persecution, no bow to make before a reprobate taskmaster ruling a degenerated company of pulpit puppets with a rod of gold. While some preachers dealt in painted fire, Sam Jones dealt in real fire; irrevocable convictions swept him into a relentless warfare, where he did more to strengthen the backbone of the American preachers than any man who has ever labored in this country. To him (as he once told me while I was a guest in his home) the pulpit was a throne, whereupon he was called to sway a scepter in righteousness, love, and fearlessness. He had the conviction that he was sent of God. I know he was. To this age, wherein cowardice, superficiality, poltroonism, policy-seeking, infidelity, and graft surged like billows over the relig-

ious as well as the political life of our nation, he was as truly God's prophet, saying, "Thou art the man," as was Nathan in his day. His strength can only be measured by the burdens he bore; the cross he bore was heavy. He suffered pangs which would have made a giant crouch and cower like a belabored hound, yet he bore them as a prince. I know how mellow his great heart was. I have prayed and wept with him in his own home, where the evidences of weakness or strength in a man are exhibited. He fought a good fight; he finished his course. To-day he is wearing the crown which God gave him when He lifted the cross from his tired shoulders. The intrepid warrior has fought his last battle; he has met the Father and the Son; he may be talking with Abraham, or Daniel, or Paul, or John. He has kissed his old mother and grasped his father's hand; the little babe which went home before him has welcomed him into Heaven. Let an object pass one inch earthward or skyward at the point of equipoise, and earth's or sun's attraction will draw it instantly. Brother Jones reached that point of spiritual equipoise between earth and Heaven, and Heaven's attraction drew him home to God for eternity."

Not more than five minutes after I concluded my tribute to Sam Jones, as I stood by the side of his coffin, which was located just under the dome in the State Capitol building, where the bodies of Senators Toombs, Stevens, and the eloquent Henry Grady, and other stalwart sons of Georgia had lain in years before, an old gray-haired mother in Israel came up to look upon the cold face in the coffin. She stood a moment and said, "O God, I can't stand this!" and turned around and started through the surging crowd and fell dead within twenty feet of the coffin. Thirty thousand people filed past in solemn procession to pay tribute to their respect and love for the much-misunderstood and maligned Sam Jones.

Brethren of the ministry, the people appreciate courage on the part of the preachers. Let us fight the good fight

of faith. Neighbor, is there an Agag in your life? Pastor, is there an Agag in your church? Father, is there an Agag in your home? Mother, is there an Agag in the social alliances of your circle? If so, in the name of God and righteousness, hew him in pieces before the Lord in this modern Gilgal. Saul failed to hew Agag to pieces with the whole army at his back. The prophet Samuel did it single-handed and alone. The wise man has said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Dr. Parkhurst added: "But they run a great deal faster when somebody is after them." The Apostle Paul, in his inspired epistle, says: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." I believe it is time for the Church of God in America to declare war on the Devil and his hosts. I mean a warfare in the spiritual sense, and not in the carnal sense; a warfare which is the result of purity, prayerfulness, consecration, and courage. The power of the Church of Jesus Christ is phenomenal, when they walk in white garments in close fellowship with Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church.

Some years ago, in the South, a bare-footed negro was running down the road as fast as he could travel, when a white man who sat on the veranda of his country home called out: "Mose, what are you running for?" The old negro never stopped. He said: "Cunnel, I isn't a-runnin' fur, I 's a-runnin' from." There are any amount of church members who are not running after the Devil, chasing him from the home circle, or the business houses, or the church, or the town; but they are running from him like contemptible cowards. God Almighty has said: "Submit yourselves therefore unto God; resist the Devil, and he will flee from you."

I believe the politicians of the nation should hew Agag to pieces. The average politician is a miserable coward in the moral sense of the term. Some time ago, when I was to lecture at a certain Chautauqua, I felt impressed to discuss the political conditions and I took out my check-book and wrote the follow-

ing poem in it. A poem is about the only thing I can write in my check-book:

"His Honor" lies over the ocean,

"His Honor" lies over the sea.

He lies on every occasion,

He 's a politician, you see.

"His Honor" 's a real "trust-buster";

"His Honor" takes checks from them too;

In fact, he 's a live mollycoddle,

He 'll tell you the red-bird is blue.

"His Honor" 's a real "conservative,"

"His Honor" 's a "radical" too.

His tergiversations amaze you,

He 's a mixture of gall and sinew.

"His Honor" 's a "friend of the people,"

He sits in a curmudgeon's pew.

He 's a double-barreled snolligoster;

Of the Golden Rule he knows—"Do."

There is not so much a need of new laws in our country as law-enforcement; and I want to say at this point that whenever you find in any State the prohibitory law shown no respect by jointists, bootleggers, whisky druggists, and other law-breakers, you can count on it some man has taken the oath of office who has sold himself to the whisky gang. To make it clear, I will tell you a story. Some years ago a minister was walking down a street in a little town where a boy had a lemonade-stand in the corner of his yard. He had two jars of lemonade and two prices on the contents of the jars. On one jar a sign was placed which read: "Five Cents a Glass." The other jar had the sign reading: "Two Glasses for Five Cents." The minister being quite thirsty and as hard up as he was thirsty, ordered two glasses and drank them. He noticed when he had finished that the glasses were all the same size and the

lemonade looked just alike in the jars before him, so his curiosity got the better of him and he said: "That lemonade tastes mighty good to me. I wish you would tell me why you sell this two glasses for a nickel, while you charge five cents a glass for the lemonade in that other jar." The little boy, with a very confidential air, remarked, pointing toward the jar from which he had taken the minister's lemonade: "Well, sir, it is 'cause my puppy fell in this jar." (Laughter.) They tell me the minister left the lemonade in that end of the town. Whenever you find lawlessness predominating in any community, it is because a puppy has fallen into office. (Applause.) What you need here in this city is anti-puppy politics. I like to see an official in office like Hon. Joseph Folk, of Missouri, or Attorney-General Jackson, of the State of Kansas; men who will enforce the law because they have given their oath of office and they have some respect for their oath. Politicians and voters, draw your swords and hew Agag to pieces.

I want to say something in regard to the home-life. I believe the modern home can be a type of Heaven. I know the sweetest place this side of Heaven to me is my own home. There are too many parents who seem absolutely indifferent to the religious and moral welfare of their children. The Word of God says: "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." Strong moral and spiritual teaching in the home will develop stalwart manhood and invincible womanhood. If there is anything on earth objectionable and to be guarded against, it is the foolishness and folly of mixing religions in the home circle. I do not believe a Catholic and a Protestant should marry unless they have mutually agreed to accept the same views religiously. I do not believe a Christian woman should marry a man who repudiates the gospel of Jesus Christ. If I could tell you half the stories I have been told by broken-hearted wives who have suffered worse than death because of the brutality, profanity, and ras-

cality of their godless husbands, the young woman who contemplates marriage would think a good many times before she takes the leap. The trouble is too many little frizzle-headed girls take the leap and then do the thinking afterward. You take as an example the experience of the daughter of that prominent, eloquent Western politician, who played the fool and married against her parents' wishes some years ago, who recently was in the divorce courts asking for a release from the man she married. He was a perfect stranger and she knew absolutely nothing about his character or his life when she married him. That is a fair specimen of the folly of the inexperienced girl who thinks because her physiological passions are aroused that she is in love. The newspapers gave it out that she threatened to elope if she were not permitted to marry in her home. If my daughter should ever threaten to elope because I repudiated the young man who seeks to lead her to the marriage altar, I will tell you what I would do, neighbor; I would place a milk poultice on her head and try to draw some brains into it; (Applause) and if necessary, there would be other things doing. A man who hasn't stamina enough to protect his ignorant daughter in a time like that should be rebuked by the parents of a community. The main trouble is the home training, or rather, the lack of it.

Too many people are loaded to scatter. In an intellectual sense they are like the old blunderbus used by the Puritan forefathers. I heard of a man some years ago who got up to testify in a prayer-meeting. He said that he would love to have the power of the Apostle Paul, "who made the dumb to see, the blind to hear, the deaf to speak; who cast out the dead and raised the Devil." The trouble was, the dunce just had it stated wrong. Too many fathers do the right thing occasionally, and the wrong thing most of the time. This thing of allowing a fourteen- to a twenty-year-old daughter to be chasing around at midnight or later on the ball-room floor, or taking the

long drives in narrow-gauged buggies, or having the kissing-bees in the little parties or in the parlors, which simply mounts to a sentimental debauch, is the cause of a lot of the grief and broken hearts and ruined characters in our country. Young women, I want your attention. The young man who is any account, who will be true to you as a husband, does not want to lead a young woman to the marriage altar who has been pawed over by every Tom, Dick, and the Devil on the ball-room floor, who brings to the marriage altar a stock of reechy kisses and stale embraces. The young woman who persistently permits these familiarities on the part of the young men is immodest, to say the least, and probably worse, if you get down to business in describing the situation.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." In modern English that would read: "She can play on the *pianny* and on the cook-stove also. She can play some of the masterpieces, and when she goes to the kitchen, she can get up a meal that will not throw a gripe into her husband when he partakes of it." "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with double garments. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." From the slouchy, untidy, lazy, contentious woman, good Lord, deliver us! "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry,

woman." God says it is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house. "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." God says: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and shall obtain favor of the Lord." A true woman can do more to make life worth while than any creature God ever placed upon this earth. The seventh chapter of Proverbs, however, deals with the subtlety of the impure woman in leading the foolish young man into iniquity. The chapter closes with these very striking words: "Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded" (that means diseased ones), "yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

I heard Sam Jones make a statement a few days before he died, regarding the divorce business, which was interesting to me. He said: "Let them get divorces, make divorces cheap; let them get them for a dollar apiece, but send every lousy old devil to the penitentiary for life who gets one." That statement will do to think over. I have been told that it is impossible to secure a divorce in the State of South Carolina. When a young woman talks about getting married, her parents take her to one side and say: "Daughter, this means a step for life, and we want you to be sure that the man is worthy of our precious daughter. We do not want you to make a mistake at the marriage altar, for if you do, it will mean a life-time of suffering." Brethren, I believe we ought to consider more and more the sacred ties of the home circle. Men and women are wasting their opportunities and throwing away their lives and their souls, and are dashing into hell.

Many years ago a man is said to have taken passage on a vessel for some port in a far and sunny clime. He had bought a pearl of phenomenal beauty and extraordinary value. While walking on the deck of the ship one day, he saw a boy carrying

some apples; he stopped him and began tossing some of the apples into the air and finally had six or eight apples moving all at the same time. Passengers gathered about him and cheered because of his skill. Being flattered by the applause of the people, he went to his state-room and removed the pearl from his jewel-box and carried it to the deck. Holding it in the sunlight, he explained that he was the proud possessor of the fabulous pearl. The people marveled at the beauty of that jewel. He said: "I am going to show you what confidence I have in my skill." Whereupon he leaned out over the side of the vessel and tossed the pearl into the air while the old ship sped on. The pearl at last descended, and he reached out and grasped it, and the people gave a vigorous round of applause. Leaning farther out over the side of the vessel, he tossed the pearl higher, and the multitude were almost breathless while they watched the pearl descending. Finally he reached out, with dexterity born of practice, and seemed to pluck the pearl from a silver string which swung from the dome of the heavens. Finally a nervous passenger stepped up and said: "Please don't risk your pearl again. I can not bear to see such a risk. Take an apple; it will do just as well. Do not endanger your possessions by such folly." But the man said: "Just once more." And he leaned still farther over the side of the vessel and tossed the pearl high into the air. He was straining his eyes watching the pearl; when finally he reached for the pearl, the old ship gave a lurch, and down into the fathomless depths, far from the sight of human eye, dashed that pearl of rare beauty and phenomenal value. The man turned and said: "Contemptible fool that I am! I have risked and lost my all simply for the plaudits of the careless crowd." There are multitudes in my hearing who have been tossing their immortal souls for years. You have tossed it for whisky; you have tossed it for the dance, for the card-table, for the theater, for infidelity, for corrupt politics, for pretences of self-righteousness; and some of these days

your frail boat will give a lurch and into the indescribable vortex of anguish will dash your soul for eternity. May God Almighty call you to repentance to-night. Arise, determine that you will hew Agag in pieces to-night! Have you the courage? Have you manhood enough? Have you womanhood enough? You answer: "Yes, I have." Then come. The Lord will gladly welcome you.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEVIL'S INCUBATORS.

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THE THEATER, THE CARD-TABLE, AND THE DANCE.

My text to-night is found in the Book of Revelation, the third chapter and twentieth verse: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

It seems strange even to sadness that these words could be directed to people who called themselves Christians, but such is the case. The people of the Church of Laodicea were grilled with a terrific arraignment. Jesus said: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth. Because thou sayest, I have gotten riches, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." His sign and name they bore; they had the form of godliness, but they denied the power thereof; they had admitted the restraining influences of the gospel; they apparently accepted with mental assent all the doctrines of the Bible; the divinity of Christ; the reality of Heaven and Hell; but they found no spirituality in their riches and they found no salvation in their studies of ethics and sociology. They discovered that Jesus Christ demands something more than philanthropy. They probably had the veneer of the profession of Christianity, but they were in absolute spiritual darkness. Christ was outside, knocking; at their heart's door, pleading for entrance.

I want to say to-night that it absolutely matters not what

form of amusement you follow, what religion you profess, what kind of a life you live, moral or immoral; if you reject Jesus Christ and keep Him out of your heart, you are doomed to spend eternity in Hell, and the fundamental argument of my lecture to-night is this fact. Anything that keeps you from accepting Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour will damn your soul. What is it that keeps Jesus outside your heart to-night? Is it adultery, infidelity, profanity, lying, stealing, self-righteousness, Sunday base-ball, Sunday hunting, or Sunday automobile pleasure trips?

THE THEATER.

It may be the love of the theater, it may be the love of the card-table, or it may be the love of the dance, the horse-race, the circus, or some false religion; whatever it is, I am positive that you are keeping Jesus Christ out of your heart because you prefer to have some specific sin within your heart. The only bolt on the door of your heart is your will, and the knob is on the inside. Jesus Christ will not break the door down; He will not force an entrance. There are people in my hearing to-night who have treated Jesus Christ worse than they treat the tramps and hobos who knock at their back doors; when they knock at the door, you at least ask them what they want. Jesus Christ has been knocking at your heart's door for years, and any amount of you have kept the door fast closed, although you knew He stood without, knocking. He will not always knock. God said: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Jesus Christ knocked at the door of a home; He would gladly have entered that home, but they had all planned to go to the theater that night; they had no time for Jesus Christ; and so the weary Saviour has walked the streets silently, weeping over the wickedness, the selfishness, the steel-cold indifference of lost men and women who seem to be satisfied in their hellward course.

I have often been told by devotees of the theater, that the

theater is needed as an educator. I brand that statement as utterly false. The theater has never in its history stood as the educational center of any nation. You can take the history of the stage from the very dawn of history on through the contemptible and devilish debauchery of Nero, who thought himself an actor of phenomenal power, and down through the ages to the time when the Church and the stage tried to mix oil and water in England, to the present time; it has not stood and does not stand as an educational institution. In the first place, an educator should have an education, and it is a matter of fact that the majority of the people of the stage are not scholars. In the second place, pure manhood or pure womanhood is the first consideration and qualification of an educator, and I want to say to you, not from guesswork or hearsay or with a desire to be unkind, that the people of the stage as a class are not of the best character. This can be easily proven. They are invariable Sabbath-desecrators. Many of the convicts of the penitentiaries tell the workers that their first step toward a life of crime was disregard for the Sabbath day. The Sunday theater is one of the rottenest institutions this side of Hell; it is doing more to paralyze morals and debauch all classes of people in the great cities than any other one institution namable. This statement is easily proven, because the theater is usually closely connected with the saloon; in fact, in the average play of our day the stars gather about the table and pour out the sparkling liquor, and by suggestion (and let me say here, suggestion is the greatest method of teaching and compelling action in the world) they inculcate the idea into the minds of the youth of the land that in order to be a hero or heroine one must drink liquor. It is a matter of fact that the liquor-drinking, the late hours, the unnatural atmosphere of the nerve-racking tragedy or drama, strike at the physical and nervous strength, and "dope" of some kind must be taken to fire the brain and

"Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of Mirth;
Turn Melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp."

The reign of sorrow which has swept America like a pall of death on account of the scourge of drunkenness has been greatly prospered by the theater as an institution; and then, when you consider the specific immorality of so many of the profession, you see their claim of standing as educators go by default. There are too many Evelyn Thaws in the profession. You say: "You are referring to the chorus-girl variety of actors and actresses." But I want to tell you it is a matter of fact that women who have lived disreputably, who have had some experience in a divorce suit or something of that order, are too often called the stars of the profession. Take Lillian Russell, take Nat Goodwin; I don't know whether they know how many times they have been married or not.

When I was in Butte, Montana, some eight or ten years ago, Kathryn Kidder, in company with Louis James, was touring the West. The *Anaconda Standard*, published at Anaconda, Montana, March 27, 1901, gave a lengthy report of Kathryn's experience in "bucking the roulette-wheel." The article is as follows:

"SHE LOSES LIKE A SPORT.

"*Kathryn Kidder Bucks the Roulette-Wheel Heavily.*

"COST HER FIVE HUNDRED.

"*She Pays up Like a Thoroughbred and Never Whimpers.*

"FAMOUS ACTRESS' ADVENTURE IN AN ANACONDA
GAMBLING-HOUSE.

" 'She is a dead-game sport!' was the admiring exclamation uttered by a roulette dealer when fair Kathryn Kidder left a Main Street gambling-room Monday afternoon, five hundred dollars loser, but smiling. Miss Kidder has the gambling fever

in her blood. She, like many another woman, has longed to gamble on the green board just like a man, and out here in the wild and wooly West came her opportunity; she embraced it royally, won like a princess, and lost like a thoroughbred; verily, a dead-game sport."

Then the article describes how the proprietor of the gambling-joint led Miss Kidder and her party into a gorgeously furnished private room, where a roulette-wheel appeared, and an "affable dealer" took his place behind the board, whirled the silently running circle of cells in one direction and the marble in the other, and then the play began. Miss Kidder led the gambling; the other "ladies" gambled less strenuously. Miss Kidder played recklessly, furiously, and with wonderful luck. Presently the bank found itself nearly \$600 behind. Luck, however, turned to the bank. After four hours' play, the party left the rooms, their losses amounting to between \$500 and \$600, borne chiefly by Miss Kidder.

A St. Louis dispatch to the *Chicago Record-Herald* describes Miss Lillian Russell and her daughter (whose name I don't know, because she has been divorced, and I don't know whether she has married recently or not) at the race-track, betting on certain horses—Saint Angus the Second, Ora McKinney, and some others. Miss Russell is quoted as follows: "I lost \$3,000 on the day, and I think I was lucky that I did not lose my life."

Ladies and gentlemen, I want your attention. I do not know anything about your social ties, but I am absolutely convinced, from considerable experience in travel (I have traveled in America, Europe, Mexico, Alaska, and Canada, and I know something about ladies and something about gentlemen) that the world's ideal of a lady is not in any wise summed up in the character of one who is mentioned by a dirty, dishonest, roulette dealer, as "a dead-game sport." (Applause.) What matters it if the hero stands and in Stenorian tones declares himself

ready to defend his daughter with his life's blood, and then registers as the husband of some female member of the aggregation? What matters it if the "shero" (heroine) pretends to die on the stage in defense of virtue and honor, when she spends the night in absolute infamy and wickedness?

I have in mind a list of amusements at the Chicago theaters which I cut from a Chicago paper some time ago. They run as follows, and represent the best theaters in the city of Chicago:

- "The Buffalo Mystery,"
- "The James Boys in Missouri" (that must have been an edifying performance),
- "Sandy Bottom,"
- "The Merchant of Venice,"
- "For Her Sake,"
- "The Tenderfoot,"
- "Robert Emmet—The Days of 1803,"
- "Miss New York"—Burlesquers,
- "A Chinese Honeymoon,"
- "The Voyagers,"
- "When Johnny Comes Marching Home,"
- "Curios,"
- "A Lost Wife,"
- "The Little Princess,"
- "A Parisian Soirée,"
- "King Dodo,"
- "Lost in Siberia."

The above list will compare favorably with the "educators" as presented on the boards in the average city, but you perceive by a consideration of the above plays that the education derived from such nonsense will absolutely amount to nothing. There was a time in my life when I thought the stage was the only place possible for my future; but when the grace of God got into my heart, and I felt called by the Spirit of the Lord to spend and be spent for the salvation of men and women, and I considered the speedy life of the stage, the late hours, the drunk-

eness, and other forms of wickedness which strike specifically at the nerve-centers and tear down the structure of physical strength, I decided that the nervous wrecks, the debauchery, the insanity, the criminality even to the extent of assassination, is the direct outgrowth of the false and unreal atmosphere in which the actors and actresses live continually. When I consider the best they have ever done, and compare amusing the people with winning them to Jesus Christ, who alone offers eternal life, I can say to you that I would rather be the poorest, little, bow-legged, circuit-riding, backwoods preacher than to be the greatest actor that ever lived. (Applause.)

Some years ago, when I was lecturing in a Western city on this line, an old gentleman came to me and said: "I have one criticism to offer on your address." "Well," I said, "I am glad you came to me; please tell me wherein I am lame." He said: "You didn't make it half strong enough. I have been on the stage twenty-five years, and I know what I am talking about." I told the old knight of the theater I would make it better, if he would forgive me.

Some years ago, in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Julia Morrison, who was the leading woman with a company called "Mr. Plaster of Paris," was compelled to commit crime to defend her honor. She had entered the profession with high ideals, as has many another young woman; she found, however, that it was a daily fight with temptation (not only with the men of her own company, but with devotees of the theater who became infatuated with her) to retain her honor. In Knoxville, Tennessee, she had been insulted by the leading man of the company and had warned him to desist with his insinuations, but he seemed disposed to regard her resistance as only temporary, and so he continued his insinuating and contemptible methods of appeal. When they were in Chattanooga, against her warning, he repeated the insulting propositions, evidently while the play was in the first act, for she drew a revolver and fired the shot which

ended the life of the reprobate. The curtain dropped, and the manager said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will please step to the box-office and get your money. The leading woman has murdered the leading man." The young woman took her smoking pistol, stepped from the stage entrance into a cab, and said: "Please drive me to the office of the chief-of-police." When she reached the desk, she put the pistol before the officer, and said: "I am Julia Morrison; I have murdered the leading man in the 'Mr. Plaster of Paris' company." She was placed in a cell, where she spent the night. The trial was called as soon as possible. Witnesses were brought from Knoxville who had heard her remonstrating with the man in the case, and when the girl told her simple story, how she had repulsed his advances, and that she was finally compelled to shoot him in defense of her honor, that jury of Tennessee farmers acquitted the young woman, and the verdict of the jury substantially meant this: that in the eyes of honorable Southern manhood the virtue of a woman is worth more than the life of a dirty drab who will seek to wreck it. And I want to say "Amen!" to that kind of a verdict. (Tremendous applause.)

I do not wonder that Jesus Christ stands at the door knocking, for I will say to you that you would not expect to find Jesus Christ occupying a box or a seat in the parquet circle in any opera-house in the world, sanctioning the work of a bunch of immoral reprobates simply for the sake of "Art." Church member, I want you to hear me. Jesus Christ will follow you and knock at your heart's door all the way to the theater, but He will not go into the building and take a seat next to you and enjoy the play. And I am not speaking from hearsay, but I speak from experience when I say that it is time for the Church of God to live the separate life. When Jesus Christ can have a peculiar people zealous of good works in every church in America, the unsaved will come flocking into the kingdom of God as doves to their windows. When you have allowed the

theater to occupy your heart, you have left no room for Jesus Christ, and if He is outside knocking for entrance, it is an indication that you are in eternal danger.

The influence of the theater in lowering the standards of respect for the home is pernicious to the highest degree. I believe without a doubt the characterlessness of the stage has had a great deal to do with the spread of the divorce evil in this country. Recently, at the close of Paul Bourget's great play, "*Une Divorcée*," in Lyons, France, the Lyons *Républicain*, a reputable daily paper of that city, took ballots on the divorce proposition in the audience. The influence of the stage is clearly evidenced in the following facts: 877 in the audience voted for absolute free love and free unions (668 of the number were men and the remaining 209 were women); 63 voted that divorces should be granted on the request of either party (only 3 of the number were women); 121 voted that divorces should be granted by mutual consent (73 of the number were men, 48 were women); 71 voted that the present divorce laws of France should be upheld (65 were men, 16 were women); 142 voted along the lines of barring divorces from France (139 were men and 3 were women). Out of a total of 1,274 voting on the proposition, a little more than two-thirds showed themselves to be utterly devoid of moral sentiment and common decency, and I want you to understand that the theater is a national institution in France; it is supported by the Government. I have seen them crowding the Place de l'Opera by the thousands. You let America go in partnership with the theater, and continue its present partnership with the whisky traffic and let the church life of the nation drop out from the prayer-meetings and Sunday night services and attend the theater, and in ten years you will find America with its dash and spirit the most corrupt nation the sun ever shone upon.

In a recent number of *Success*, an article called "The Trail of the Tenderloin" describes the present infamy of the

stage. The article is unusually severe in its denunciations of the vulgarity and rottenness of the stage of the present day. The writer, Mr. Eaton, says: "The Trail of the Tenderloin" is over our stage. What does this mean? It means that a trivial, pleasure-loving, somewhat hectic class of men and women, who make up so large a part of the theatrical audiences on Broadway, New York, are imposing their tastes, their standards, their vulgarity, upon the theater-goers of America. It means more than this. It means that to-day, as a result of the dominance of New York taste over the American stage, the tyrannical dominance of a group of New York theatrical managers over the theaters of the entire country, an unprecedented wave of licentiousness in theatrical entertainment has arisen and is moving slimily out from the Tenderloin, into the real United States. Vaudeville is already inundated. Musical comedy has in the past two or three years sunk in many cases to the level of back-alley Parisian indecency. The dramatic stage itself has felt the influence and let down the gates to farces of the rankest suggestiveness."

He gives, as the reason for this infamous condition, the fact that indecency pays; and adds: "We safeguard our children by forbidding saloons within so many feet of a school. We safeguard health by forbidding expectoration in public places. We keep certain books off the shelves of our public libraries. We exclude objectionable matter from the United States mails. But we are permitting every man, woman, and child to-day who goes to a vaudeville theater (the best of vaudeville theaters) to see naked woman exposed to view and almost naked women going through the filthy motions of the most obscene of Oriental dances. We are permitting our young men in so-called 'first-class' theaters to hear licentious dialogue which is not spoken to illustrate a social truth, with serious purpose, but solely to rouse laughter at sexual immorality. We are permitting these same young men to face the constant assault on

their lowest passions of indecent gestures by young women on the stage, of craftily arranged nudity, and the specious glamor of foreign 'fast life.' To reform a manager, hit him in the pocket."

Archbishop Farley delivered a sermon some time ago, in which he makes this amazing statement: "The stage is worse to-day than it was in the days of paganism. We see to-day men and women—old men and old women—who ought to know better, bringing the young to these orgies of obscenity. Instead of that, they should be exercising a supervision over the young, and should look carefully after their companionship."

The *New York Times*, dated February 10, 1909, presents this statement from Charles Burnham, manager of Wal-lack's Theater and president of the Theatrical Managers' Association of New York: "If I had my way, there are five shows in New York I would close. It is a harsh thing to say that there should be a stage censorship, but the events of the day point toward it just the same. If New York managers continue to put on the indecent shows that have drawn the crowds for the last twelve months or more, we will have a stage censor. There are shows running on Broadway to-day to which no right-minded man would take his mother, his wife, or his sister."

In the light of these newspaper denunciations, it is an easy thing to brand the theatricals of the present generation as utterly decadent, debauched, and contemptible. But while third-rate evangelists and second-class preachers say that the stage is soon to be so purified that it will be second to the pulpit, the Devil kicks up his heels and holds high carnival, while the pandemonium of impurity, Stanford White-ism, Harry Thaw-ism, and every other licentious, adulterous, and murderous "ism" prospers. The contemptible "Salome" dances; the professional women swimmers in skin-tight union suits; the naked, shivering women called "Bare Bronze Beauties," who are covered with

bronze paint and thus exhibit their bodies almost totally naked before licentious and base theatrical devotees; imported French actresses, at whose maelstroms of vulgarity and evident sexual debasement even Paris has shuddered—these give an idea that “The Soul Kiss,” or “Mrs. Warren’s Profession,” or “The Easiest Way,” or “Miss Innocence,” or “The Girl from Rector’s,” or “The Queen of the Moulin Rouge,” and other assaults on the lower passions of a debased constituency of the theater, have reached their level in their specific appeals of obscenity and European vulgarity.

It is time for the pulpit and pew to unite in denouncing the corrupt profession. When purity and religion and decent character can characterize the life of the stage, then it is time to have some respect for it; but until that time comes, and it will never come so long as the Devil has charge of the stage, keep yourself and your family aloof from the soul-blighting and virtue-destroying atmosphere of the theater.

“O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o’er.
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!”

THE CARD GAME.

The love of the card-table is also keeping Jesus Christ out of thousands of hearts. Members of the Church as well as non-professing Christians have gone pleasure-mad, and many a church amounts to little more than a company of female gamblers. I presume the best historical data regarding the creation of the card-deck, as it is brought to us, presents the peculiar fact that they were sketched by some half artist or knave at the court of an insane Asiatic king, and the poor, old, stupid, mental

bankrupt sat around like a child, playing with his cards. It finally became the fashion at the court to play because the king played; whatever the king did was the style, although the king was a fool. Then it spread to Europe, and it became the fad in Europe because a fool king had played the game; and then it spread to America, and became the fad because a bullet-headed bunch of Europeans played because a fool Asiatic king had played. And when we trace the thing right down to its mental and moral status, I reckon the reason why so many people enjoy the game is because there is considerable mental sympathy between the old insane king, and the bunch who seem unable to enjoy an afternoon or evening without cards. (Applause.)

There is no such a thing as a compromise position on this line, if you intend to live a clean-cut life. The place to draw the line in regard to the theater is in front of the whole business; make up your mind that you will never cross the line. The contemptible idea that the theater is a place where we may gain moral stimulus and impetus simply means a compromise; and the only place to draw the line in regard to the card-table is in front of the whole business.

You will find preachers making the statement that there is no harm in a game of euchre or whist or cinch, comparing these games with authors and flinch and other simple home games. The minister who makes a statement of that sort has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and there are quite a number of evangelists in the country who take that kind of a stand in regard to the matter, simply for the sake of playing the policy puppet and slipping into meetings in towns where the pastors have not backbone enough to stand by a worker who gives the inspired Apostle's demand: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing."

I was in a community some years ago, conducting a meeting, when a young lady came to me and said: "Brother Oli-

ver, if we do not play cards, what on earth will we do?" Considering the intellectual caliber of the king for whom they were invented and the intellectual caliber of a person who will ask a question of that sort, I am placed in an embarrassing position before this great audience. (Laughter.) I might advocate, for the benefit of such intellectual capacity, the making of mud-pies, or taking a straw in the summer-time and chasing doodle-bugs in the middle of the road, as I used to do when I was a little boy on the farm. (Laughter and applause.) If people of intelligence would really like to know what can be done in order that an evening might be spent profitably, I find no difficulty in giving a variety of answers. For instance, if the young people and older people should disband their iniquitous whist clubs and dancing clubs and decide to spend one or two evenings each month in studying the history of art, also the lives of the great master artists and their greatest creations, by the time they have spent one season in careful study of this most interesting subject, they can practically tell you the location of the greatest masterpieces of the world and they will be well versed in the subject of art. Suppose you add to that study a study of literature; one or two evenings a month can be spent in the study of the finest prose and poetry and humor, in the best libraries; and when a season's study along that line has been enjoyed, the people can interest their friends in a conversation in regard to literature. Then add to that a study of the sciences, and devote one or two evenings each month to the study of liquid air, solidified air, solidified gas; and add another set of evenings on modern inventions, taking up wireless telegraphy, wireless telephoning, aeroplanes, and any amount of the recent triumphs of inventive genius.

Then add music to the list, and study the master musicians of history and their productions, and you can find in the study of music descriptive possibilities as great as in the realm of the brush and paint; for instance, the great Russian

pianist Rachmanihoff composed a piece of music descriptive of the burning of Moscow and the desertion of the city by the Russians at the approach of Napoleon and the French Army. The bells in the old Kremlin are ringing, the smaller bells are also heard, the rattling musketry, the impetuous dash of the Cossacks, the Russian cavalry; and in this phenomenal composition you will find as much coloring in point of tonal description as you could possibly find in a master artist's conception of the same thing on canvas. Adding to the remarkable interest which is easily aroused in the piano score, vocal music or music with the smaller instruments, the entire season can pass with intense interest and latent ability can be developed, the intellectual life of the community improved anywhere from 50 to 500 per cent, and the character will in no wise be compromised. (Great applause.) It does not speak well for the sense of men and women to find the afternoon or evening stupid and dull without the deck of cards being brought into use. I would just as soon put a kit of burglar tools in the hands of my daughter and teach her how to use them, if I knew, as to place a deck of cards in her hand and teach her the game.

One of the lies that has been circulated about me is that I am a professional gambler. The fact is, I never played a game of cards in my life, and I have a good reason. When I was a boy, my father told me that he never wanted to catch me with a deck of cards on my person; that under no condition should I ever bring a deck of cards in the house. He added very impressively: "If I ever see you with a deck of cards in your hands, or in your room, or about you, I will literally wear you out." (Laughter and applause.) My previous experiences with him along the line above named had convinced me that he was able to deliver the goods; I therefore had no disposition to question his determination to keep the home absolutely free from any such contamination.

When I meet my daughter at the judgment, she will never

be able to point her finger in my face and charge me with having taught her the game which led her from God and the right. Two years before I entered Christian work, I traveled and made a number of the largest cities in America as well as many of the smaller cities. I presume I have been asked scores of times in hotels by commercial travelers to take a hand in some game. I have thanked God many a time, since I surrendered my life to Him in His service, that I did not know the game. I therefore had only to say: "Thank you, gentlemen; I do not play the game, as I know nothing about cards."

The dishonesty of parents who teach the game to their children is quite apparent. For instance, any amount of them say: "If I taught my children that it was wrong to play cards, they would go out in the community and learn the game." All right; we will take that as a basis of argument. Don't teach your daughter that it is wrong to steal, for fear she will immediately go out and learn to steal. Don't teach her that it is a frightful thing to be careless of her associations, for fear that you will engender carelessness and impurity as a result of your splendid advice. Don't tell your boy that it is wrong to become a drunken wretch, or that it is ignoble and base to become a gambler or the peddler of vulgar and obscene stories, for fear that he will immediately go out and become utterly perverse and decrepit. If you are turning out the right kind of boys and girls, they will be glad to receive your advice and they will be glad to respect your wishes in regard to their habits and their morals. A man or woman who has no convictions along moral or religious lines is not fit to raise mud-turtles, to say nothing of boys and girls. You teach your girl to live a pure life because you realize that an entrance into the decent element of society is thus secured. You teach your boy to be an honorable gentleman in order that he may have the respect of the community in which he lives and expects to do business. You fail to teach your children that it is wrong to play cards because you

are a backboneless, contemptible puppet; and I want that to soak in. (Applause.)

Others have come to me and have said: "You hardly understand the situation in our home. We taught our children to play cards, so that when they go away from home and they are asked to play, they will say: 'No, thank you; I can play cards at home with papa and mamma.'" Did you ever notice, when your chickens got over into your neighbor's yard and found the corn which he had placed there for his chickens which have not been turned out of the hen-house, that your chickens immediately turned and ran home to "papa and mamma," where they were sure to get plenty of corn? (Laughter.) Did you ever notice, when your pigs broke through the fence into the neighbor's corn-field, when they found corn all around them, that they fled precipitately for "papa and mamma" in order that they might secure a good supply of corn? Did you ever notice how your children, who are fed ice-cream and chicken and peas and potatoes and carrots and beans and beets and beef and mutton and venison and apple-dumpling, and all the rest of the fine food-stuff which you can put upon your table, invariably turn and run home to "papa and mamma" as soon as they are offered a square meal at a neighbor's home? (Laughter and applause.) The fact is this: if you teach your boys and girls to play cards at home (and I have heard of some contemptible hypocrites in the churches of this community who have insisted that their children learn the game), they will cultivate a love for the game, and consequently, when they are approached by others who play the game away from your home, they will be glad to enter heartily into the game.

I have in my library a book by John Philip Quinn. The author was a professional gambler for more than twenty-five years. He spent a number of years in one of the Indiana penitentiaries as a result of his gambling. While he was incarcerated in that prison, his little daughter died and his wife for-

sook him and repudiated him. The calamities which piled upon him broke his heart. He evidently was not guilty of the crime charged in the indictment. He dropped upon his knees in his prison-cell and promised God that if He would help him out of the prison, he would expose gambling, and he would serve the Lord faithfully to his dying day. He made a statement which is well worth the consideration of any intelligent person in my hearing. It is this: "The so-called Christian homes of America are the kindergartens for the gambler's hell."

Figures do not lie; 90 per cent of the gamblers declare that they were taught to play the games in their homes; 80 per cent of the gamblers say their parents were church members. When men and women tell me that there is no harm in the social game with the select party, I answer, with these figures before me: "Neighbor, you have simply lied." If the gamblers of the nation had learned the game in the gambling-joints, you might have a right to say that you see no harm in the social game; but when the great majority of the foul wretches who play the game for a living learned it in their homes, a man is either the chief of dullards or a stupid jackanapes who cannot see the harm in the social game. It is not the last game the embezzler plays which lands him behind prison bars. The first game is the game that ruined his future.

Some years ago, when I was in a Western city, friends came to me and asked me to preach to the prisoners in the county jail. I preached, and asked all who had a desire to get right with God to kneel in prayer. Every prisoner knelt; I stepped along the line, giving words of encouragement, and finally I reached a man who was nicely dressed. I bent over him and offered words of encouragement; he threw his arms around my neck and cried like a child. He said: "Oliver, I have seen better days." I was convinced that he spoke the truth. I said: "How does it happen that you are here?" He answered: "I am the embezzler from Omaha." I asked:

"How in the world did you happen to desert your family and leave them in disgrace, chagrin, and sorrow?" He replied: "I was gambling in the open gambling-joints in Omaha; I lost heavily; I stole money from the bank, hoping to make up my losses. Finally they began to suspect me. The books were examined, and I simply could not bare to face my sweet wife and my innocent children. I left the city, and they caught me here in Salt Lake." He had been a "high-flyer" in the society of Omaha. He had attended the whist parties. I presume he had gambled with any amount of church members in that city, as there was "no harm" in the social game; but he wound up in the penitentiary. There is "no harm" in infatuating young men with the false hope of making a dishonest living. Let them become crazed with the gambling fever until they steal the money from the banks, and stores, and offices, and the treasuries of the nation; let them be branded thieves and criminals by the judges and by the juries; let them fill the jails and prison-cells; but keep the bridge whist and the progressive euchre parties in action. Despise the preacher who denounces your infamy; oppose the great evangelistic campaign which stands for honesty and common decency in business as well as the social life of the nation; pat your shallow hypocrites on the back and gloss them over with church membership, but let them gamble for sterling silver, cut-glass, fancy china, and have some little pulpit puppet get up and say: "Card-playing is simply a matter of conscience." (Applause. "Hit 'em again!" spoken from the audience.)

I would just as soon be pastor of one bunch of gamblers as another. If you are going to keep in your churches the so-called respectable society leaders who make it a business to gamble in their social card games, hang a sign over your church-door: "All gamblers cordially invited to become members of this congregation. Certificates of church membership furnished for your gambling-dens on application." How would you like to read in the low dives of your city, "This gambling-den oper-

ated by a member of the Methodist Church in good standing"? or in another, "This is a Presbyterian gambling-den"? or in another, "This is a Congregational gambling-den"? or in another, "We are members of the Christian Church"? And the pastor in his daily round should be compelled to sit up alongside the tables or the roulette-wheels and give spiritual advice to the prosperous members of his congregation who make their living by the ignoble profession of gambling. I have seen the uncultured squaws of the plains and mountains, and the Mexican greasers, and the peasantry of Europe engaged in gambling, and I want you to understand that the foul old hag who sits in the Monte Carlo gambling-palace, risking her last franc on the wheel that turns, is not so dangerous to the society of the country as are the church members and non-church members in the society whirl whose influence over the young people of the community is absolute, and who are teaching the young men and young women to gamble, while in their social position they seek to embellish and nickel-plate and galvanize the dishonesty of their wicked practices.

Suppose a bunch of negroes were caught gambling in an alley in your community; or suppose a company of low white gamblers were found plying their nefarious profession in the community; your city officials would trot them off to jail and fine them heavily and nobody would object to the punishment inflicted. In the name of common honesty and fairness, I say to you, the next time a bridge whist or progressive euchre game or any other sort of a gambling game is pulled off in a society home in your city, have the city marshal go down and arrest the whole bunch and trot them off to jail. ("Amens!" and applause.) Some of you preachers would have to go down and bail some of your members out of the jail, according to good reports. (Renewed applause. "I would not bail my bunch out," spoken by a pastor. Applause.) If the card-game is so

harmless, why is it that the best ministers of America have invariably stood four-square against it? It certainly is not sentiment that leads a man to denounce moderate drinking or drinking to excess. It is not sentiment which leads a minister to advocate the importance of living an honorable, virtuous life. It is not sentiment on the part of the father when he tells his little child to keep away from the fire and never to play with razors. The sense of self-preservation, physical, moral, and spiritual, demands that we draw the line somewhere. Some people say to me: "Card-playing never hurt me." I want you to listen to me (if there are any such pusillanimous little runts in this audience): There are some folks who are so low down that they can't be hurt. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." You have therefore no right to take the time which belongs to God's service and to helping humanity and consume it in idleness and in that which does not improve or make the world better. "No man liveth to himself, no man dieth to himself."

Some years ago, in Illinois, a young man who had learned the game in his own home began gambling, and he made quite a stake in a gambling-joint in his town. He was so elated that he went to his brother, who was his partner in business, and said: "Spen, you take the business; I can make more gambling." So he went to Chicago and entered a joint which was operated by the Honorable (?) Patrick Sheeley, one of the noble (?) politicians of Chicago. He gambled there until I believe he said his luck brought him \$18,000. Then he went to New Orleans to gamble on the races and prize-fights, and down there he struck a live wire, and in two weeks he telegraphed his brother for money to get home.

The gambling fever is a mania which indicates an unbalanced condition mentally; it is classified in nervous disorders as "Aboulia." I believe the average church member who finds such delight in the ignoble practice has slipped a cog mentally.

I was in a State hospital for the insane some time ago, and I saw an old, palsied, intellectual bankrupt, sitting at a table, playing solitaire. His hands were trembling, and his head was shaking, and I said within my soul: "Water will find its level. The card game is being enjoyed by the equal of the man for whom they were invented." When they send you to an insane asylum, take your little deck of cards with you and enjoy them to your fill; but wait until you are adjudged insane before you start the game. (Applause.)

Some years ago a friend of mine, who is prominent in the religious work of the world, had a private secretary who had been a gambler and other things to match. He professed conversion and really seemed to be in earnest for a time, but my friend made the mistake of turning the book business over to him, which meant the handling of thousands of dollars the year around. The temptation was too great. He embezzled, he was guilty of forgery, and would have been sent to the penitentiary but for the fact that my friend brought no action against him. I know the facts in the case, for he touched me for sixty dollars and an overcoat. I loaned him the overcoat and the sixty dollars, and I have never seen the overcoat nor the sixty dollars since.

Some years ago, in one of the Eastern cities, a fifteen-year-old boy stepped into the library and awaited the appearance of his mother. An evangelistic meeting was being held in the city and he was expecting to accompany his mother to the meeting that night. When she came, she was rigged out in her society sails. He said: "Mother, aren't you going to the meeting to-night?" She said: "No. Didn't I tell you that I was invited over to the card party?" He replied: "No. I thought of course you would go to the meeting." She said: "Well, you go to the meeting." But the desire to attend the meeting had all left the boy. Four years later, when the mother of the boy realized that he was the leading gambler of his

social set, she began to try to wean him from the card-game, as she found herself many a night sitting in her distressed condition of mind until the early hours of morning, waiting for her boy to come home. She had seen the folly of her ways, had renounced her card parties, and during a meeting which was being conducted, she tried to win the boy to Christ; but he told his mother that he didn't care to be religious; that four years before, when she told him in the library that she was going to the card party, the decision he had reached that night to become a Christian was instantly reversed, for he considered that if his mother cared no more about the religion of Jesus Christ, in the light of what had been said in the meeting against the card-table, there surely could not be very much in religion. Three months after the mother had tried in vain to win him to Christ, a police officer went to the home about four o'clock one morning and called the father of that young man into the parlor. He was a wealthy man, and the officer said: "I am very sorry to trouble you at this time, but I have come to tell you that your son is a murderer, and he is in a murderer's cell." The father shuddered under the terrible blow, and said: "Aren't you mistaken?" The officer replied: "No; I can not be mistaken. I have known your son for years." The old gentleman dressed himself and went over to the jail to see his boy. During the trial he was sentenced to the electric chair. The night before he was executed his parents went to his cell, and his mother was almost in hysteria, so great was her distress. She said: "My boy, my boy, how in the world did you ever happen to do it? Why did you bring this sorrow upon us?" The boy stood with tearless eyes, facing his parents who had taught him the social card-game in their home. He said: "I will tell you why I did it. You taught me the game. You said there was no harm in it. I learned to love it; it became the passion of my life. The man beat me at my game and I killed him. If you had never taught me the game, I would not be here to-night, a con-

demned murderer." Those parents will meet that murderous wretch at the judgment-bar of God, and he can point his bony finger in their faces and say: "I am a condemned criminal for eternity, because you taught me the game."

There are probably people in hell to-night from this city as a direct result of your characterlessness, your lack of conviction, your lack of manhood, and your lack of womanhood; and Jesus Christ is standing at the door, knocking. How He longs to change your wicked heart into a place of beauty and strength of character! "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

I wonder how many in this audience feel disposed to go from the communion-table or the baptismal service to the theater, the card-table, or the dance? The table of the Lord is not compatible with the table of devils. You certainly would not expect to see Jesus Christ playing bridge whist or progressive euchre or cinch with any of the gambling church members of this community.

There are people here who claim that there is no harm in these gambling games in the home. The Attorney-General of the United States has recently, through his subordinates, rendered a decision which covers the ground. He says the games in homes for prizes are to be looked upon as lottery; that invitations passing through the mail or newspapers reporting such affairs can be barred from the mail because they directly violate the Federal laws regarding lottery. If some of your church members and other gambling card-players get a term in the Federal prison, you may discover that there is some harm in your wickedness, after all.

THE DANCE.

I am certain Jesus Christ could not be found on the ball-room floor, embracing any of the women of this audience. The

fact that the brainiest leaders of all the honorable religious life of the nation have taken the stand against the dance, including Catholic bishops and archbishops, Episcopalian bishops, Methodist bishops, United Brethren bishops, and the dignitaries of Israel in all the evangelical Churches, expresses, as a consensus of opinion, their unequivocal disapproval of the dance. There is one Church, however, which countenances it; in fact, the dances of that Church are carried on sometimes in their meeting-houses; they are opened with prayer and closed with the benediction. Perhaps some of you renegade church members will say: "By all means, that is the Church for me." And I will guarantee the ministers on this platform will be glad to give you a letter to that Church to-night, in order to get rid of you. The institution I am mentioning is the Mormon Church of Utah. I can easily understand why a Church which practices and preaches polygamy and fornication, and which practically knows no morality, can endorse the demands of modern society. There must be fuel added to the fire.

Some years ago, when I was in a Northern city, a company of young ladies came to interview me regarding the amusement question. They represented the best social life of the fashionable East End. The young lady who was spokeswoman for the company said: "We have come to ask you to tell us the harm in the dance. We want to become Christians, but we can not see why we should give up the dance." I think there were six or seven magnificent young ladies in the group; I was a single young man, and of course I spoke with great dignity and soberness to the young ladies assembled. I asked, in the first place, if the young ladies were really positive that they meant to give up the dance in case I showed them the harm in it. I was assured immediately, for all joined in saying: "Yes, indeed." Then I addressed the young lady who had begun the conversation, and I said: "Miss ———, would it be proper for me to assume the position with you here in the presence of these

young ladies which is assumed invariably on the ball-room floor by the partners in the dance?" She said: "No, indeed." Then I asked: "Would it be proper for me to assume that position with you in the church across the way?" She answered, with considerable spirit: "Good gracious! no." I continued: "Would it be proper for me to assume that position in your home with you?" Whereupon the young lady exclaimed: "If you look at it in that way, Mr. Oliver, I can see the harm in it." I closed the conversation with these words: "There is no other way to look at it. If it is not right, proper, decent, or advisable for me to assume that position with you here, or in the church, or in your home, or on the street, since I am not engaged to marry you and am not a blood relative, it is not right for any other man on the earth to assume that position with you at any other place under similar circumstances." The young ladies were immediately convinced, and they became earnest Christians.

If there is anything in the world that makes me tired—in fact, if there is anything to me utterly disgusting, it is to see these little married whiffets running off to the dance. I have mighty little respect for married women who cannot be hugged sufficiently by their own husbands. (Applause.) If there are any of you married women in this audience to-night who are in such condition, you had better have a hugging machine made and wear it. (Applause.) How do you suppose I would feel if I returned from this community to my home, and my wife began to tell me of the numerous men who had been galloping over the ball-room floor, embracing her while the dreamy waltz was on? The fact is this (it is an old statement, but an old truth, and as staple as salt): If you want to kill the dance in this community, separate the sexes. It is the thrill of the embrace that makes the dance attractive, and these men here to-night would just as soon hug a barrel of pickles as to hug some man on a ball-room floor for an hour or two. I believe in hug-

ging as much as any man you ever saw. (Laughter and applause.) I am absolutely certain that you have a right to hug your—mother-in-law. (Tremendous applause.) You have a right to hug your grandmother. (Laughter.) You have a right to hug your mother, your sister, your wife, and your relatives; but, you old scoundrel, if I ever catch you in my house, trying to hug my wife, I will take a joint or two out of your backbone with the first convenient crowbar or sledge-hammer I can get hold of. (Applause.) Did you ever see a man spend the entire evening at the dance dancing with his sister, or with his wife, or with his mother? Nonsense! You can hug your wife at home; you don't have to go to a dance to get that chance. You take the men who are so anxious to take their wives to the dance, and I will explain their anxiety; they simply want to get an opportunity to hug some other fellow's wife or daughter.

I say to you to-night, modesty is one of the strongest defenses of virtue. There is not a girl in this community who can go to a dance and find herself in the embrace of the average bunch of young men with whom she is compelled to dance, who can leave that function with as much modesty as she had when she went to the dance. Some lying reprobate will go from this meeting to-night and say: "Oliver said every woman who dances is impure in her life." If you meet that scoundrel on the street to-morrow, you tell him that before God Almighty and the angels and the intelligent people of this audience, I brand him a liar in advance. (Great applause.) There are any amount of ignorant girls who know nothing about the causes of the real delight of the dance; they are inexperienced; they know very little about the operation of Nature's laws; but the men with whom they dance know a great deal about these things, and purposely plan to bring about the closest possible proximity of the bodies. And I want to tell you right here, that it is absolutely impossible for a pure, sweet girl to go upon the ball-

room floor in your select social dances, or in the public ball, or in the contemptible free-for-all, but that she will sooner or later run into the embrace of some person who is an adulterous, licentious reprobate; and I challenge you to disprove this fact. The young woman who cares the most about herself and her future will reserve her kisses and embraces for her prince when he comes to lead her to the marriage altar. The young woman who has no compunctions of conscience about distributing her embraces broadcast throughout the community may not be at home when you get back from your day's work sometime, neighbor, if she becomes your wife. I want to serve notice on you that I did not go to the ball-room to select my wife, and she will make the majority of you dancing women look like a wheelbarrow in an automobile parade, and don't you forget that. (Applause.)

In speaking of the dance, take a picture of a man, for instance, who does not dance, who is married to a nagging little whiffet who wants to dance. She will begin begging him to take her to the dance. The husband tries to make excuses, and then her head moves as fast as a trip-hammer as she whines and whimpers in her kittenish gibberish: "You don't seem to want me to have a bit of fun; you never want me to have a good time. There is no harm in the dance, and you can go and sit there and have a good time watching me dance." So he follows on to the dance and takes his seat amongst the spectators, and he looks, and, to his dumb amazement, the old sweetheart of his wife comes out for his share of the spoils, and with strange delight he takes the wife of our spectator in his arms, and they travel the well-waxed floor together, while the husband sits there having—a lovely time. (Laughter and applause.) Watch the expression of his face. (Here the speaker's face gives expression to the jealous rage which is shown in the face of the unhappy husband. (Great applause.) Finally they swing around toward the unhappy wretch, and he steps out with the

words: "Mary, I have a terrible headache; I want you to come at once." She follows her liege lord and master wearily and discontentedly to a fireside made desolate and despicable because the silly little goose hasn't sense enough to realize that God never made a wife to be hugged by all the men of a community. And yet they tell me there is "no harm" in the dance.

Brethren of the ministry, I want you to hear me. If there isn't any harm in the dance, we have been losing a lot of fun. If there is no harm in the dance, we had better have one to-morrow night, and I will have the Methodist preacher lead out with some of the *sistern* and the Baptist preacher follow with some lovely lady from some other church, and the Presbyterian preacher break over his staid dignity and come galloping out here with some buxom young damsel from his flock; and if there is no harm in it, you will catch me with the rest of the bunch. (Much laughter and applause.) I want your attention. If your ministers appeared on the ball-room floor in this community and danced with the women, young or old, they would lose their positions inside of forty-eight hours. (Cries of "That 's so.")

You tell me there is no harm in the dance? I want to make it very plain; you are a liar. If you should catch me in your home to-night in the same position which the dance allows, with your wife or your daughter, the next report I would hear would be the report of a double-barreled shot-gun, and I probably would receive a load of buck-shot. (Applause.) I would be considered in a compromising position with your relative, and you would not need any better evidence in the courtroom to secure a divorce from your wife than that which would be produced by such an act on my part. It would be telegraphed all over America that "Evangelist Oliver was embracing the wife or daughter of So-and-so in such and such a town; although he is a married man and was invited to conduct a union evangelistic campaign in this city; on account of this sensational development, he has been repudiated by the ministers

and the people of the entire community." You say there is no harm in the dance when for me to assume that position with your wife or daughter would wreck my ministerial career? I again brand you a lying reprobate. (Applause.)

Suppose a case: When you return to your home to-night, you find some man sitting in your parlor with his arms about your wife; you pick up a cudgel and start toward him, saying, "Here, you scoundrel, what do you mean by coming into my home in my absence and embracing my wife?" and he should calmly lift his hand and say, "Don't be excited at all; we are simply having a still waltz." Would that satisfy you? Wife, suppose you should find your husband embracing your next-door neighbor, and you should ask him to explain his actions, and he would say, "We are simply having a quiet waltz." Would that satisfy you?

If you have the intelligence of a mud-turtle, I will convince you to-night that the dance is responsible for the ruination of more young women than any other social amusement in the universe. Some years ago, when I was in Alaska, a man came to me, who was captain of a boat making the Alaskan ports. He said: "Oliver, I heard you lecture on the dance to-night, and you preached my funeral sermon." He had been converted in the meeting a few nights before, and I said: "Captain, what do you mean?" He said: "I will tell you what I mean. My wife insisted on going to the dance. I tried my level best to get her to desist, but failed to make any impression upon her. Some years ago she and my fifteen-year-old daughter attended a dance in the California city where we were living, in my absence, and when I returned my home was lifeless; I made inquiries, and found that she had attended a certain dance so many nights before and had not been seen in the neighborhood since. I employed detectives, and they traced my wife and my daughter to a house of shame in San Francisco." He said: "I secured a divorce on Scriptural grounds. I sold my

property, disposed of my business, and I have buried myself from my social alliances in the States here in this far-away country." And the splendid captain stood sobbing like a child. You tell me there is no harm in the dance? Then you tell me that there is no harm in adultery, no harm in breaking the ties that bind the home circle together, no harm in prostitution, no harm in bastardy, no harm in breaking the heart of a decent man.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door. I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me." I don't wonder the Saviour is standing on the outside of the heart's door when a carnival of lust bears sway on the inside.

The leading physicians of the world, knowing the details of human nature because of their knowledge of physiology and anatomy, are in position to state the absolute facts in the case in regard to the harmfulness of the dance, and certainly can not be in any wise accused of sentimentalism in their Philippics against the dance as a form of amusement.

Dr. Lydston, of Chicago, gives this remarkable statement in regard to the dance:

"Modern society, unfortunately, imposes conditions that make sexual excitement without gratification very common. The methods of dancing at present in vogue are responsible for this to a certain degree. The intimate contact of the sexes that dancing permits, associated with the emotional effect of music, cannot fail to produce more or less erotism in certain susceptible individuals. Pure-mindedness is not always a safeguard, for physiologic law is likely to be more potent than psychic purity. Sexual stimulation and erotic excitement by no means necessarily require sexual thought as their basis.

"The most unfortunate feature of it all is that society offers less inducement to matrimony than formerly. The average young man of to-day justly considers matrimony a too ex-

pensive luxury. In the case of women, the matrimonial problem is still more difficult. They are debarred by social custom from taking the initiative. Taken all in all, intelligent physicians and sociologists alike are united in the belief that the existing conventional extra-matrimonial relations of the sexes are not physiologic, however moral they may be.

"Literature of a romantic and erotic character is often even worse than dancing sometimes is in its pernicious effects upon the sexual system. Especially is this true of individuals at about the age of puberty.

"There are ways and means to prevent, or at least limit, the injurious effects caused by sexual stimulation without gratification; fornication, however, is not one of them."

One expert statement is worth ten thousand biased opinions. That the dance is responsible for the ruination of from fifty to sixty thousand young women a year in America, there can be no question. Mr. Faulkner, of California, talked personally with two hundred fallen women who were inmates of California brothels, and he tabulated his investigations as follows, giving the cause of the ruination of the girls:

Dancing-school and ball-rooms.. . . .	163
Drink given by parents.. . . .	20
Willful choice.. . . .	10
Poverty and abuse.. . . .	7

200

He says in his book "From the Ball-Room to Hell": "I know a select dancing-school where in a course of three months eleven of its victims are brothel inmates to-day."

I was in an Oklahoma town some years ago, conducting a meeting, when a minister came to me early Sunday morning, and said: "A horrible thing has occurred in this community. A girl committed suicide in a hotel some time between midnight and morning." I asked him to tell me the cause of the suicide.

He said: "The girl came in from the country; she is a well-known young woman, and has been in the habit of attending the Saturday night dances. She attended the dance last night, and somebody went with her to the hotel and evidently ruined her. She secured poison somewhere during the night." Sunday afternoon I went to the undertaking parlors and looked upon the cold body of that young woman. She was about twenty years of age, was probably five feet six and a half inches in height, would weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, and was finely proportioned; but there she lay, a human sacrifice slaughtered on the altars of lust and licentiousness in order that the dance might prosper. I offered one hundred dollars reward for information leading to the arrest of the guilty wretch who wrought her ruin, but I was unable to get any clue.

My personal friend, Charles N. Crittenton, who knows more about work with the fallen womanhood of the world than any other person in America, comes out in strong denunciatory words against the fashionable dance. He has probably talked with thousands of fallen women of America. He has established many homes for the fallen, and I presume from 75 to 90 per cent of the women whom he has rescued from lives of shame were ruined as a direct result of the dance. Once in a while I see in connection with my work a woman or a man who makes the statement that girls who are ruined as a result of the dance would be ruined any way. That statement is not only malicious, but dishonest. You might as well say that people who burn to death in a hotel would have been burned to death anyway. I know enough about womanhood to brand any infamous insinuation against the honor of the sex as utterly putrid. The womanhood of America do not in any wise represent the low condition of seeking the ruination of their own honor.

Some years ago a friend of mine was in a meeting in the East. He talked with a young woman whose face was beautiful and whose form was symmetrical. He said she was of rare

beauty, but could not see any harm in the dance. He urged her to give her heart to God, but she refused. Some time later he picked up the *New York World* and saw a two-column picture of the girl, with the terrible story of her death. She had attended a fashionable ball and had accompanied a certain man to his home, his wife being away at Salamanca, New York, with her children. Along about four or five o'clock an officer saw a man hanging from a window, clad in his night-shirt. He broke the door down, entered the room, turned off the gas at the jet, and discovered that a leak in the gas hose was responsible for the partial asphyxiation of the man and ultimately resulted in the death of the woman. There lay the beautiful young woman unconscious on the bed. He turned in a telephone message, ordering the city physician to send medical help at once. Doctors came; they worked over the girl for four hours. Finally she opened her big, lustrous, brown eyes, and the horrible nightmare of her sin dawned upon her, and her last words were: "My God! what have I done?" She was pronounced dead in a moment. She couldn't see any harm in the dance!

It seems to me a sad commentary on the *personnel* of the society element of any community that they cannot enjoy an evening without spending hours in each other's embrace. There is a peculiar hunger and thirst in the human soul which can never be satisfied until Jesus Christ has been enthroned in the heart. You may drink at the fountains of amusement, you may go into sensual gratification, excessive indulgence in liquor, the whirl of the theater, race-track gambling, or any other form of worldly amusement; but you will find your soul craving something which the world cannot give.

Many years ago, when John Ericsson was visited by Ole Bull, the famous violinist, he told the wonderful musician that he did not care a thing for music. But Ole Bull insisted that he come to his concerts in New York city, and, after some un-

successful attempts to get his old friend Ericsson to the concerts, Ole Bull took his violin to the inventor's shops and explained to him some of the wonders of music; he spoke of the soul of the violin, he spoke of the phenomenal beauty of melody, he talked of harmonizations, minor and major, and as he talked he tuned his marvelous instrument and he began to play; and when he touched the strings with his wonderful bow, the workmen left their benches and crowded about him by hundreds. John Ericsson was standing on the outer circle when that master musician seemed to describe the flowers, the dashing mountain streams, the snow-capped fathers of the foot-hills, the thunderous breakers on the rock-bound coast; and at last the soulful melody of the lover wooing the heart of the sweet girl of the Northland; and then it seemed that he heard the wedding-bells, and after a while the story in music seemed in its minor strains to tell of the breaking heart-strings, for death had come, and then a soul was wafted heavenward by angel bands, and Heaven's gates seemed to open and shouts of eternal welcome seemed apparent. When finally the musician stopped, the men heaved heavy sighs of regret, and John Ericsson crowded through the company who stood looking in wonderment at Ole Bull; at last the famous inventor stood facing his old friend, and the tears were running down his cheeks, and he said: "Ole, play on, play on! I never knew what was lacking in my life before. It is this. Play on, play on!"

There are multitudes here to-night who never knew what was lacking in their life before. You have been thinking that you can satisfy the craving of a hungry soul in the follies and foibles and fallacies of worldly amusement. The "Devil's incubators" hatch the Devil's eggs, and I want you to understand to-night that what you need is Jesus Christ in you, the hope of Glory. Open wide the heart's door and let Him in.

"Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray;
'Tis a banquet His smile to behold.
Those who trust Him He 'll never betray,
And His love is far better than gold."

In closing I want to say to one and all who have kept Jesus Christ standing outside the heart's door, that you are guilty of base ingratitude.

Some years ago, in the South, a young man proposed to a little mountain girl; she was probably sixteen years of age, and as sweet as June roses. But she had been to the county-seat, visiting some relative, and had seen the town boys with their hand-me-down suits which retailed at three or four dollars, and also saw the celluloid collars and cuffs and other evidences of the fashionable life of that little Georgia town; so she said: "John, I can't marry you; you are not educated." It broke John's heart, but it was the making of a magnificent man. He went to his little mother, a widow, and told her if she would help him, he would get an education, and then he would be in a position to help her. That little mother stood by the boy in his splendid ambition to educate himself, and she gave him a home-made hair-cut and a home-made suit of clothing and sent him away to the little academy or college in the county-seat town to secure his education. John, I believe, became janitor. He was a rough-looking specimen on the campus, but nobody laughed at him when the grades were turned in after the first examinations. He did four years' work in three years, and was the valedictorian of the graduating class. He went to his home some time before the commencement, and told his mother that he wanted her to get ready and go to the commencement to hear his oration. She told him that she not want to appear before the people with her little old black sunbonnet and her linsey dress. John told her if she would not go with him, he would not go to the commencement. He finally persuaded her, and when he reached the building with his mother, he took her down

to the front seat, and after a while, when he was given his parchment and his medal for oratorical ability, he stepped down and pinned the medal on his mother's breast, and said: "Mother, if it had not been for your sacrifice, I could not have received these honors, so they really belong to you." They tell me John Huckaby is the president of that college to-day. Some years ago, when they were building some additional hall or dormitory, the corner-stone had this inscription on it: "To the memory of a little mountain woman." That woman was the mother of the president.

It is a great thing to see a young man or a young woman who has character enough to evidence gratitude to the mother whose sacrifices and suffering and labor have made an education possible. Jesus Christ so loved the world that He gladly sacrificed His life in order that we might live forever. He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich. He stands to-night at your heart's door, knocking. Are you an ingrate? Are you determined to harbor the evils of a wicked world and continue to be a friend of the enemy of your soul? or will you say with the poet, "Take the world, but give me Jesus"? Jesus sacrificed all and suffered all for you. Are you willing to sacrifice anything for Him? The self-centered life, the life of worldly pleasure, is simply the vestibule to Hell.

There 's a stranger at the door,
Let Him in!
He has been there oft before,
Let Him in!
Let Him in, ere He is gone;
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Let Him in!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BLOOD OF SOULS.

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My text is found in the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, the first nine verses of the chapter: "Again the word of Jehovah came unto me, saying, Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon the land, if the people of the land take a man from among them and set him for their watchman; if when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning, if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him; whereas if he had taken warning, he would have delivered his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but *his blood will I require at thine hand*. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way, to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."

These words form perhaps the most important warning to

the Church of God and to the individual Christian ever given. The first section of the text deals with a military law which establishes the integrity of the city by trusting the patriotism and honor of the watchman, who is placed upon the wall with instructions to blow the trumpet at the approach of the enemy, and his life for his service; if he, like the traitorous Greek who revealed the secret pass at Thermopylæ, sells his fellow-citizens into the hands of the enemy, he is guilty of the blood of all who perish! Such treachery on the part of the watchman was a crime punishable with death, and is to-day so considered by all governments of the world. If any man in Ezekiel's day heard the watchman sound the warning, and he refused to heed the trumpet-blast and with foolhardiness rushed into danger, his blood was upon his own head.

The spiritual application of this strong and rigid military law binds eternal responsibility to every professing Christian, and we discover, in the light of these fearful words, that God has set us as watchmen with instructions to give the wicked warning from His mouth. If we do not tell the wicked that he shall surely die, and urge him to flee for refuge to Jesus, he shall die in his iniquity; but "his blood will I require at thy hand." God's eternal *pronunciamento*! Oh, the judgment! Oh, eternity!

I have no charge to bring against the people of this or any community because of a failure to manifest concern in times of physical distress. When the tidal wave swept fifteen thousand people into the Gulf of Mexico from Galveston Island, special trains were sent carrying provisions and raiment to the people deprived of their support and loved ones. When the earthquake shook San Francisco and dynamite and fire laid waste the great metropolis of the Pacific, the nation responded with millions of dollars in cash, besides millions of dollars' worth of provisions and clothing for the people who were left in need. When the earthquake destroyed the cities of Sicily, when the historic

Scylla and Charybdis testified to the power of the terrific seismic disturbances, the American nation sent almost a million dollars in money, and ordered the battleships to carry hundreds of thousands of rations to the starving people of that region. The people manifest concern in times of physical distress. That spark of interest in suffering humanity is the best thing saved from the wreck of the human race in the Garden of Eden. The fires of perdition burned almost everything good out of the human heart. That special interest which is easily found in the heart of the wicked as well as in the heart of the righteous says in no uncertain language of the human race, "The hand that made us is divine."

Some years ago, when I was conducting the first union meetings ever held in Alaska, I had returned from a hunting-trip on the mainland some fifteen miles from Juneau, after we had closed our meeting in that little city. When I returned to Juneau, I found the friends had planned a banquet in our honor, which I personally appreciated. The morning dawned; the banquet was to be held in the great building where the meeting had been conducted. A friend of mine came to see me early, and said: "A terrible wreck has occurred just off Douglas Island; the steamship *Islander* has gone down, and from sixty to eighty lives are lost. What will we do about the banquet?" I replied: "We will call it off immediately." I soon afterward learned that the rescue-boat *Flossie* had gone to the scene of the wreck and was to reach Juneau at about ten o'clock, bringing as many of the bodies of the people who had been drowned, also as many of the passengers who had been saved, as possible. Juneau practically turned out *en masse*; business was suspended. I saw gamblers, saloon-keepers, red-nosed bums, business men, noble Christian women, and the wrecks of womanhood lining the docks, evidencing their interest in the sorrowing multitudes which came slowly down the gang-plank of the little rescue-boat. The crew of the *Islander* had left Skagway in a

drunken condition; the boat ran into the rocks, the boiler exploded, and the great ship doubled up like a pocket-knife and went down in perhaps six hundred to eight hundred feet of ice-water. Speaking of buried treasures, I know where a half-million dollars in gold-dust and nuggets lie, and in all security. The avaricious hand of man may wrench the gold or silver from the pockets of penury and want, but its cruel hand is not long enough to reach the buried treasure of the inland channel off Douglas Island, Alaska. I saw a man coming down the gang-plank from the rescue-boat with a blanket wrapped around him; he had no time to secure his clothing. I stepped out, extended my hand, and said: "My friend, may I be of any service to you?" The man seemed not to see my extended hand, for he threw his arms about my neck and wept like a child, while he told me the story of the death of his wife, which had occurred in the darkness of that cold August morning in sight of the glacier-capped mountains of the frigid Northland. I felt my heart ache and my eyes bedim with tears; it was no effort for me to weep with the man who wept. It seemed to me that a brother was in distress. A woman came down the gang-plank a moment later, and I stepped forward and asked her if I could be of any service. She replied: "Nobody can help me; my husband and my little babe were drowned, and I have been unable to find their bodies." Her story of distress was as pathetic as anything I have ever heard. I saw men and women from the best homes of Juneau step forward and offer to total strangers the use of their homes. The banquet-hall became a temporary hospital. The citizenship of Juneau, there in that beautiful little city which nestles at the base of a grand old snow-capped mountain peak, one and all seemed determined to evidence concern commensurate with the tide of infinite sorrow which had brought death to scores of fellow human beings. I delight to pay tribute to the hospitality and tender-heartedness shown by the people of Juneau in the summer

of 1901. If an emergency arose in this community, I am positive I could raise any amount of money necessary to supply the need.

But the trouble is not physical distress at present; it is spiritual distress. Men and women, boys and girls, are under the curse of broken law. You associate with them year after year. You talk about pandemics, endemics, epidemics; you talk of politics, the feasibility of prohibition, the necessity of the gold standard, or the importance of gripping corporate greed, and the reduction of passenger rates and freight rates; the conversations range over fields of generalities where nonsense and wickedness contaminate with malodorous incense the journey of life. How seldom do the conversations in places of business, banks, law offices, school-rooms, parlors—yea, the very churches of God, turn toward the *personal salvation* of the lost! Many a time the preacher will preach a solid year in his church and never give a personal invitation to a sinner to repent. There are mothers and fathers all over the country who profess to be in the ark of salvation, yet who stand as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, or, like the everlasting hills, when you try to get them to plead with their own children to repent and serve God.

My friend Billy Sunday, some years ago, left a tent in one of the towns of Illinois with a young man. They stood at last on the street corner, and Billy said: "Have you given your heart to God?" The young man said, "No." Billy asked: "Are your parents Christians?" The young man replied: "I don't know; my father is a steward in the First Methodist Church, my mother is president of the Ladies' Aid Society in the same church, and I have a sister who is president of the Epworth League in that church, but, to save my life, I don't know whether they are Christians or not." Brother Sunday asked the young man if his father or mother or sister had ever shown any religious life in the home, either at the family altar or in

private prayer, or in asking the blessing at the table. The young man said: "Mr. Sunday, so long as I can remember, neither my father nor mother nor sister have ever said a word to me about my soul's salvation. Do you believe they think I am lost?" Billy Sunday has said many a time in my hearing: "The young man's question staggered me!" I don't wonder at it. When you find mothers and fathers so criminally indifferent to the salvation of their loved ones that they will allow a boy to grow up to manhood in the home and never once ask him to get right with God, you can count on it that the Devil owns that household from curbstone to alley, from parlor to woodshed, from head-gear to shoe-sole. Suppose I walk down one of your streets and I discover a man in an out-of-the-way place who had fallen into a well. I make no effort to get him out, nor do I in any wise give a warning to any of his friends, describing his peril. According to the laws of the land, if I were guilty of such criminal indifference, I could be at least tried for manslaughter. When you pass the needy by with quickened pace, and allow them to drift on to the sea of incertitude and wreck on the rocks of iniquity, according to the Word of the living God, you are guilty of the blood of souls! Good Lord, deliver us! ("Amen!") The cause of the damnation of thousands is the indifference of the people who profess to be children of God. I believe most mothers can win their children for Christ if they will manifest concern. I believe most wives can win their husbands for Christ if they will get out of their consummate indifference into a consuming passion for the salvation of their loved ones. I believe most business men can win their clerks if they will set the right example before them and lift up Christ in their places of business.

Some years ago, when I was conducting a meeting in one of the large Western cities, the building was crowded and the only available seat was at the front; a man had vacated it for the accommodation of a well-known society leader, who came

to the front hoping to find a seat. During the after-meeting I spoke to a retired ranchman and miner from Wyoming, an old Virginian, who had struck it rich in the great West. I said: "Mr. Leifer, I want you to enlist for the Saviour to-night. He turned to me with splendid appreciation, and said: "Brother Oliver, I have served the Devil sixty years, and I feel convinced that it is time for me to get right with God." Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Come on, Delia, and let us go together." I noticed when they reached the front seat there was considerable agitation manifested on the part of the society woman whom I mentioned a few minutes ago; I learned later that they were close friends. Feeling impressed to speak with her, I finally engaged her in conversation about her spiritual welfare. She made no claim to Christianity; she said she was somewhat skeptical, and if she had any religion at all, she was a Unitarian. And I want to say right here that I have more respect for the old red-nosed infidel than I have for the nickel-plated Unitarian! If a man is going to be my enemy, I don't want him to pose as my friend; if he will come out in the open and draw his line, I will know on what side to find him. Unitarianism pretends to be a Christian theology, but I want to say to you this morning that it is a bastard theology, conceived out of wedlock; the parents of Unitarianism have never wedded, and never will; "ethical culture" and infidelity can never become one flesh according to the laws of Almighty God. Any amount of people come chattering around to me, telling me that Emerson, and Longfellow, and Edward Everett Hale, and William Taft, and some other people, accepted Unitarianism as a theology, and I want to add to the list the Devil, for he has created it as a theology. And I want to say to you that an Emerson, a Longfellow, a Hale, a Taft, or any other man who denies the Blood of the Covenant, who will trample under unhallowed feet the Son of God, and make Him out a liar, an impostor, and an illegitimate son of a reprehensible Jewish peasant, will sink

five hundred fathoms into Hell if death claimed or claims him in his impenitence; and I want that to soak in. (Applause. Tremendous sensation.) I spoke to the society woman about her eternal hope. She had none. When I urged her to repent, she was certainly thinking about it; and when I started to leave her, she said, "Wait a moment," and I did. She then told me that although she had lived eight years in that city and many of her friends were church members, that while she had attended the theater, the card party, and dances with them, never once had any person before that evening said a word to her about where she would spend eternity. That is a record of the superficial bunch who are hibernating in the camps of Israel, forgetful that God declares that He will separate the sheep from the goats. I had the pleasure of leading that lady to Christ, and she became one of the finest workers I have ever known; but eight years of fellowship with the idle, indifferent church members of that city had never made an impression upon her soul that she was lost or in need of salvation. I believe the idle church member will bewail and bemoan his criminal indifference when it is too late.

Some years ago, in one of the educational institutions of our country, a young man who was studying for the ministry had as a room-mate a personal friend from Florida who was studying in the scientific departments of the institution. Four years of school life together at last came to an end. They stood at the station to separate. The young man from Florida, who was not a professing Christian, said to his friend, the young minister: "Wilbur, why is it you have never said a word to me about my soul's salvation?" The young minister said that if his friend had struck him with his fist, he could not have surprised him half so much; and he replied: "Why, Tarbell, I never thought you cared to talk about it." The young man was grieved; he said: "Mother and myself decided on this institution because you were to study for the ministry here, and

my mother said, 'He will lead you to Christ; you can room together, and it will be just the place for you.' And besides that, many a night I have lain awake for hours wishing you would turn and speak to me about my soul." My friend, Dr. C., tried to win the young man on the platform of the station; but four years of indifference had built a wall between them. The young man returned to Florida, and in less than three months yellow fever had swept him into eternity! The minister has told that sad story in many cities of our country and has said repeatedly that it is the saddest page from his past history.

I wonder how many people there are in this audience who by indifference have allowed their friends and loved ones to slip past them into the charnel-house of the dead without God and without hope! I am positive the unsaved of the average community will turn when you warn them; when you put the responsibility upon their own heads, they will understand the importance of making their peace calling and election sure.

Some years ago, in one of the cities of Illinois, a minister felt impressed to speak with a leading business man. After consultation and prayer with a ministerial friend, he went to the home of the business man, who was moral, wealthy, and socially prominent. The business man saw the minister approaching the home, and he walked down toward the gate, gripped his hand, and said: "Doctor, I am glad to see you this morning. I have been wishing all morning you would come." The Spirit of God never puts a burden for the salvation of some person upon your soul but that He puts conviction into the heart of the person in question, He prepares the way before you. They went into the parlor, and the wife of the business man, who was a Christian, had the supreme pleasure of seeing her husband converted that morning. Some time later, perhaps two months, the business man was stricken with a fatal disease. The minister was at his bedside not long before the end came; he took the minister's hand and gripped it, and said: "Doctor, I am so

glad you came that day and led me to Christ. If you had not, I would be dying to-day without hope." If you stand at the bedside of some friend who will pay tribute to your fidelity as that dying man did to his friend, you will understand the importance of carrying the message, the message of hope to the perishing.

Some years ago, in one of the cities of Iowa, diphtheria carried sixty children into eternity; they were mostly from irreligious homes. A little girl in the home of a skeptic was taken with the fatal disease, and she began to plead with her father to send for the pastor of the Presbyterian church. Her mother had been a member of that church; she had died a year before, and the little girl had been a regular attendant at the Sunday-school up to the time of her mother's death, but had not been so regular since that sad event had occurred. Her father cared nothing about the Sunday-school, the Church, or his Creator. When the little girl plead with him to send for the minister, he said with considerable spirit that he would not ask any preacher into his home. A few days passed and the child grew weaker. One evening, when the physician stood close at hand, the little child plead with her father again to send for the minister, but he refused as usual, and said: "Here is the physician; you can talk with him." The little child grieved because of her disappointment, and lay there upon her death-bed, weeping. The physician was justly indignant. He called the infidel father to one side, and said to him: "It is my opinion that you will be glad to give all you possess to-morrow morning for the privilege of granting the slightest request of your little girl." The infidel replied: "Doctor, is it that bad?" The doctor replied: "I am practically certain that she cannot live throughout the night." The man then turned to his son, who likewise was a skeptic, and ordered him to go at once for the minister. The minister came at length, and stayed until about midnight, but finally he arose to leave. The infidel urged him to stay

longer. The little girl, who had been lying in a comatose condition, opened her eyes, smiled when she saw the preacher, and he stepped to the bedside and asked her what she wanted him to talk about. She said: "I want you to talk about Heaven." He told her he was sure her mother was waiting in Heaven and would welcome her when she reached the end of life's journey. He assured her that in Heaven there is no sickness, no suffering, no sorrow, no funerals, no tears, no grief. The little girl smiled, and said: "I will soon be with my mother." The minister replied: "Mabel, you are not going to leave us; you are going to get well, aren't you?" She said: "No, I am not going to get well; I am going to leave you, and I haven't much time to stay." The old infidel father stepped up to the bedside, weeping, and said: "Mabel, don't talk like that; it would break my heart if you were to leave me." Then he urged the minister to change the conversation. The little child closed her eyes finally, and the minister left, saying, as he did so, to the child's father: "She seems to be resting comfortably; perhaps she is improving." The father of the little girl said the minister certainly could not have gotten more than three blocks from the home when the child, with strange animation for one so weak, shuddered and raised herself in the bed and called him to the bedside. He said he took her in his arms, and she clasped her arms about his neck and said: "Oh, papa, don't let my feet get in the water! it is *so* cold here." The infidel told the little girl that she was not anywhere near the water, that she was in his arms, but she shuddered again and looked around in wonderment, and she said: "Papa, are you here?" She seemed to have reached a point between physical and spiritual existence which made it impossible for her father to approach. He said: "You are in your father's arms; can't you hear his heart beat?" The little girl released her clasp from about his neck and reached her hands out toward her living hope, and she said: "Papa, you needn't carry me over the river; yonder comes mamma and

Jesus and the angels, and they will carry me over the river," and "they bore her away on their snowy wings, to their immortal home." The infidel put the child upon the bed, turned, and urged the boy to proceed at once to the home of the minister and bring him back. I want to ask in passing, Why didn't the father send for some old red-nosed cussing infidel? I will tell you why. He wanted some hope, some comfort, some consolation, which all the infidels on earth and in hell cannot give. The minister returned; the infidel met him, and evidenced his great contrition of heart. He said: "Doctor, you buried my wife a year ago, and this child, about all that made life worth while, is dead, and I can't understand it." The minister replied: "I cannot understand it, but I am sure your wife and your little daughter are together in a better world than this." The infidel said: "Doctor, if there is such a place as Heaven, I know they are there. Can you tell a man how to take the step that will get him right with God and on his way to meet his loved ones?" They knelt in prayer, and there, with his hand on the body of the little child, the wicked father in true repentance met the great Burden-bearer, who gave him the touch of eternal life, forgiveness of sins. My friend Billy Sunday related this incident in the Iowa city where the infidel lived, and the man stepped down to the minister and said: "That story is true; God had to break my heart before I was willing to look up." I related the incident in Oklahoma some years ago; a woman came forward weeping, and said: "Mr. Oliver, I am Mrs. Pelton's sister; she was a godly woman. The infidel's son whom you mentioned has become a Christian and is in religious work in New York city." When God can get people together and speak the word, the wicked repent and the Christian delivers his own soul; but if you fail to go and warn the wicked and the

wicked dies in his sins, God says, "*His blood will I require at Thy hand!*"

"Over the river, faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me,
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

"Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
Loved ones in Glory, looking this way.
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

"Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for someone, beckoning 'Come!'
Sweet as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Lovingly calling, mother, for you."

THE CONVERSION OF A TOWN.

(From Jewell County (Kas.) *Republican*, Feb. 14, 1908.)

One of the greatest revival meetings since the day of Pentecost is in progress at Mankato. The meeting is conducted by Dr. French Oliver. Mankato has always been a very worldly town. The prominent people of the town have disregarded Christian teaching and their sons and daughters followed their lead. The drug stores sold whisky and many of the influential men drank it. Sunday was a day for pleasure and gaiety. The card-table was popular with men and women. A magnificent new opera-house was built, but the churches struggled and languished. Worst of all, bitter personal feuds tore up the town. The newspapers had a \$5,000 libel suit on the docket, and professional men had come to blows on the street. But to-day we have a new Mankato. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. The druggist has surrendered his permit, the card-table has been abandoned, the libel suit has been dismissed, each side publicly confessing his part of the wrong; enemies have sought and granted forgiveness; bankers, lawyers, editors, doctors, county officials, merchants, mechanics, big stockmen, farmers, foot-ball teams, life-long skeptics, and agnostics, every member of the high school save one, men, women, and children by the hundreds, have knelt together at the altar and publicly promised to take the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

The total number of conversions up to this writing is about eight hundred.

Mankato built a big tabernacle and promised Dr. Oliver three voluntary collections as compensation for his services, he to pay his own singer and pianist. Senator Hays White pre-

sented the matter to the great congregation Sunday morning and afternoon, and the response was an inundation. When it was known that Jewell had raised \$900 for meetings, some of the Mankato brethren said with a sigh, that under no conceivable condition could \$300 be raised in that town for religious purposes. But they didn't know their own town, nor their own neighbors. The response for money was a spontaneous giving in cash until \$1,809 had been piled up on the tables. When the evangelist was told what had been done in the two collections, he refused to allow the third one to be taken. He said such a record as that had never before been made in a town the size of Mankato (population about 1,000) in the United States or in the world—800 conversions and \$1,809 contribution. Such heavy giving lays the evangelist open to the charge of being out for the money, and some people who never do anything for the world themselves harp much on that string; but giving is one of the first impulses of converted people, and you cannot stop or stay them until they have given some suitable expression to their gratitude. The Mankato folks seemed to think they had not paid the preachers very well in the past and they would make up for twenty or thirty years' delinquency while they were at it. They also say that the old churches will have to be pulled down and new ones built, and that the pastors who have so long worked in such stony ground will be better paid than ever before.

Last Sunday night's meeting was one of the greatest of the series. Fully two thousand people were packed in the tabernacle. The preacher was hoarse and had the grip. His theme was "The Unpardonable Sin." Dr. Oliver does not plead with men until sweat streams down his face. He is as calm as a school-teacher demonstrating a theorem in geometry. He does not heat his blood nor show a trace of excitement. All his statements are deliberate, clear-cut, and searching. Oliver stands like a statue and seldom smiles; and while all the audi-

ence is on fire with enthusiasm, he stands like a man in evening attire who is holding a formal reception.

We never saw so much cheering in a religious meeting. It seemed as if the crowd must let off steam in some way to prevent an explosion. They cheer the preacher and waves of cheer sweep the audience, starting in many different sections, as well-known men made their decisions. The bulk of workers were converts. You would see a man being plead with and stubbornly refusing to yield or move, and in another hour you might see that same man pleading as if his life depended upon it with some of his own friends.

Denominational lines were no more thought of than were the parallels of latitude. In the hotel lobbies, on the streets, in the court-house and business places, nothing is talked of but the meeting.

It seems like all great vital, moral issues have to start on Kansas soil. Over 80 people were converted at the Sunday evening service and 115 during the day. We have never seen deeper feeling or stronger evidence of earnestness and sincerity than was there manifested. Faces beamed with joy. Strong men could not control their feelings, and tears of joy streamed down many faces. We thought Jewell had a wonderful revival, and it sure did have, but we will have to yield the palm, and we take off our hat to the new and better Mankato.

D. H. Stafford, a wealthy banker of Mankato, has given \$10,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building, and more than \$10,000 has been raised as an equipment fund and the current expenses of the institution. This makes a great monument to perpetuate the memory of the great revival of 1908.

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